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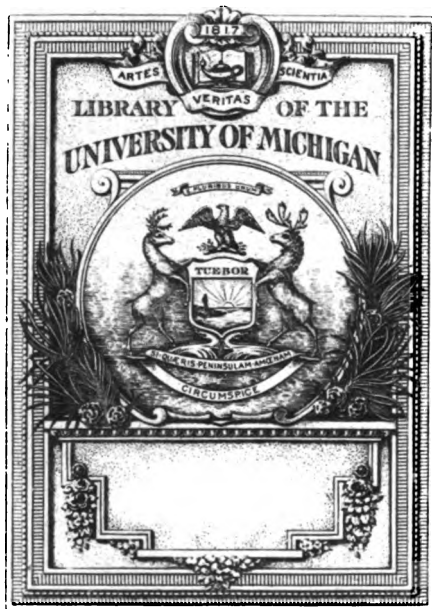
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*Home life under
the Stuarts, 1603-1649*

Elizabeth Godfrey, Jessie Bedford



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HOME LIFE UNDER THE STUARTS

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*Lady Arbella Stuart
with her Doll*
By commission of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire

1640



**HOME LIFE UNDER
THE STUARTS**

1603-1649

BY

ELIZABETH GODFREY

ILLUSTRATED

LONDON: GRANT RICHARDS

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1903

TO
MY SISTER AND BROTHER



INTRODUCTION

HISTORY is a delightful study, not only to the profound student but also to the casual reader, especially when it deals with a period sufficiently near our own to enable us to enter into the motives and points of view of the actors. It is always interesting to learn how nations grew, how territories were conquered, and kings set up or cast down; but there is a certain byway of history which to many minds has a peculiar fascination, which is not concerned with Acts of Parliament and Treaties, with growth of Constitutions or territorial changes, but tells of the ordinary everyday life of people at home, how they lived, how they dressed, how they brought up their children, what they read, what amusements they preferred, how they commented to each other in private letters on passing events, and how their individual lives were affected by them.

This it is, this love of the gossip of bygone ages, of the personal details that give a sense of reality, that lends to the historical novel such an unfailing popularity. The worst of this form of literature is that the author is fettered by no obligation of conscientious veracity. He studies his period, and he more or less successfully reproduces its general features, and in the case of a writer of genius not seldom attains an ideal truth of effect beyond mere veracity of detail; but he not only sees things in the glamour of his personal predilections, a thing no man can wholly avoid, but fiction gives him a perfectly free hand to represent things as they were not, and few readers are able as

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they go along to separate the true from the false, or indeed have any wish to do a thing which would entirely destroy the illusion they are enjoying. So is history in the popular mind built up; so are characters taken away with a light heart from people who, although they have passed from this earthly scene, were just as real as ourselves, and have just the same right to be judged by what they really said and did, not by what the historical novelist puts into their mouths.

This study of seventeenth century life makes no attempt to draw an ideal picture of the times, but simply tries to gather from letters, diaries, or chance reference in contemporary writings some notion of the ordinary life of every day in homes for the most part of the cultivated classes. For one limitation of necessity it has, namely that the available records are obviously confined to those who were described in the language of the day as persons of quality. The working classes wrote few letters and no journals; upper servants wrote letters, and wrote them well too, but their lives appear in conjunction with those of their masters. Tradesmen of the better sort were gentlemen, not only in point of cultivation but belonging to good families; younger sons of men of position went into trade as a matter of course, and did not lose caste in any way by so doing. Marmaduke Rawdon, the wine merchant, was quite a great man, and it would be entirely a mistake to suppose that Izaak Walton, the friend of Donne and George Herbert, the brother-in-law of Bishop Ken, held the rank of a linen-draper of to-day. James Howell, whose letters throw light on many customs of his time, began life as manager of a glass-blowing factory in Broad Street, then travelled for the business, was later tutor to Sir Richard Savage's sons at Long Melford, and after having been intrusted with various missions abroad was made clerk to the Privy Council. It is the lives of those lower in the social scale, the farmers,

ploughmen, shepherds, the strolling fiddlers and wandering chapmen, the bargees, the hackney coachmen, the 'feloes who cary coles,' that go by in silence. To-day we write about these people; novels teem with their lives and experiences, but then they were pawns or counters. They walk across the stage in the old comedies and speak their appropriate words, they make an occasional brief appearance in the letters, like Sir Edmund Verney's gardener who would 'fidle about his woark,' but for the most part we can only conjecture how they lived.

More, no doubt, might have been gathered on this subject from the works of those who have made researches into it; but the aim of this study has been to keep as much as possible to contemporary records, and in all cases where it might be to let the subjects speak for themselves. Not what we moderns think they probably said or did or meant, but what they said of themselves or each other, has been my quarry.

The half-century I have chosen has two especial recommendations for this kind of study: one is its completeness, so to say separateness, beginning with the close of the Elizabethan period and ending with the death of Charles I., the other the fulness of its records. Times are always changing, though the transition is usually very gradual and almost imperceptible, but the end of the long reign of Elizabeth saw a marked change in manners, in dress, in scientific conceptions of the world. The Cavalier of the reigns of the first James and Charles, though he inherited certain qualities from his Elizabethan forebears, was as distinct from them in personal characteristics as he was from his sons and grandsons of the Restoration. The gentry of these two reigns was in many respects the fine flower of the cultivated classes, a flower which fell on the scaffold at Whitehall, and one which the Restoration could not restore. Fruit there might be, the same flower never

again. It is some specimens of this flower which these pages attempt to preserve.

Happily the time is peculiarly rich in personal memorials. Many families have most fortunately preserved bundles of old letters, several of which have been lately given to the world and which are of inestimable value—they only make us wish for more. If those who look through old correspondence and make holocausts of it had realised what things the flight of time makes really valuable, they would have spared more about trivial domestic concerns, about the children, the little quarrels, the fashions, the chit-chat that make up common life, and rather let the reports of public affairs which State papers, pamphlets, and ‘Diurnalls’ of the day can furnish go to the flames. In the case of the Verney family the whole correspondence of a couple of centuries or more seems to have been preserved, and Lady Verney in making it public has exercised the most discriminating choice. For the domestic life of the Stuart period her book is absolutely invaluable, and has been largely drawn upon by the kind consent of the publishers, Messrs. Longman, Green and Co. Hardly less precious are the *Letters of Mr. Endymion Porter, Gentleman of the Bedchamber to King Charles I.*, compiled by Mrs. Townshend, from which she has most liberally allowed me to quote. Much has also been taken from the *Life of Sir Kenelm Digby* by one of his descendants, by his kind permission; from *Annals of Winchester* by T. F. Kirby, by that of the Warden and Fellows; from *Sacharissa*, by the kindness of Mrs. Ady; and I am also allowed to insert some interesting letters from the early part of Miss Fell Smith’s *Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick*, by Messrs. Longman. In contemporary memoirs the time is peculiarly rich. Life was beginning to become more self-conscious, and people living in very stirring times, women particularly, were moved to write of their own

experiences and those of their husbands, often by way of vindication.

It is chiefly to these memoirs written by women that we owe the little intimate personal details that give a realising sense of the times. Men were very deeply occupied with great matters. Clarendon, when he does give a scene of home life or a bit of personal description, has a masterly touch, and is indeed unapproachable for his insight into character ; but his concern was with the making of History, and the *Life* is hardly less historic in this sense than the *History of the Rebellion*. When we get, as we do in Anne Halkett's memoirs, a woman's account of an incident such as the escape of the Duke of York, it is wonderful for the filling in of small detail, and for the colour, so to speak. It is as natural as a novel and as historically true as a State paper.

The nature of the subject has demanded one very difficult thing, namely to keep out what strictly belongs to the domain of politics—at least to avoid political argument. Of history properly speaking there will be found as little as may be, but it is impossible at any time to draw a clear dividing-line between public and private life. The public is made up of individuals, and a man's political, still more his religious, convictions will more or less colour his home life and that of his wife and children. This is a general truth, yet more especially applicable to that half-century which I have in view ; for then almost more than any time in English history politics meant religion, and religion was then to all the question of paramount concern. The war, too, was brought into the very heart of home life. The men were not, as at other times, gone to the war, but the war came to them. Innumerable houses were wrecked, burned, or plundered ; families were divided so that many a one could say that his foes were they of his own household ; and those who could not take a side—and they were many—found themselves driven into exile. To write

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on home life and ignore the great questions which were tearing the life of the nation up by the roots is a manifest impossibility ; only my aim has been to say as little of them as may be, save in their personal bearing.

It may perhaps seem that more has been quoted from Cavalier than from Puritan sources, but if so it is simply from the much greater richness of material. The Puritan ladies, with the notable exception of Mrs. Hutchinson, do not seem to have been given to much writing, and her memoirs, invaluable in the early portion, giving the story of her youth and courtship, are a little disappointing later on the domestic side. She was such a very strong-minded lady, she does not often indulge the reader with personal details of the manner of life in her family, her daily occupations, nor even of the religious observances they used, though the religious question and her own and her husband's hatred of 'prelacy' is continually to the front. She is more concerned with battles and sieges than with children or servants, dress or needlework ; but her book is immensely interesting for the side-light it throws on the divisions amongst the Puritans, and the estimation in which Cromwell was held by a large section of his ostensible followers. Her first aim was to draw, as she has done very ably, a striking and attractive portrait of Colonel Hutchinson ; her next to write history according to her own view of events, but we look in vain for such amusing details as give a charming if frivolous interest to those of Lady Fanshawe or Anne Murray. Lady Brilliana Harley, however, in her letters to her son, affords many minute touches as to home life and religious observance. She was a strict though not violent Puritan, very gentle in her own nature and very devout in her religion. Lady Warwick in middle life became a strong Puritan, and is indeed remarkably like an evangelical countess of the last century, but her conversion did not take place till near the end of the period, and hardly comes within the

scope of this study. The Verney letters may be held almost neutral, since the family was divided, and Ralph, the Puritan member, refused to go all lengths with the Parliament.

It has been found that the amount of detail needful to give even so slight and inadequate a view as is here attempted, of an everyday life in many ways so unlike our own, would outrun the limits of a single volume. It has therefore seemed best to confine this to the more strictly domestic part of the subject, leaving the environment, life in town and country, amusements, art and literature, social relations and religion, which bulked so largely in the life of that day, to be dealt with in a later volume, which it is hoped may follow shortly.

My thanks are due not only to those already named who have kindly permitted extracts from their books to appear, but also to many who have helped me by suggesting sources of information unknown to me.

I am conscious that the shortcomings of this study of a very great subject are many. To do it justice needs unlimited time, wide acquaintance with the very large and important literature of a great period, and a power of selection and co-ordination that I cannot lay claim to. It has sometimes seemed to me that I ought to leave it for abler hands, or wait till time should increase and ripen the little store of material I have gathered. Still, such as it is, I have done it, and can only hope it may give to some readers something of the same pleasure it has given me in the making.

ELIZABETH GODFREY.

SOUTHBOURNE.

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HOME LIFE UNDER THE STUARTS

CHAPTER I

THE NURSERY

'Hee is Nature's fresh picture newly drawne in oyle,
' which Time and much handling dimmes and defaces.
' His soule is yet a white paper, not yet scribbled upon
' with the Observations of the World, wherewith at
' length it becomes a blurred Note-Book. . . . Hee
' kisses and loves all, and when the smart of the Rod is
' past, smiles on his Beater. . . . Wee laugh at his
' foolish Sports, but his Game is our Earnest; and
' his Drummes, Rattles, and Hobby-Horses but the
' Emblems and Mockings of Men's Businesses.'¹

Of all that that shrewd observer of manners, Bishop Earle, has to say about children, this is the sum. The curious book in which he has depicted the world of his day in a series of thumbnail sketches, opens with a study of the Child, but it is a brief and bald one. He notices the obvious features—the innocence, the imitativeness; the drums, the hobby-horses, the mimic warfare—and passes on to more important personages. The child, like the working-man, had to wait for the nineteenth century to have attention focussed upon him: at the time of which I write both were very much taken for granted.

It is a singular thing, when we consider how often

¹ *The Child-Microcosmography*, by Bishop Earle.

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women held the pen in the early seventeenth century, that in such domestic records as have survived—and they are many—the mention of the children, especially of the babies, should be so rare and so brief; they flit across the pages like little ghosts, often hardly more than a name. Occasionally a mother sends a few sentences of description to an absent husband, or a fond father writes from court or camp: ‘Pray tell me ‘how my little boys do, and whether Charles will be ‘black or fair’; or sends a message to ‘Popet.’ Sometimes it is a nurse or tutor who writes a report of health or progress. Childish things were not then made of the importance that they are now; yet discipline was strict, and it may be questioned whether the system was not wholesomer than the over-cossetting of later days. It trained up an incomparable race of valiant men and heroic, much-enduring women, and it certainly made men and women of them sooner.

† Scanty as are the details, we can, however, glean enough here and there to form some notion of baby life. One sad feature of the nursery of those days must be touched on: the nearness of the coffin to the cradle. So many names on tombstones of infants of days, so many elegiac verses on blossoms early nipped, record a sorrow and disappointment too common to call forth more than tender sighs. Lady Fanshawe had and lost innumerable children on her wanderings, and records the fact in her memoirs with a quiet resignation, as though the death of infants were the common lot; though indeed when her little girl of nine, her favourite Nan, died, she was inconsolable. Mrs. Ralph Verney had lost three children before she herself was out of her teens, and two later; but it was the death of her eleven-year-old Pegge that cut her to the heart. Possibly the extreme youth of the parents may have bequeathed a feeble, immature constitution, and conditions of life were too hard for the fragile. The strong ones may

have grown up more robust than in tenderer times, but the weakly dropped blighted into an early grave.

If the writers of that day have said but little about children, the painters have made amends. The royal children were painted again and again; so too were the beautiful children of the Duke of Buckingham, and three of the little Porters appear with their parents in a family piece, and many isolated portraits of little boys and girls afford us some idea of how these little folk looked—the girls and very small boys in long frocks, stiff stomachers, and lace caps; the older boys in cavalier suits, with curled love-locks.

In the family group of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria with their children, now in Kensington Palace, the Queen is represented with her baby in long clothes in her arms, by which we may see how a baby of that day was dressed. It wears a little close cap, as babies used to do up to the middle of the last century, which must have been more becoming than the present fashion of displaying its poor little bald head; and its petticoats are only three-quarter length, as cottage babies wear them now, instead of trailing the wealth of unnecessary robe which makes a new baby so difficult to handle adroitly. With these exceptions it is remarkable how little the fashion in baby-clothes has changed with the passing of the centuries. At the Stuart Exhibition of 1889 some of the little garments worn by Charles I. at his christening, which had been carefully preserved in the family of Sir Thomas Coventry, Lord Keeper, were shown, the small shirts, binders, and bibs being just what a modern baby would wear, though there were separate cuffs and miniature lace mittens which have since gone out. Charles II.'s baby-linen, which was on view at the New Gallery in 1901, was just the same, the shirts with little flaps to turn over on chest and back, beautifully oversewn at the corners to prevent tearing.

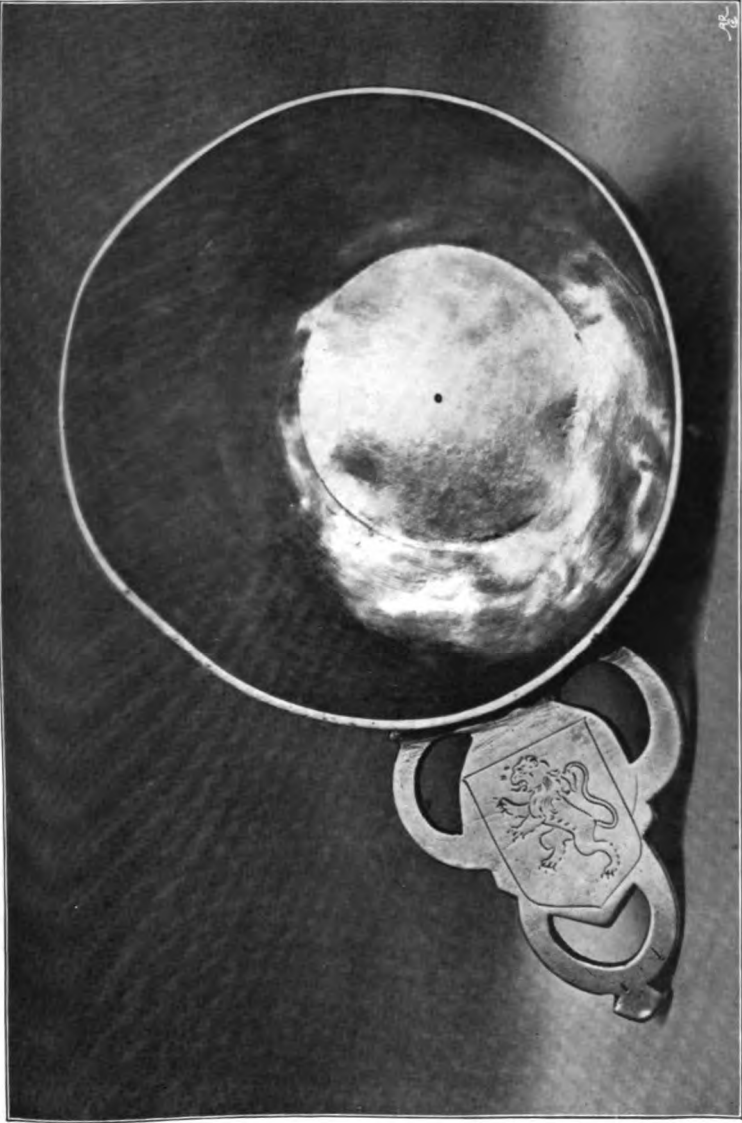
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Verily the world has moved much faster in the last fifty years than in the four or five half-centuries preceding, as we realise when we read of the Nans and Nannas of Stuart nurseries. In some few middle-aged households an old nurse is carefully preserved as a precious family relic, but she is fast disappearing in these times of change, and will soon be no more than a fond memory. Nowadays nurses come and nurses go, few take root in the household; but in those days she was universal—even the stately and formal Sir William Temple possessed a ‘Nan’ to whom his betrothed sends a message: ‘Pray bid Nan cut a lock of your hair for me.’ In the Verney letters Nan Fudd makes frequent appearance and seems quite one of the family.¹ She nursed two generations, first Ralph Verney and his brothers and sisters, then Ralph’s children when they were at Claydon, as well as mothering the six orphan girls left there through the war, and acting lady’s maid to them. Like most of her kind, she spoilt the youngest disgracefully, so that little Betty proved quite unmanageable by sisters or sister-in-law, and Master Jack in his mother’s absence was allowed to eat whatever he fancied.

The letters written by Ralph Verney’s wife from Claydon while he was in exile, when she had come to England to see after his affairs, give a quaint picture.

‘I must give thee some account of our own babyes
‘heare. For Jack his leggs are most miserable, crooked
‘as evor I saw any child’s, and yett thank god he goes
‘very strongly, and is very strayte in his body as any
‘child can bee; and is a very fine child all but his
‘legges, and truly I think would be much finer if we
‘had him in ordering, for they lett him eat anythinge
‘that he hath a minde toe, and he keepes a very ill
‘diett; he hath an imperfection in his speech, and of

¹ *Memoirs of the Verney Family*, by Parthenope, Lady Verney.



PAP-BOAT SUPPOSED TO HAVE BELONGED TO OLIVER CROMWELL

South Kensington Museum.



'all things he hates his booke : truly tis time you had
'him with you for he learns noething heare. You
'would be much pleased with his Company, for he is
'a very ready witted Child and is very good company,
'and is soe fond of the name of his Father and Mother ;
'he is alwayes with me from the first hower that I
'came, and tells me that he would very fayne goe into
'ffrance to his father : he sings prettely.' And later :
'Jack is a very gallant boy . . . he hath noe fault in
'him besides his leggs, for though he is mine owne I
'must needs say he is an extream witty child.'¹

We may easily picture the comfort poor Mary Verney found in the little pattering steps and baby voice that followed her from garret to cellar, as, worried and anxious, she toiled through inventories and noted the ravages years of neglect and the quartering of troops had wrought amongst her household goods.

Even little Jack's crooked legs were less of an anxiety than the wilfulness of her young sisters-in-law. Betty, who since her mother's death had been left wholly to Nurse Fudd, at ten years old was found most troublesome by her sisters. 'They say,' writes Mary with shocked concern, 'that she is the worst natured and wilfullest of them all . . . they say she is a pestelent wench.' An attempt was made to part her from her nurse and place her with a married sister ; but it would not do at all—she fretted her heart out for her Nan, who was the only creature she loved. Her sister Pegg wrote in despair to Mary :—

'Shee was soe violent to bee gon as she wresolved to
'goe home a foote wrather then to stay heare. For my
'part I thenck hur past being soe very a baby as to doe
'this owght of childishnesse which made me to take it
'ill from hur. And a nother thing is that she sayes
'I am passionat & soe is shee which makes hur to
'thencke as we to showlde never agre to gethor, but

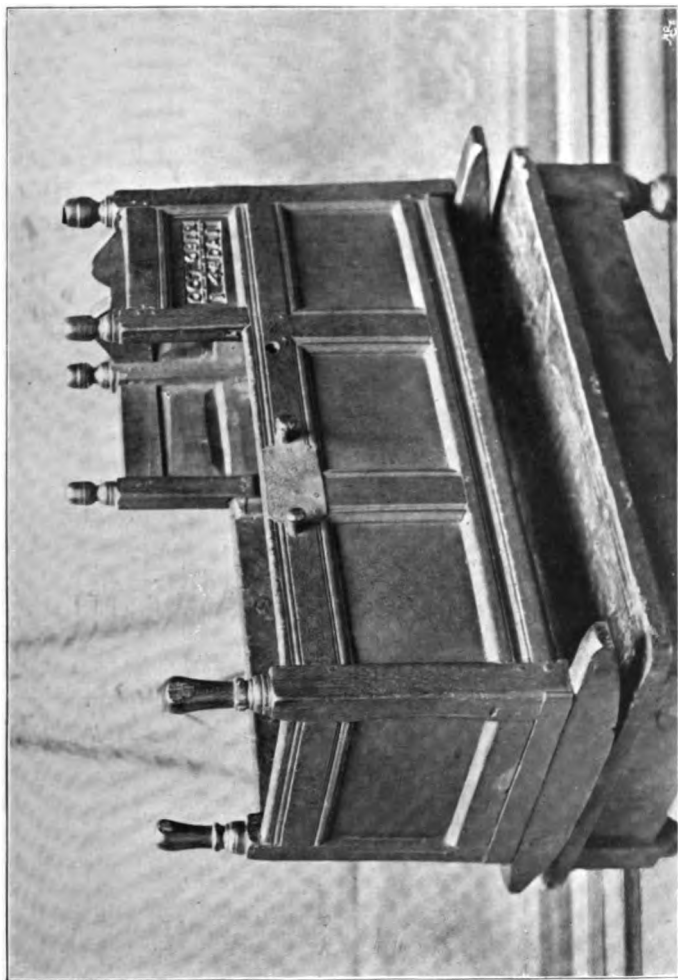
¹ *Verney Memoirs.*

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‘ this I can saifely swear, Let my pashon be nevor soe
‘ gret I nevor shoed any at all to hur.’

But Betty had ceased to be ‘ so very a baby ’ in years, and our concern is still with the infant upon its nurse’s lap. The pap-boat was a venerable institution which long held its ground, and the antique silver pap-boats still preserved in many families testify to its ancient use, and it is only within the last half-century it has been superseded by the feeding-bottle.¹ Turkey rhubarb, too, long reigned supreme in the nursery, as these same Verney letters show. One of the young aunts, writing of little Mun, Jack’s elder brother, says, ‘ I have given the rhubarb to his nurse and made her ‘ promise he shall constantly take it.’ The cradle, of course, was a solid affair of wood with deep rockers, often handsomely carved ; the flimsy wicker bassinet with its frills and muslin curtains was quite unknown. It was full of feather pillows and blankets, and often kept far too hot, close to a fire in a hot room. John Evelyn attributed the death of his little boy, who died of an enlarged liver, to being covered up too close and warm with over-care, and it is probable many infants suffered in the same way. The nurse sat by and rocked the cradle with her foot, while she plied her needle and sang or crooned the time-honoured lullabies : ‘ Hush-a-bye, baby, upon the tree-top,’ or ‘ Bye, Baby Bunting, Father’s gone a-hunting,’ or ‘ Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green.’ Nothing holds its own so long as these ditties, handed on by word of mouth from mother and nurse, and preserved from change or corruption by the children’s well-known aversion to the slightest variation in the wording of rhyme or tale they are used to,—no matter whether they understand it or not, the sound must be delivered to them exactly as they have always heard it.

¹ The sucking-bottle was not unknown, as one was used to feed Master Rawdon when his mouth was burned, p. 27.



CRADLE OF 1641

South Kensington Museum.



The rattle, we know from Bishop Earle, to have had its place in the nursery of those days, and probably the coral and bells too; and it is pleasant to know that these solemn infants, who look so grave in their portraits, were made to smile at the legend 'This little pig went to market,' and 'Shoe the horse, shoe the mare, and let the little colt go bare.'¹ Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, who is the great authority on this subject, traces most of our familiar rhymes to sources Elizabethan or earlier. The traditional names of the toes were Harry Whistle, Tommy Thistle, Harry Whible, Tommy Thible, and Little Okerbell. The fingers, too, had their nursery names—Tom Thumbkin, Bess Bumpkin, Bill Winkin, Long Linkin, and Little Dick. This rhyme is familiar to most of us—

Dance, Thumbkin, dance,
 Dance, Thumbkin, dance;
 Dance, ye merry men all around.
 But Thumbkin he can dance alone,
 Thumbkin he can dance alone.

Face-rhymes, too, were in vogue. Here is a very old one, copied from the same source—

Bo-peeper, Nose-dreeper,
 Chin-chopper, White hopper,
 Red rag, And little gap.

The following is not of so well ascertained an antiquity, and perhaps may not reach back quite to Stuart times—

Brow brinky, Eye winky,
 Chin choppy, Nose nopyy,
 Cheek cherry, Mouth merry.

We can quite fancy Mr. Endymion Porter, Gentleman of the Bedchamber to King Charles, whose delightful letters afford many a glimpse into domestic life, dandling

¹ *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales.* Halliwell-Phillipps.

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his 'little partridges,' of whom he writes so fondly, to the familiar rhythm—

This is the way the ladies ride :

Tri, tre, tre, tree,

Tri, tre, tre, tree !

This is the way the ladies ride :

Tri, tre, tre, tri-tri-tri-tree !

This is the way the gentlemen ride :

Gallop-a-trot,

Gallop-a-trot !

ending with

This is the way the farmers ride :

Hobbledehoy,

Hobbledehoy !

Bo-peep was certainly among the baby games of a still earlier day, for the rhyme of Little Bo-peep who lost her sheep is alluded to in a ms. ballad of the time of Elizabeth in the library of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, and there is a reference to it, as well as to Little Boy Blue, in *King Lear*.¹ 'Put your finger in foxy's hole,' accompanied by catching the small finger in a clenched fist, is of similar antiquity; so, too, is the see-saw rhyme, tipping the child up and down by his arms—

Titty cum tawty,

The duck's in the water ;

Titty cum tawty,

The geese follow after ;

the last word probably pronounced, as country-folk still pronounce it, arter. 'Higgory Diggory digg'd' is mentioned in 1622 by Taylor the water-poet; while 'Handy-pandy, Jack-a-dandy, which good hand will you have?' is as old as Piers Plowman. 'Hey diddle-diddle, the cat scraped the fiddle,' and such dear old favourites as 'The house that Jack built' and 'Tom Tom the Piper's Son,' as well as that other piper's son

¹ *Lear*, Act i. 4; Act iii. 6.

Jock, who could play but one tune, and that the best of all—'For all the tune that he could play, was over the hills and far away,'—all these belong certainly to those ancient days. So, too, probably does 'Who killed Cock Robin?' though Mr. Halliwell Phillips gives a comparatively modern version of this time-honoured ditty.

As 'A Apple-pie' is referred to by a learned divine, commenting upon a sermon in the year 1671, I think we may conclude it was not unknown in the nursery at least fifty years earlier, but the form varies slightly from our own. It runs: 'A Apple pasty, B Baked it, C Cut it,' with other trifling changes. Block alphabets were but just coming in. Sir Hugh Plat, in his *Jewell House of Art and Nature*, gives 'a ready way for children to learn their A B C':—

'Cause four large dice of bone or wood to be made,
'and upon every square one of the small letters of the
'cross row to be graven, but in some bigger shape,
'and the child, using to play much with them, and
'being alwayes told what letter chanceth, will soon gain
'his alphabet, as it were by the way of sport and
'pastime.'

Hard upon the alphabet followed the sampler for little girls, and grievous work it must have been for baby fingers to form all the letters of the criss-cross row, and all the numerals in cross-stitch upon open canvas. No wonder that some little maidens, like Lucy Apsley, while they loved their book, hated their needle. When the sun was shining and the boys playing out in the garden, it was hard on little miss to have to sit by her nurse's knee pulling her long thread in and out, and getting cuffed or pinched if she counted her stitches wrong.

Severity had always been the rule in Tudor nurseries, and was only beginning to relax a little, thanks chiefly to the example in royal households. King James was a very affectionate father—almost too much so, since he

carried on his petting and fondling and little foolish names till 'Baby Charles' was a man grown and about to seek a wife. Charles himself, dignified and reserved as he was, was very tender to his children, and not too grave to romp and play with them. Discipline was certainly less harsh as time went on than in the beginning of the century, when little Elizabeth Tanfield, the heiress, who at fifteen years old was married to the first Lord Falkland, was kept in strict order by her mother, and always spoke to her upon her knees. This lady's daughter-in-law, the second Lady Falkland, was, as her chaplain records, rather weak where her children were concerned, and 'much governed by her nursery.' The harshness the first Lady Falkland had experienced made her a very loving mother to her own. She had eleven children, and nursed them all except the eldest, who was taken at an early age by his grandfather. Bookworm though she was, she was very careful of their health and well-being, 'being excessive in all that concerned their clothes or recreations; and she that never (not in her youth) would take care or delight in her own fineness, could apply herself to have too much care and take pleasure in theirs.'¹ She never changed the servants about them, but their religious training she kept in her own hands, though, in scrupulous regard to her husband's wishes, she refrained from instructing them in any of the distinctive tenets of her own church. Her lessons were simple and elementary. She would 'let them know when they loved anything that they were to love God more than it, that He made it and them, and all things; that they must love and honour Him more than their father. He gave them their father, He sent them every good thing, and made it for them; the King was His servant, and He made all kings, and gave them their kingdoms. If they would be good

¹ *The Lady Falkland, her Life*, by her Daughter.

'He would give them better things than any they had or saw here : and so for the rest.'

She taught three or four of her elder children herself, and on one occasion was so much provoked with one of the little boys that, being rather quick-tempered, with an oath she declared she would whip him. 'He was dreadfully apprehensive of being whipped,' says the sister who narrates the story ; and his mother, relenting at his terror, would have let him off, but his baby conscience was so disturbed that he begged of her 'to save her oath.' She, 'much pleased with his innocent care for her, was more resolved not to do it, but he so feared her being forsworn that on his knees, with tears in his eyes, he continued to beg that which he trembled at ; nor was there any other way to satisfy the child but by whipping him.' This would be very characteristic of Lucius with his tender conscience and self-forgetting care for others, but it was more probably Lorenzo, the second boy, as Lucius was little at home in his childhood, and the brothers may well have been alike in the unselfish, generous nature they inherited from their mother.

According to a writer in a recent number of the *Athenæum*, the phrase 'to kiss the rod' had a more than symbolic significance ; the little culprit after a whipping being made to kiss the birch or apple-twig with which it had been administered, in token of penitence and submission. This view is certainly borne out by the lines quoted from *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*—

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.

And Herrick has a similar reference in the 'Duty to Tyrants' from the *Hesperides*—

Good children kiss the rods that punish sin.

'Spare the rod and spoil the child' was a maxim almost

universally applied with greater or less severity, even with very young children, and although a good deal of indulgence seems to have reigned in the Verney household, the Puritan eldest son, Ralph, was evidently strict with his babies. A most interesting letter is given in Lady Verney's charming volume from Great-Grandmother Denton to Ralph about his little Edmund, who spent a good deal of his babyhood with her at Hillesden. He appears to have been sent from her care to his father and grandfather in London. She writes :—

' i heare he is disliked, he is soe strange. Sonn you
' did see he was not soe, nor is not soe to any whare
' he is a quanted, and he must be woone with fair
' menes. Let me beg of you and his mother that
' nobody whip him but Mr. Parrye ; if you doe goe a
' violent waye with him you will be the furst that will
' rue it, for i verily beleve he will reseve ingery by it
' . . . inded, Raphe, he is too yonge to be strudgeled
' in any forsing waye. i had intelygence your father
' was trobled to see him soe strange. i praye tel him
' from me i thoght he had more wit then to thencke a
' child of his age would be a quanted presently. He
' knowes the childe was feloe good a nofe in my house.
' i praye shewe him what i have writen abought him,
' and be shore that he be not frited by no menes : he
' is of a gentel swete nature, sone corrected.'¹

The child about whom this was written was not quite three years old, and his uncle Edmund wrote of him :
' That sweet promising countenance of your pretty
' sonn is able to inspire even the ignorant with such a
' prophesying spirit, there's not that lineament either
' in his face or body but prognosticates more for itself
' then we can doe for it.' It is sad to find that this promising boy, delicate and nervous, growing up in exile and motherless, under the care of a conscientious

¹ *Verney Memoirs.*

but over-anxious father, developed curvature of the spine, with a moody, languid temperament, and seems to have had a most unhappy boyhood, always in disgrace with both father and tutor.

Another letter from a tender grandmother, Angela Porter, to her son Endymion, is worth quoting for the charming picture it gives of children in the country.

'I wish you could see me sitting at the table with my little chickens, one on either side; in all my life I have not had such an occupation to my content, to see them in bed at night and get them up in the morning.

'The little one is exactly like what you were when you were of his age, and if it were not tiring you, I would give you such a sermon, but I take up too much time in speaking of them.

'You may rest assured you need not be anxious: this situation is healthy, and no care that can be bestowed upon them is wanting to keep them in health. In reference to what you say regarding their food, you must know they have here butter and cheese in abundance. They have also very good cows; and before the children came they killed a sheep once a week and sent it to market, for beef they do not kill on account of the heat, and veal and lamb sometimes they buy in the market; other times they kill when the cows breed. . . . I will inform you respecting everything; but I must now go and see my little ones to bed.

'The Lord bless you, and allow me to see you as I would wish.—Your Mother, ANGELA PORTER.'¹

Endymion's letters to his wife are full of affectionate references to the children: 'Send me word how my little boys do, and whether Charles will be black or fair.' Again, 'Kiss my little partridges for me.'

¹ *Letters of Mr. Endymion Porter, Gentleman of the Bedchamber to King Charles I.*, by Dorothea Townshend.

Another time: 'I would have you cut George his hair somewhat short, and not to beat him overmuch. I hope you let him go bareheaded, for otherwise he will be so tender that upon every occasion you will have him sick.'

As might be expected, it was in Puritan households that the rod found most favour, as, according to their view, the little ones were children of wrath until their conversion, and required to have the devil well whipped out of them. Milton set an example of extreme severity with his own little girls as well as with his two nephews whom he brought up, and one of the grievances of his young first wife was that she could not bear to hear the little boys cry when he beat them. Still, of course, the discipline varied according to temperament, and in some homes of much religious strictness the children were most tenderly dealt with. Lettice Morrison, who afterwards became the wife of Sir Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, seems to have been one of those angelic infants who never need a whipping. Her chaplain, in his little memoir of her, records: 'She came not from her nurse's arms without some knowledge of the principles of the Christian religion. While she was very young her obedience to her parents (which she extended to her aunt, who had some charge over her in her father's house) was very exact, and as she began, so she continued in this gracious and awful temper of duty and observance.'¹

But even this wonderful little lady was eclipsed by little Mrs. Apsley, afterwards the wife of Colonel Hutchinson. 'By the time I was four years old,' says she in her memoirs, 'I could read English perfectly, and having a great memory, I was carried to sermons; and while I was very young I could remember and repeat them exactly, and being caressed, the love of

¹ *The Holy Life and Death of Letice, Vi-Countess Falkland*, by T. Duncan.

'praise tickled me and made me attend more heedfully.'¹

The portrait of Miss Champion, 'aged two years and two months,' prefixed to Andrew Tuer's *History of the Horn-Book*, represents her holding her horn-book in her hand, and if she had not yet mastered it, no doubt she was becoming familiar with her criss-cross row. Education began early with these little folk, and the nurse was the first instructor. Betty Verney's nurse had not only to 'dres hur,' but 'to heare hur hur booke, and teche hur hur worke,' on a sampler, probably. But the thorny paths of education must be reserved for a later chapter.

¹ *Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*, by Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson.

CHAPTER II

CHILDREN'S GAMES

THE solemn little people who stand so demure and dignified in the Vandyck groups do not look as if they could ever have played: the petticoats down to their toes, the stiff stomachers and formal little lace caps and mittens must have been most unsuited for a romp. Even the satin doublet and breeches, the silk stockings and buckled shoes with roses, the wide lace collar and plumed hat, though less inconvenient than the long petticoats of the very little boys, would hardly lend themselves to rounders or baseball. It must be remembered, however, that company manners and company clothes were no doubt donned for sitting to the great Court painter. This was not their nursery garb—in all probability that consisted of a holland smock or overall. There is an entry in one of Mrs. Porter's tailor's bills for six holland coats which cost a guinea to make, including 'fustian and tape to them.'¹ One hopes these may have been for the little Porters to wear when they played in the garden.

Dolls, however, were not incompatible with fine clothes, and the portrait of the Lady Arabella Stuart as a little girl represents her with her doll in a red dress, made in the fashion of the day, in her arms. Dolls are occasionally mentioned, too, in the annals of the time. That terrible little prig, Mrs. Lucy Apsley,² records of herself: 'Play among other children I despised, and

¹ *Letters of Mr. Endymion Porter*, by Mrs. Townshend.

² *Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*.

'when I was forced to entertain such as came to visit me, I tired them with more grave instructions than their mothers, and plucked all their babies to pieces, and kept the children in such awe that they were glad when I entertained myself with other company.' No wonder! Imagine the feelings of a little girl at seeing her beloved doll dissected, that Mistress Lucy might demonstrate to her the folly of lavishing endearments on an inanimate bundle of rags!

What we may call the elementary toys are of an antiquity as great as that of tables and stools; the beginning is lost in the mist of ages. A ball, of course, is an obvious toy that would suggest itself to any child, and might have been played with before the flood. The old rhyme of St. Hugh of Lincoln represents him as playing ball—

He tossed the ball so high, so high,
 He tossed the ball so low,
 He tossed the ball in the Jews' garden,
 And the Jews were all below.

Drums and hobby-horses are mentioned by Bishop Earle; whips and tops are at least as old; hoops may have been, but I am not aware of any reference to them, or any picture in which they appear earlier than the next century. There is no record of boxes of soldiers nor of little pewter tea-sets, but the woods afforded plenty of playthings, as they do still, and no doubt the children of that day, unspoilt by the possession of mechanical toys, were inventive enough to provide themselves with little regiments of whittled sticks or furnish the dolls with complete sets of acorn cups to drink dew out of. There is something so archaic about the shapes of men and animals in a Noah's Ark, I am inclined to attribute great antiquity to it, and am surprised not to have met with any mention of one. Perhaps some antiquary can throw light on the subject.

Children are such conservatives it is not wonderful that the same games should have been handed down from Jacobean nurseries to our own day, or if not quite to our own,—since nowadays nothing but dancing seems to be appreciated, and games are voted old-fashioned,—to a time within the memory of many of us. Hide-and-seek has gained an historic dignity, having contributed to the escape of the Duke of York from St. James's, where he and his brother and sister were in the Duke of Northumberland's custody. The game lent itself admirably to the plot, which shall be detailed in a future chapter.

Drop-cap was a game we know as Drop the Handkerchief, and was not improbably the origin of the expression 'set her cap at him,' as the player drops the cap at the feet of the one she wishes to chase her. Barley Bridge seems to have been an earlier form of Oranges and Lemons, and is thus described by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps: ¹ 'A string of boys and girls, holding to each other's skirts, approaches two others, who with joined and elevated hands make an arch. The dialogue runs—

'How many miles to Barley Bridge?'—

'Three score and ten.'

'Can I get there by candle-light?'—

'Yes, if your legs be long.'

'A curtsy to you, and a curtsy to you,

If you please, will you let the King's horses through?'—

'Through and through shall they go

For the King's sake,

But the one that is hindmost

Shall meet with a great mistake.'

'Whereupon, clapping down their arms, they catch if they can the last of the tail before they can run through.' He omits, however, the end of the game, which must surely have been an original part of it.

¹ *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales.*

When all have been caught and equally divided, each prisoner being put behind one of the two who form the archway, holding fast, not by the skirts but by the waist, they pull, like tug-of-war without a rope, to get one side or the other across a mark laid or chalked upon the ground. In my day, and probably from early times, this was done to the tune of

Oranges and lemons, said the bells of St. Clement's,
Lend me five shillings, said the bells of St. Helen's.
When will you pay me? said the bells of Old Bailey;
When I grow rich, said the bells of Shoreditch.
When will that be? said the bells of Stepney;
I'm sure I don't know, said the great bell of Bow.

Hunt the Ring survives as Hunt the Slipper, but Honey-pots probably came in later with Perrault's *Tales from the East*, which were only published in 1697. How and when 'Here we go round the bramble-bush' got changed into the mulberry-bush it is impossible to say. Probably for the sake of the rhythm the children took to saying blackberry-bush, and mulberries were so much in fashion in the reign of King James, and the fruit not unlike in appearance, that the change must have crept in; but the mulberry is certainly not a bush, and much exercises the minds of country-bred infants who know the difference. The modern version has 'On a cold and frosty morning,' but the earliest form, 'At five o'clock in the morning,' would not have been remarkable in a time when people habitually did get up at that early hour to 'wash their clothes' and 'bake their bread,' and even those who had no menial tasks to perform would not have dreamed of lying in bed till nearly the middle of the day and only coming down to a nine-thirty breakfast.

It is interesting to notice how many games reflect the history of the times.¹ Tom Tidler on the Friar's Ground evidently dates from the Reformation and the Great

¹ *Popular Rhymes*, by Halliwell-Phillipps.

Pillage, and the ascendancy of the Puritans brought into fashion many games scoffing at the old religious practices, such as the shadow-game with first finger and thumb muffled in a handkerchief and bobbing to each other with 'Father, father, I've come to confess.' I have forgotten the dialogue, but it ends with 'What penan' do?'—'To kiss me, to kiss me, to kiss me!' snapping finger and thumb together. Still more shocking was it that children should have been encouraged to play at Hocus-pocus with its blasphemous mockery of the *Hoc est Corpus*, teaching children to ridicule the most sacred mysteries of religion. On the other hand, Little Jack Horner who sat in a corner was undoubtedly intended as a satire, though a very harmless one, on the Puritan aversion to Christmas pudding and sense of conscious virtue.

Many of the children's rhymes similarly carry their date in their subject. For instance—

My father he died, I cannot tell how,
But he left me six horses to drive to my plough,
With a wimmy lo! wommy lo! Jack Straw Blazey boys,
Wimmy lo! wommy lo! wob, wob, wob!

This manifestly points to the Jack Straw rebellion under Richard II.

I had a little nut-tree, and nothing would it bear,
But a golden nutmeg and a silver pear.
The King of Spain's daughter came to visit me,
All for the sake of my little nut-tree;

is thought to be suggested by the visit of Joan of Castile in 1506 to the court of Henry VII.

The King of France went up the hill
With twenty thousand men,

is supposed by James Howell, in one of his *Familiar Letters*, to refer to Henry IV., who just before his death had collected a huge army and a mountain of treasure in the Bastille; but as it is alluded to in an old tract of

1642, which is called Pigge's Coranto, and is there ascribed to Tarlton the jester, who died in 1588, it must, says Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, have been written earlier.

The following sadly closes the period of which this book treats—

As I was going by Charing Cross
I saw a black man upon a black horse ;
They told me it was King Charles the First,
Oh dear ! my heart was ready to burst !

Many of the old rhymes and tales are quoted in plays or ballads of the seventeenth century, showing them to have existed earlier. 'There was a lady loved a hogge' is found in an unpublished play of the time of Charles I. in the Bodleian Library ; and 'To market, to market, to buy a plum bun' is quoted in Florio's *New World of Words* in 1611. 'Sing a song of sixpence' is mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher, and Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps discovered an ancient version of 'The Carrion Crow' in a MS. of the time of Charles I.

Superstition was of course rife in the nursery as elsewhere. 'Rain, rain, go to Spain' is referred to by Aubrey in his *Miscellanies* as a child's custom of great antiquity. Sayings relating to February are many—

Candlemas Day, Candlemas Day,
Half your wood, and half your hay,

showing that then, as now, the 2nd of February was practically the middle of the winter. Similarly

Round the house, and round the house,
And there lies a white glove in the window,

suggesting the prevalence of snow. Also

February Fill-the-dyke,
Be it black or be it white ;
But if it be white
It's the better to like.

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Then there were curious ancient beliefs about birds—

The robin and the wren are God Almighty's cock and hen ;
The martin and the swallow are God Almighty's bow and arrow.

No child of that day would have dared to molest the nest of either. The familiar birds all had Christian names: Madge the magpie, Jenny Wren, Tommy Tit, and Jacob the starling. The wood-pigeons then, as now, always said 'Take two coos, Taffy, take two o-o.'

There is a curious little verse given in *Nursery Rhymes*, already so much quoted from, on the child's favourite, the little scarlet pimpernel or shepherd's weather-glass.¹—

Herbe pimpernell, I have thee found
Growing upon Christ Jesus' ground :
The same gift the Lord Jesus gave to thee
When He shed His blood on the tree.
Arise up, pimpernell, and go with me,
And all that shall weare thee.

Of still greater antiquity probably is the following—

Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head :
One to watch and one to pray
And two to bear my soul away.
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on.

This is found under many forms, and lingers still traditionally in country districts.

Little boys were as fond then as now of making ducks and drakes. The old rhyme, 'A duck and a drake, and a halfepenie cake,' is quoted in an English version, published in 1652, of the work by Minutius Felix. 'Peapod hucks, twenty for a pin,' suggests games of keeping shop. Such rude little rhymes as

Give a thing, and take a thing,
To weare the divell's gold ring;

¹ *Popular Rhymes*, by Halliwell-Phillipps.

or

Tell-tale, tit !
 Thy tongue shall be slit,
 And every dog in the town
 Shall have a little bit,

mentioned in 1632, may well have been used among the young Porters at Woodhall when in a quarrelsome mood, or by the little Boyles at Lismore. These latter were extremely good children, but their sister Mary was rather a wilful young woman and her father's pet, and when she spent her holidays at home she may not improbably have called forth such candid expressions of brotherly opinion.

Entertaining books written on purpose for young people did not yet exist, but the children had no lack of imaginative amusement. Not a nurse of those days but possessed a goodly store of the old nursery tales always at her tongue's end, and when the pedlar came his ever-welcome round, delightful novelties might come out of his maund: chapbooks with coarsely coloured woodcuts, and sometimes gruesome tales and ballads printed on broad-sheets at great but never wearisome length, and welcome to old and young alike. There was all the Robin Hood cycle, the story of Guy of Warwick and the Danish giant, Chevy Chace and the tales of King Arthur and his Table Round. There was Sir Patrick Spens and 'My love he built me a bonny bower,' and the ever-loved Babes in the Wood, to say nothing of Old King Cole, that merry old soul. No, surely the children of that day were not to be pitied.

They certainly had Jack and the Beanstalk, since, though the tale was not printed till 1711, that hero was of Saxon origin, as was also Tom Thumb. Edgar in *King Lear* alludes to the latter, and also to 'Childe Roland to the dark tower came.'¹ Although Puss in Boots, Red Ridinghood, and Cinderella only make

¹ *Lear*, Act iii. 4.

definite appearance in print in Perrault's *Tales* in 1697, it is probable that the oral tradition of them existed much earlier, and very likely the originals of some of the Eastern tales, such as Blue-beard and Beauty and the Beast, may have been brought to England by the Crusaders long before. The Red Bull of Norway seems to contain a hint of the latter. It is, indeed, delightful to recognise our old friend Miss Peck with Henny-penny and Cocky-locky in the ancient tale of Hen-len, Chicken-licken, Drake-lake, etc., who all got eaten up by Fox-lox when they were on their way to tell the king that the skies had fallen. Translations of Æsop, too, were not unknown in the nursery, for a very little later John Locke, in his *Thoughts on Education*, recommends that Æsop's *Fables* and Reynard the Fox should be used as reading-books rather than that children should be kept always to Horn-book and Psalter, that they might be led by curiosity rather than driven by the rod.

How much we should like to know which were the tales told by Nurse Fudd to little Jack Verney when he was left in her charge at desolate Claydon during the years of his parents' exile! Undoubtedly they were very moral ones, he grew up such a very good boy. At ten years old, when left in charge of another nurse in France, he wrote to his father that he would study his book, and take pains with his guitar, and never spend his money in 'frute' nor gunpowder, nor play with naughty street boys, nor stand about at the fair when the sun is hot, nor eat cherries, nor ever disoblige the best of fathers.¹ And his nurse endorses his good character: 'Mr. John hath kept his clothes in so good order, I have not had to buy anything for him: next weecke I will send him againe to scholle, although wee are great gainers by his sober company.' What were the little songs he sang so 'prettely' to his mother in

¹ *Verney Memoirs*.

the sad days at Claydon? A Song of Sixpence, perhaps, or Little Boy Blue, or he may have sung of his namesake, Little Jack Horner.

Well, these are the things we can never know, but only dimly fancy, as we may picture to ourselves the games which that sweet little pair of play-fellows, Kenelm Digby and Venetia Stanley, amused themselves with—exciting rescues of a fair princess from a dragon by the prowess of St. George, most likely, for they were a romantic little pair, and developed into precocious little lovers. This is Sir Kenelm's record of that play-time, written in maturer years:—

'The very first time that ever they had sight of one
'another they grew so fond of each other's company
'that all that saw them said assuredly something above
'their tender capacity breathed this sweet affection
'into their hearts. They would mingle serious kisses
'among their innocent sports: and whereas other
'children of like age did delight in fond plays and
'light toys, these two would spend the day in looking
'upon each other's face, and in accompanying these
'looks with gentle sighs, which seemed to portend that
'much sorrow was laid up for their more understanding
'years; and if at any time they happened to use such
'recreations as were sortable to their age, they demeaned
'themselves therein so prettily and so affectionately
'that one would have said Love was grown a child
'again, and took delight to play with them.'¹

The little maiden was three years older than her baby lover, but he was a big boy for his age, beautiful, clever, and imaginative. Both children lived in the shadow of a great grief, and it probably made them grave beyond their years. When Kenelm was but three years old his father, Sir Everard Digby, died on the scaffold, accused of complicity with the Gunpowder Plot, and he lived with his widowed mother and little

¹ *Sir Kenelm Digby*, by one of his descendants.

brother at Gothurst, an estate of her own which had been recovered from sequestration by the influence of her family. The little Venetia had been motherless from her babyhood, and her father in his distress for the loss of his young wife 'retired himself to a private ' and recollected life where, without the troubles that ' attend upon great fortunes, he might give free scope ' to his melancholic fantasies.' His daughter's education meanwhile was entrusted to a kinswoman at Euston Abbey, which was not very far from Gothurst, so she and her little friend met frequently till she was taken back to her father.

Another little love-affair that ended in a less romantic manner is told of the childhood of Marmaduke Rawdon, who later became an eminent wine merchant. It is thus related:—'Beinge about 12 yeares of age, before he ' knew what love was, he fell in love with a yonge ' gentlewoman, the daughter of one Mr. Michael Stan- ' hop, who was much about his owne yeares ; he courted ' hir highly after his childish way, and did much ' delight in hir company, and she in his. Hir brother, ' Mr. George Stanhop, beinge his scholfellow, he had ' the oportunitie to see hir often, and to play with hir ' brother in the gardens and orchards, and she would ' come and be amongst them ; and uppon a time he ' had a minde to show Mrs. Susan, for soe the yonge ' gentlewoman was called, what fine cracking sqibs he ' could make ; so he and 3 or 4 boyes more of his ' consorts had gott some quantitie of powder, and putt ' itt in one of the boyes hatts ; Mr. Rawdon goinge to ' give fire to the cracking squib, itt would not att first ' goe off ; soe Mr. Rawdon fell a blowinge of itt, and ' the boy with the hatt of powder came nere Mr. ' Rawdon to see what was the matter that itt would not ' goe of, when of a sudden itt went of, and some sparks ' flew into the hatt of powder and blew up the fore part ' of Mr. Rawdon's clooths, burnt his band and his face,

' and his clooths still burning about him, which one
 ' Marabel, a maid of the howse, seeinge, took a kittle
 ' full of water, which she had new hunge on the fire,
 ' and was yett cold, and soe quencht the fire of his
 ' clooths, which otherwayes would have gone nere to
 ' have spoyled him ; some of the other boyes had
 ' some little hurt, and some cornes of powder in thir
 ' faces, and all of them left Mr. Rawdon and ran away,
 ' publishing in several parts of the cittie this accidental
 ' mischance, which quickly arrived att his father's
 ' howse, soe a servant was sent away presently to Mr.
 ' Stanhop's to see what the matter was, who finding
 ' him in that sad condition took him in his armes, wrapt
 ' his clooke over him, and carried him home ; when he
 ' came home, he was laid uppon a pallet-bed, his heade
 ' sweld as big as tow heades, and his eielids seemingly
 ' burnt up to the great grieffe of his parents, who
 ' presently sent for the most eminent docters and
 ' surgeons of the cittie, who consultinge togeather did
 ' apply those things that were most convenient for him.
 ' His mouthe was soe burnt up that his mother was in
 ' great care how to feede him, but he hearinge hir in
 ' that perplexitie, made signes for a sukingbottle with
 ' which he was nurisht till his mouthe grew better.
 ' He lay nine days blinde without anie sight att all, and
 ' then began to see a little, and in a monthe's time a
 ' fresh skin came over his face, the swellinge downe,
 ' and he as well as if he had noe hurt att all.'¹

The love seems to have been burned up with the eyelashes, for Mrs. Susan never reappears in history.

Notices of children from the pens of their elders are tantalisingly infrequent. Here, however, is a brief mention of Robin, the second Lord Leicester, nephew of Sir Philip Sidney, written by the steward, Rowland White, to his master at Flushing in the year 1600. He writes from Windsor, just after St. George's Feast :—

¹ *Memoirs of Marmaduke Rawdon.*—Camden Society.

‘I brought up Mr. Robert when the knights were at dinner, who played the wag so prettily and boldly that all took pleasure in him, but above the rest my Lord Admiral, who gave him sweetmeats, and he prated with his Honour beyond measure.’

Still more charming is Endymion Porter’s description of King Charles playing with the Villiers children.¹ After the Duke of Buckingham’s death, the king paid his debts and took his children, not merely officially as wards of the Court, but to be brought up with his own. Mary the eldest—‘pretty sweet Moll,’ as she was called—had been contracted almost in her babyhood to the son of the Earl of Montgomery; but the youthful bridegroom dying a year or two later, the little maiden found herself a widow at nine years old. Regardless of the dignity of her widow’s weeds, she must needs one day climb a tree in the garden to help herself to the fruit. The king, walking with Mr. Porter, espied the flutter of a black veil among the branches, and declared there was some very strange bird up in that tree: Mr. Porter must fetch his gun and bring it down. As he approached the tree with his weapon he was greeted with a shower of fruit. ‘Alas, madam!’ said he, looking up and seeing the laughing eyes peering through the leaves at him, ‘what shall I do? for I have promised to kill you and bring your feathers to the king!’ ‘You must be as good as your word, of course,’ answered little madam, entering into the joke; and she bade a gardener who was near bring a large fruit hamper, into which Mr. Porter packed her and shut down the lid, and he and the gardener carried her between them to his Majesty’s feet. ‘Here, Sire, is the bird, which I have had the good fortune to take alive,’ said Mr. Porter, and lifted the lid, when out sprang Lady Mary and flung her arms round the king’s neck with no more ceremony than if he had been a playfellow of her own age.

¹ *Letters of Mr. Endymion Porter.*

To his own, Charles was the tenderest of fathers. There are few more touching pages of history than those in which Sir Thomas Herbert, Gentleman of the Bed-chamber to the King during his captivity, relates how he took leave of the only two he was able to see on the eve of his execution.

‘ Morning being come, the Bishop was early with the
‘ King, and after Prayers his Majesty broke the Seals
‘ open, and shew’d them what was contain’d in it ; there
‘ were Diamonds and Jewels, most part broken Georges
‘ and Garters. You see (said he) all the Wealth now
‘ in my Power to give my two Children. Next day
‘ Princess Elizabeth, and the Duke of Gloucester, her
‘ Brother, came to take their sad Farewel of the King
‘ their Father, and to ask his Blessing. This was the
‘ 29th of Jan. The Princess being the elder, was the
‘ most sensible of her Royal Father’s Condition, as
‘ appear’d by her sorrowful Look and excessive weep-
‘ ing ; and her little Brother seeing his Sister weep, he
‘ took the like Impression, though by reason of his
‘ tender Age he could not have the like Apprehension.
‘ The King raised them both from off their Knees ; he
‘ kiss’d them, gave them his Blessing, and setting them
‘ on his Knees, admonish’d them concerning their Duty
‘ and Loyal Observance to the Queen their Mother, the
‘ Prince that was his successor, Love to the Duke of
‘ York and his other Relations. The King then gave
‘ them all his Jewels, save the George he wore, which
‘ was cut in an onyx with great Curiosity, and set about
‘ with 21 fair Diamonds, and the Reverse set with the
‘ like Number ; and again kissing his Children, had
‘ such pretty and pertinent Answers from them both, as
‘ drew Tears of Joy and Love from his Eyes ; and then
‘ praying God Almighty to bless ’em, he turned about,
‘ expressing a tender and fatherly Affection. Most
‘ sorrowful was this Parting, the young Princess shed-
‘ ding Tears and crying lamentably, so as mov’d

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‘ others to Pity, that formerly were hard-hearted ; and
‘ at opening the Bed-Chamber Door, the King return’d
‘ hastily from the Window and kiss’d ’em and bless’d
‘ ’em ; so parted.’¹

¹ *Memorials of the Last Days of King Charles*, by Sir Thomas Herbert.

CHAPTER III

SOME LESSON-BOOKS

SCHOOL-DAYS began early perforce : these children had not much time to waste, since the serious business of life came so soon. It was no uncommon thing for a girl to be married at thirteen, and a boy usually proceeded from school to the university at sixteen at the latest, often as early as twelve. John Evelyn records in his diary, 'I was not initiated into any rudiments until I was four years of age,' as though that were considered quite late to begin ; and Miss Campion, as we have already observed, entered on the study of her Horn-book at two years old. Evelyn must, however, have been an intelligent and observant child, for he goes on, 'and then one Frier taught us at the church porch at Wotton ; and I perfectly remember the great talk and stir about il Conde Gundamar, Ambassador from Spain (for near about this time was the match of the Prince with the Infanta proposed).' It argues some precocity for a child of that age to have been interested in any such thing. More natural was Anthony Wood's earliest recollection of being taken to see the King, Queen, and Prince Rupert make their entry into Oxford from Woodstock in the year 1636, when he was four years old. He saw them riding down Fish Street into Christchurch Quad, and a brave show it must have been on a fair August morning. No wonder he did not forget it.

He probably learned the Horn-book at home with his

mother, for he says that at five years old he was put to school to learn the Psalter, and two years later 'he was in his Bible, and ready to go to his accedence.'¹ Next year, being now eight, he was sent to a Latin school, of which his most vivid recollection was that the master used to be conducted by a beadle with a silver staff to preach a Latin sermon at St. Mary's. Next year he was removed to New College School, and a few years later he and his brother were sent to a school at Thame, where they boarded in the vicarage. His school-days there were distracted by continual alarms of war, for Thame lay on the road to Oxford, and was the scene of perpetual marches and counter-marches, with an occasional skirmish. Lessons must have suffered.

To return to little John Evelyn : soon after his lessons in the church porch he was sent to his grandfather and grandmother at Lewes. 'It was not till the year 1628,' he says (being then eight years old) 'that I was put to 'learn my Latin rudiments, and to write of one Citolin, 'a Frenchman in Lewes. I was put to scoole to a Mr. 'Potts, in the Cliffe at Lewes ; and in 1630 from thence 'to the Free-schole at Southover neere the town, of 'which one Agnes Morley had been the Foundresse, 'and now Edward Snatt was the master, under whom 'I remained till I was sent to the university.' The next year he began his journal. 'In imitation of 'what I had seen my father do, I began to observe 'matters more punctually, which I did use to set downe 'in a blanke almanac.' The year after, his father wished to send him to Eton, but, says he, 'I was so 'terrified at the report of the severe discipline there that 'I was sent back to Lewes, which perverseness of mine 'I have a thousand times deplored.' He did not leave school till he was seventeen, which he mentions as most unusual.

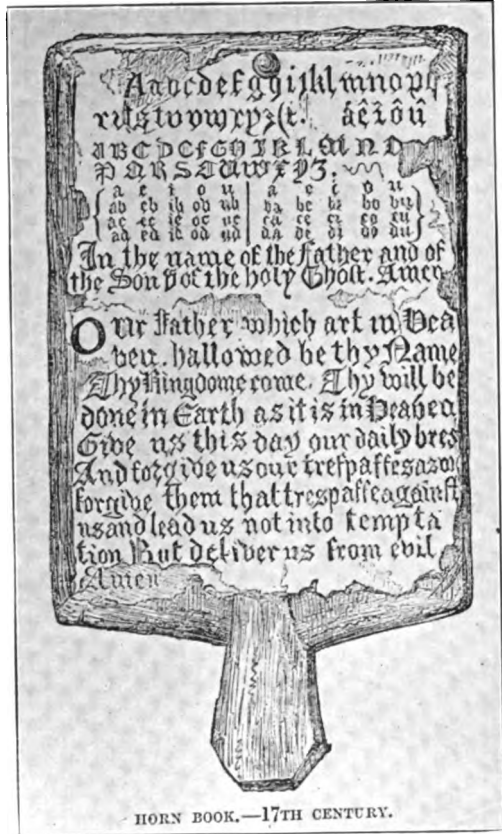
He was determined that his own son should not suffer

¹ *Athena Oxoniensis*, by Anthony Wood.

from a like remissness, and he was a prodigy of learning at four years old, being only just five when he died. The story of his amazing precocity must be told, although it properly belongs to a period a few years later than that under consideration. His father says of him :—

‘ At two yeares and a halfe old he could perfectly
 ‘ reade any of the English, Latine, French or Gottie
 ‘ letters, pronouncing the three first languages exactly.
 ‘ He had before his fifth yeare, or in that yeare, not
 ‘ only skill to read most written hands, but to decline
 ‘ all the nouns, conjugate the verbs regular and most
 ‘ of the irregular ; learn’d out *Puerilis*, got by heart
 ‘ almost the entire vocabularie of Latine and French
 ‘ primitives and words, could make congruous syntax,
 ‘ turne English into Latine, and *vice versa*, construe and
 ‘ prove what he read, and did the government and use
 ‘ of relatives, verbs, substantives, elipses, and many
 ‘ figures and tropes, and made considerable progress
 ‘ in Comenius’s *Janua* ; began himself to write legibly,
 ‘ and had a stronge passion for Greeke. The number of
 ‘ verses he could recite was prodigious, and what he
 ‘ remember’d of the parts of playes, which he would
 ‘ also act ; and when seeing a *Plautus* in one’s hand,
 ‘ he ask’d what booke it was, and being told it was
 ‘ Comedy and too difficult for him, he wept for sorrow.
 ‘ Strange was his apt and ingenious application of
 ‘ fables and morals, for he had read *Æsop* ; he had a
 ‘ wonderful disposition to mathematics, having by heart
 ‘ divers propositions of Euclid that were read to him in
 ‘ play, and he would make lines and demonstrate them.
 ‘ As to his piety, astonishing were his applications of
 ‘ scripture upon occasion, and his sense of God ; he had
 ‘ learn’d all his Catechisme early, and understood the
 ‘ historical part of the Bible and New Testament to a
 ‘ wonder, how Christ came to redeeme mankind, and
 ‘ how comprehending these necessaryes himselfe, his

' godfathers were discharged of their promise. These
 ' and the like illuminations far exceeded his age and
 ' experience, considering the prettinesse of his addresse
 ' and behaviour, cannot but leave impressions in me at
 ' the memory of him. When one told him how many
 ' dayes a Quaker had fasted, he replied that was no
 ' wonder, for Christ had said man should not live by
 ' bread alone, but by the Word of God. He would of
 ' himselfe select the most pathetic psalms and chapters
 ' out of Job, to reade to his mayde during his sicknesse,
 ' telling her when she pitied him that all God's children
 ' must suffer afflictions. He declaimed against the
 ' vanities of the world before he had seen any. Often
 ' he would desire those who came to see him to pray by
 ' him, and a yeare before he fell sicke, to kneel and pray
 ' with him alone in some corner. How thankfully
 ' would he receive admonition, how soon be reconciled!
 ' how indifferent, yet continually chereful! He would
 ' give grave advice to his brother John, beare with his
 ' impertinencies, and say he was but a child. If he
 ' heard or saw any new thing, he was unquiet till he
 ' was told how it was made; he brought to us all such
 ' difficulties as he found in books to be expounded. He
 ' had learn'd by heart divers sentences in Latine and
 ' Greeke, which on occasion he would produce even to
 ' wonder. He was all life, all prettinesse, far from
 ' morose, sullen, or childish in any thing he said or did.
 ' The last time he had been at church (which was at
 ' Greenwich), I asked him, according to costome, what
 ' he remembered of the sermon; two good things,
 ' father, said he, *bonum gratiæ* and *bonum gloriæ*,
 ' with a just account of what the preacher said. The
 ' day before he died he cal'd to me, and in a more
 ' serious manner than usual told me that for all I loved
 ' him so dearly I should give my house, land, and all
 ' my fine things to his brother Jack, he should have
 ' none of them; the next morning, when he found him-



THE BATEMAN HORN-BOOK



' selfe ill, and that I persuaded him to keepe his hands
 ' in bed, he demanded whether he might pray to God
 ' with his hands unjoyn'd ; and a little after, whilst in
 ' great agonie, whether he should not offend God by using
 ' his holy name so often calling for ease. What shall
 ' I say of his frequent pathological ejaculations utter'd of
 ' himselfe ; Sweete Jesus save me, deliver me, pardon
 ' my sinnes, let thine angels receive me ! So early
 ' knowledge, so much piety and perfection ! But thus
 ' God having dress'd up a Saint fit for himselfe,
 ' would not longer permit him with us, unworthy of the
 ' future fruits of this incomparable hopefull blossome.
 ' . . . In my opinion he was suffocated by the women
 ' and maids that tended him, and cover'd him too hot
 ' with blankets as he lay in a cradle, near an excessive
 ' hot fire in a close roome. I suffer'd him to be opened,
 ' when they found that he was what is vulgarly called
 ' liver-growne.'

Poor baby ! forced in brain as well as in body—no wonder he did not survive. But he was a prodigy, and must not be taken as typical of the time he lived in.

In those days, when children were quite as destructive as they are now, and books far scarcer and dearer, the elements of knowledge were protected from ill-usage by being mounted upon an oblong piece of wood with a handle like a battledore, the front protected by a thin sheet of transparent horn bound round with brass, and the equipment was completed by a straw, long pin or quill called a fescue, and used as a pointer. The Horn-book usually contained the Paternoster ; the alphabet, large and small, sometimes both black-letter and Roman ; a set of syllables—a, b, ab ; b, a, ba, etc.—and in some cases numerals. The alphabet began and ended with a cross, hence the children called it the criss-cross row. Copies for writing were often mounted in the same way, but without a handle, in a tablet shape, to prop up or lay upon the table.

Mr. Andrew Tuer, in his most thorough and exhaustive *History of the Horn-book*, gives full descriptions and some most curious facsimiles of Horn-books of the time of which I write. Some extra handsome ones were backed with stamped leather, with a picture usually of the reigning sovereign. One which he gives bore an equestrian portrait of Charles II., and two are described which had been found at Ashby Green, Bucks—one of the time of James I., one of Charles I., which were both shown at the Caxton Exhibition. They were at about this date, he says, hawked about by the 'paultrie pedlar' or chapman, together with ballads, chapbooks, almanacs, books of news, and other trifling wares in a long parcel or maund, which he carried for the most part open and hanging from his neck before him. Horn-books must have been very tempting for use as battledores, and it may be feared offered to the hand of the exasperated teacher a convenient weapon for administering a box on the ear to an idle little dunce. Tradition mentions horn-books made of gingerbread—whether they existed at this time it is difficult to say positively; but since Shakespeare alludes to gingerbread husbands, it is highly probable that they did; and it must have been an immense incentive to learning to be told you might eat your criss-cross row when you had mastered it. These, however, certainly missed the aim of durability, and it is no wonder they only survive in a mention of wares to be got at country fairs.

The Horn-book was of course the earliest schoolbook used. A woodcut in Hornbye's *Horn-book*, published in 1622, depicts a schoolboy standing at a table between the knees of the master, who, wearing a long furred gown, big ruff, and steeple-crowned hat, sits in an elbow chair, pointing to the letter B with a fescue. On the table lie a book with strings, an ink-pot, a bundle of pens, and a birch-rod suggestively ready to hand. In 1608 the Horn-book was set to music in the old

HORNBYE'S HORN-BOOK.

*Judge not too rashly, till through all you looke;
If nothing therein doth please you, burne the Booke.*



By *William Hornbye, Gent.*

London,

Printed by *Aug. Math.* for *Thomas Bayly*, and are to be
sold at his shop in the middle Row neere Staple Inn, 1622.

FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE TO HORNBYE'S HORN-BOOK



notation, beginning 'Christe's Crosse be my speede, In all vertue to proceed.' Then followed the alphabet, ending, in order to fill up the measure, with 'Tittle, 'tittle, est Amen. When you have done begin againe, 'begin againe.'¹

A primer was published in 1636 by one Edward Coote, Master of the Free School at Bury St. Edmund's, entitled

'The English Schoole-Master :

'Teaching all his schollers, of what age soever, the 'most easie, short, and perfect order of distinct Reading 'and true Writing our English-tongue that hath ever 'yet been known and published of any.'

Mr. Coote professes to have so dealt with hard words that 'any unskilful person may understand and 'use them aptly, . . . so that he which hath this 'book onely needeth to buy no other to make him fit 'from his letters unto the Grammar Schoole, for an ap- 'prentice, or any other his private use, so farre as 'concerneth English.' In the next page the 'Schoole- 'Master hangeth foorth his Table to the view of all 'beholders, setting foorth some of the chief commodities 'of his Profession.' He undertakes 'to teach thee that 'art utterly ignorant to read perfectly, to write truely, 'and with judgment to understand the reason of our 'English-tongue, with great expedition, ease, and 'pleasure.'

In the preliminary directions to the teacher the author discusses methods of spelling, deciding that some variation is allowable, since learned men are not always agreed as to the correct derivation of certain words. This is a licence most letter-writers of that day availed themselves of very freely, frequently spelling the same word in three or four different ways in the course of one letter. Women especially were remark-

¹ *History of the Horn-book*, by Andrew Tuer.

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ably untrammelled by any rules of orthography—some spelt almost phonetically, others ran into much embroidery of unnecessary letters. The system (or want of system) had its advantages: there is as much character in seventeenth-century spelling as there is in handwriting. Most readers must be grateful to the editor of the *Verney Memoirs* for having preserved the original spelling—so much character comes out in Ralph's precise, unvarying method, his wife's painstaking care diversified by little quaintnesses of her own, the untutored licence of the neglected girls, and Lady Sussex's cool defiance of all rules. Anne Halkett, too, spells in a characteristic way, quite consistently, and in a cultivated manner, but with certain little occasional redundancies. But this is a long digression, and we must return to Mr. Coote. He decides that the teacher must set a limit to these vagaries, and gives specimens of the permissible and the unpermissible.

The children were to be divided into four classes, according to their capacity. In case parents object to the expense of the book, 'as a little yonge childe would soon teare it,' the early pages have been framed by the printer as a horn-book, containing black-letter, Roman character, italics, and double letters; numerals also and syllables. These are followed by sentences in rhyme beginning with easy words of one syllable, as 'Ah, it is so, he is my foe.' In the second chapter the rudimentary b, a, ba is expanded into bab, bad, bar, bat, bay. Next come connected sentences forming a sort of little tale, as—

'Boy, go thy way to the top of the hill, and get me
'home the bay nag. Fill him well and see he be fat,
'and I will rid me of him, for he will be but as dull as
'his dam. If a man bid well for him I will tell him of
'it; if not I do but rob him, and God will vex me, and
'may let me go to hell if I get but a jawbone of him
'ill.'

Then come rules of pronunciation, with explanations of words which are something alike but not the same, as mill—mile, hid—hide, etc. Grammar is introduced gradually in dialogue form, and is followed by the first rules of arithmetic, copies for writing, and a brief chronology 'for practice in hard words, and to know Latin authors by name.' Lastly, there is a Catechism of Religion, very lengthy, and containing decidedly more Puritan doctrine than was ever admitted into the Church of England. The rules for religious observance are somewhat lax; forms of private prayer for morning and evening are given, and very long graces before and after meat. Metrical psalms for learning by heart follow, and the book concludes with a glossary of hard words and a specimen of black-letter.

The copy of this book which is preserved in the British Museum bears marks of having been well thumbed, as the early pages are much more brown and worn away at the corners than the more advanced ones. The children who used it have, moreover, scribbled their names again and again in the margin, as idle children to this day love to do. Frank occurs many times over, also Elizabeth, Anne, and Richard. On the fly-leaf is written 'Can any one tell what age i look?' and just below, 'soe wan, soe pale.' How vainly we speculate as we turn the faded, discoloured pages, and try to picture to ourselves the children who toiled over its hard words, thumbed its corners, or idly scribbled, getting rapped over the knuckles in all probability for so doing!

The boy was now 'ready to go into his accedence,' as Anthony Wood puts it, and would probably use Lilly's grammar and Farnaby's edition of the classics, which were in use in most Grammar Schools; or he might begin with the Janua Linguarum Reserata by Comenius, the book in which little Richard Evelyn had made such good progress.¹ Comenius, or Komensky,

¹ *The Child and his Book*, by L. M. Field.

was a Moravian who had been forced to leave Bohemia during the troubles of the Thirty Years' War, became a schoolmaster at Lissa, and wrote many educational works, as well as the mystical ones by which his name is better known. He came to England just before the outbreak of the Rebellion, on the invitation of Hartlib, the friend of Milton, and became acquainted probably with Milton himself, certainly with Evelyn and with Lord Herbert of Chisbury. Besides *The Gate of Tongues*, his *Didactica Magna* and *Orbis Pictus*, the latter 'illustrated by cuts to entice witty children by pictures,' were much used in English schoolrooms.

In those days, when Latin was the common tongue of the learned, boys were expected to talk together in Latin as girls nowadays speak French at school, and Hoole about this time edited *The School Colloquies of Corderius*, in which imaginary conversations between schoolboys are given in parallel columns of Latin and English. They are entirely familiar, though of course in a highly moral vein—the naughty boy dog's-ears his book, throws it at his neighbour, and pawns it for threepence, while the good boy reprobates his conduct in so doing. School hours were long, as we gather from Mr. Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*, in which he compares the English custom with the foreign in this respect, greatly to the advantage of the latter. From six in the morning till twelve or past was the English custom, according to him, and he considered 'the taskes ' too long and heavie. At Andwerpe, Utrecht, or ' Breda,' says he, 'after the lecture the scholler leaueth ' the schoole for an hour, and walketh abroad with one ' or two of his fellows, either into the field or up among ' the trees upon the rampier, where they conferre and ' recreate themselves till time calls them in to repeate, ' when perhaps they stay an hour; so abroad againe, ' and thus at their pleasure the whole day.'

His book, though dedicated to his little pupil, Mr. William Howard, third son to the Earl of Arundel, one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time, is, at any rate in the early chapters, addressed rather to parents and tutors. The former he exhorts against 'cockering and apish indulgence,' also against a false economy in the matter of tutors. 'Many,' he remarks, 'are satisfied if they can procure some poor Batchelor of Art from the Universitie to teach their children, say grace, and serve the Cure of an impropriation, . . . who will be content with ten pounds a year at his first coming, to be pleased with five; the rest to be set off in hope of the next advowson. Most gentlemen will give better wages and deale more bountifully with a fellowe who can teach a Dogge or reclaim an Hawke, than with an honest, learned, and well qualified man to bring up his children.'

Mr. Peacham is equally unsparing on 'the humour and folly of some pedagogues,' especially on their addiction to the rod. What would the modern school-boy say to this?—'One in winter would ordinarily on a cold morning whip his boyes over for no other purpose but to heat himself.' A chilly schoolmaster must have been a trial under those circumstances. 'Correction without instruction is plain Tyrannie,' says he a little further on. He also deprecates violent language; such epithets as 'blockheads, asses, dolts, which deeply pierceth the free and generous spirit.' Commendation is more to be used than abuse. Discrimination must be exercised: 'the self-same method agreeth not with all alike; the duller want helping most,' whereas the tutor is too apt to bestow more attention on the quick, whom he 'culs out to admiration as a Costard-monger his fairest pippins.'

The grammar he recommends is Lilly's, as most in use; but whatever the text-book, the foundation of education must be solidly laid in the understanding of

grammar, 'every rule made familiar and fast by short and pleasant examples.' This done, 'by little and ' little raise the frame of a strong and well-knit style ' both in writing and speaking.' Latin is to be translated into English, and English into Latin. The remainder of his treatise on education may be more properly considered when we come to speak of the university, and it will be interesting to compare his views with those of Lord Herbert, who had his own scheme of culture. We may in this place quote the opinion of the latter on what a child should learn :—

'After the alphabet is taught, I like well the shortest ' and clearest grammars, and such books into which ' the Greek and Latin words are severally contrived, in ' which kind one Comenius hath given us an example. ' This done, it would be much better to proceed with ' Greek authors than with Latin ; for as it is as easy to ' learn at first the one as the other, it would be much ' better to give the first impressions into a child's ' memory of those things which are more rare than ' usual ; therefore I would have them begin at Greek ' first, and the rather that there is not that art in the ' world wherein the Greeks have not excelled and gone ' before others ; so that when you look upon Philosophy, ' Astronomy, Mathematics, Medicine, and briefly all ' learning, the Greeks have exceeded all nations.'¹ This seems rather putting the cart before the horse, according to modern views, but there is something to be said for it, and Lord Herbert was somewhat of what is commonly called a crank.

Arithmetic was not taught 'according to Cocker' till a little later, for his book was not published till 1660 ; however, he already kept a school on the south side of St. Paul's churchyard, and probably himself taught on the same methods he afterwards gathered into his hand-book. It is pleasant to know that 'Multiplication is

¹ *Autobiography of Lord Herbert of Cherbury.*



Portrait of a woman
from the collection of the National Library of Medicine

THE UNDER-PLUMBER

There was a great, familiar noise, like a sea of boys, in the camp. The clouds, that hid the sun from the sunbeams, were all in a hurry to get down, as if to see the boys, and to be satisfied with the sight. As the boys were all on their feet, it was a great sight, and they were all looking up at the clouds, and saying to themselves, "How many more will come?"

As we came to a peak, we were all looking down at the boys, and saying to ourselves, "How many more will come?"

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*Edward Cocker.
Arithmetic & Writing Master.*



vexation' was as familiar to the tongues of schoolboys of that generation as of this, and they also learned the days of the month by the rhyme

Thirty days hath September,
 April, June, and November ;
 February hath twenty-eight alone,
 And all the rest have thirty-one,
 But leap-year, coming once in four,
 Gives to February one day more.¹

An interesting letter from James Gibb, tutor to Mr. Endymion Porter's boys, to Mr. Harvey the steward, gives an account of the progress of his pupils. He writes from Woodhall, a country house belonging to a brother of Mrs. Porter's who was imbecile, in consequence of which the Porters took charge of the estate and were glad to use it as a country home for their children, since Endymion's post in attendance on the king kept him constantly in town, and his house in the Strand, although in those days the gardens were large and ran right down to the river, was not considered healthy :—

'MR. HARVEY—

'This is to bid you welcome to London again, and
 'to give you notice that I had and have a great resent-
 'ment of the misfortune of not seeing you at Woodhall
 'passing by. Here we are all alone, and apply our-
 'selves to our books diligently, and so much the better,
 'by how much less distraction we find and farther we
 'are from London. I hope to make Mr. Philip my
 'maisterpiece according as he proceeds with me and
 'takes Learning. I have already shewed his father the
 'profit he hath made to his great satisfaction and joy,
 'of one yt could scarce read a word in English when
 'I first undertook him. This I speak without any exag-
 'geration or desire to arrogate more to myself than

¹ *The Child and his Book.*

‘ many that know it will give me. His Father told us
 ‘ we should shortly be going over sea, but I fear it will
 ‘ not be before next spring. I should be very sorry to
 ‘ come to London to teach him in the interim, for the
 ‘ many occasions of divertment that daily present them-
 ‘ selves. So that I mean to write to mi Senor to know
 ‘ his intention shortly, and if we go not away this
 ‘ winter, that he would please let us live in the country
 ‘ far enough with some friend or other of his. But this
 ‘ with you alone and under seal. What you please to
 ‘ advise me I shall be glad to follow.

‘ As for Mr. Charles, no great matter could be worked
 ‘ with him ; wherefore I should urge some settled course
 ‘ should be thought on for him.’¹

A little French letter written by Philip at seven years old to his elder brother shows him to have been an intelligent child, but after all he did not turn out a ‘maisterpiece,’ whereas the idle Charles grew up the best of all the Porter boys, and died a soldier’s death for the king, lamented and well spoken of by every one.

A letter of his written to his mother when he was about fifteen, and was in disgrace for some fault, shows a great sweetness of disposition, and also in its simplicity contrasts with the formal style of most sons to their parents at that day² :—

‘ DEAR MOTHER—

‘ I have received your letter, in which I under-
 ‘ stand that my father and you are very angry with me,
 ‘ which hath troubled me not a little to think that I
 ‘ should deserve any anger at either of your h— [torn
 ‘ off] the ways that possibly can be to retain your loves
 ‘ will do my endeavour to mend any fault you accuse
 ‘ me of. Therefore I beseech you, sweet Mother, not

¹ *Letters of Mr. Endymion Porter.*

² *Ibid.*

‘ to let your anger continue, for it is the only thing I
‘ desire to shun in the world. I am extremely glad to
‘ hear that my little brother Tom proveth so fine a
‘ child, and that my nurse and you are friends again :
‘ I pray you let it last both with her and me.—Your
‘ dutiful and obedient son, CHARLES PORTER.’

CHAPTER IV

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

FOR many centuries already the essentially English system of education founded by William of Wykeham at Winchester had flourished, and in the great public schools the flower of English youth was being trained in manners and sound learning. The five leading schools of the day were Winchester, Eton, Westminster, St. Paul's, and Merchant Taylors'. Christ's Hospital, which had been originally instituted for foundlings, educated at this date rather a different class, and had not risen to the position it was later to occupy. In almost every town of consequence, and in many small country places, was a Grammar School, either of ancient foundation or entirely refounded during the Reformation, set up as a salve to conscience out of the spoils of the Church, and to supply to some degree the place of the monastic and cathedral schools which were then destroyed. The custom of naming these 'King Edward's schools' has caused to grow up in many minds the idea that the young king was a great patron and benefactor of learning. The true facts are that infinitely more schools were destroyed than were established; but as the generation which grew up after the dissolution of the monasteries was in many cases without any education at all, the council who acted for the king thought it a wise thing to employ some of the church property with which the royal coffers were overflowing in re-establishing a few of

these schools with a different constitution. The chief distinction between the grammar schools and the colleges was that in the one case they were chiefly for day-boys, in the other for boarders, which of course made all the difference in the corporate feeling of the school. The curriculum seems to have been much the same in both. They were attended by the sons of noblemen and of country squires, of men in trade and substantial yeomen—the *probi homines* or 'good men,' as they were called, or the *gentes minores*; not the 'poor' in our sense, though some were free schools, and many had scholarships for those who could not pay fees.

It will be well to take Winchester as typical of the public school system. Eton, as a royal foundation, and because of its nearness to Windsor, had become the most fashionable for rich men's sons; but Wykeham's college should take precedence, because it was not only the most ancient but the model on which Eton was founded, standing to it indeed as the mother-country to the colonies, since Waynflete took twenty Winchester scholars with him to Eton to give it sound traditions.

The researches of Mr. Kirby, Bursar of Winchester, through its invaluable store of MSS., afford ample materials for a study of the manners and customs of the school at any period of its history, and on this material I am allowed to draw through the kind permission of the Warden and Fellows.¹

The constitution of the college may be gathered from the statement made by Warden Harris before the Parliamentary Commission in 1649, as that remained the same through the half-century preceding—indeed as it had been from the foundation, although 'religious teaching and customs of worship had been changed.

The college consisted of Warden, Schoolmaster, and ten Fellows. The officers were six; sub-warden, two

¹ *Annals of Winchester College*, by T. F. Kirby.

bursars, sacristan, outrider, claviger, three chaplains, one usher, one singing-master, three clerks. Seventy children of the body of the house. 'These are instructed in the Latin and Greek tongue by the school-master and usher according to the several forms wherein they are placed.' The study of Greek had been introduced into the school in the preceding century by the distinguished Wykehamist, Grocyn. Besides these, sixteen poor children called quiristers, who were by statute to make the Fellows' beds and to wait upon the scholars in the hall; and fourteen servants in ordinary, viz. one manciple, two butlers, three cooks, one baker, two brewers, one miller, two horsekeepers, one gardener, one porter. All these have diet, wages, and livery from the college. The statement concludes with the steward of the lands and auditor, who did not reside.

As regards the inner government of the school, this had been for long, if not since the very foundation, in the hands of the senior boys, who were called prefects or prepositors. Mr. Kirby is doubtful whether this was part of Wykeham's original institution, though other authorities hold that it was, and indeed it would have been characteristic of his wise and statesmanlike brain. In any case, by 1600 it was already a custom of some antiquity. No system could have been devised that would better train boys for their future part in public life, whether to rule or serve. It made an organism in place of a concourse of independent atoms; it disciplined the younger lads and trained the elder in a sense of responsibility and habits of command; and it placed a powerful check on the bullying of the weak by the strong. The leaders were appointed for conduct and capacity, and together were a match for any hulking ne'er-do-weel who might have made a fag's life a torment to him, and it organised a strong and effective public opinion. In it lies the essential difference between English and Continental school life: without it

there is always the tendency to anarchy with its attendant bullying, or the unwholesome continual supervision by masters, which is so apt to produce underhand evasion. Besides, a school so constituted is a microcosm or world in little, and so a better preparation for the life of the great world.

To turn to domestic matters : accounts show that the college, like a great country house of those days, had to be to a great extent self-supporting, and do its own farming. There are wages to haymakers and millers, as well as to bakers and brewers, and at one time hops must have been grown, as there is mention of an old hop-garden to be planted with apple-trees—let us hope with a view to apples rather than an increased demand for ‘four apple-twigs.’ Great varieties of beer used to be brewed,—‘Warden’s strong beere, Election beere, and Audit ale,’ as well as ‘small beere’ for the scholars. There is yearly record of haymaking in Meads, Carmelite Mead, Doggers Close, and the adjoining fields. In 1619 they mowed nearly eleven acres at a cost of 1s. an acre. Cheese eaten in the hayfield and gratuities occur in the accounts. This entry is quaint : ‘Sol. Bernarde, ‘Edwards, et Blind Dick calcantibus ly haymowe ‘ægotante subequisone 1s.’

Living seems to have been good if plain. Plenty of beef and mutton, tripe, sheep’s hearts, and rabbits appear in the accounts, also salt-fish, showing that still in these post-reformation days the fasts of the Church were kept ; and in one place occurs a mention of two ling for the Warden’s table, ‘such as the Fellows have for Fridays and Saturdays and other extraordinary Fast days.’ Various items such as spices, raisins, figs, prunes, and suet, hint at puddings. Old Wykehamists will fondly recall the figged pudding and apple-crowdy spiced characteristic of Winchester and New College on gaudy days. Purchase of pewter plates was made in 1630. These must have been for the Fellows’ table, for as late

as the beginning of the nineteenth century the scholars ate off wooden trenchers, and I well remember a very old Wykehamist's description of the difficulty of stopping the gravy from running off, and how ingeniously they used in his day to build a wall of bread round it.

Amusements were very different in those days from what they are now. Cricket was unknown, unless in its infancy in the form of 'stool-ball,' the stools (probably three-legged) representing the wicket.¹ Football, rounders, tennis, and ninepins were played. The playground was far more circumscribed than at present, not extending beyond old meads, and that was occasionally up for hay. In fine weather the 'children,' as they were called, trooped two and two to 'Hills,' that is St. Catherine's Hill, a round eminence about a mile beyond the city, crowned by the remains of a Danish camp with a crest of pine and beech trees, and encircled by a fosse. Here they were free to scatter and amuse themselves as they chose, provided they were ready to answer '*sum*' to names-calling at the Domum-tree. Badger-hunting was the favourite sport, as it continued to be so long as the custom of 'hills' lasted. Sport was forbidden by statute, so badgers were contraband, which doubtless added to the charm. A relaxation of this statute was permitted at the yearly public stag-hunt instituted by King James, who was devoted to the chase, and the scholars were allowed to assist. In 1620 they threw off at Bere Forest, in 1628 at Longwood. The boys were taken to the Meet in wagons, lunched, followed the hounds on foot, and came back in the wagons to a jovial supper. The hunt survived with diminished glory as late as 1865. The dogs used were of a peculiar breed, more like the blue Danish boarhound than the deerhound, and at that time they were said to be dying out.

In winter it was the custom for the king or great

¹ *Wykehamica*, Adams.

nobles to entertain the college with spectacles of masques, mummers, or morrice-dancers, and sometimes the boys got up plays among themselves. On every red-letter Saint's day they had a holiday and were permitted to visit friends in the town and neighbourhood, and they had many other odd days of rejoicing, such as 'Apple-pie day,' Founder's Obit and Commemoration, which were distinguished by Latin orations. In 1614 one Mrs. Lettice Williams endowed New College with a rent charge out of which the sum of £1, 6s. 8d. was to be paid to a fellow of Winchester for an annual sermon in chapel on Gunpowder Plot, and 13s. 4d. apiece to three scholars for making Latin speeches, one *ad Portas*, on the arrival of the Warden and Posers from Oxford, another *in honorem Fundatoris* on Founder's Day, and a third, *Elizabethæ et Jacobi*, on the accession of James I. *Ad Portas* still survives.

When Stanley was Head-master and Warden Harris newly appointed, which would be early in the reign of Charles I., some complaints seem to have been made of Dr. Stanley's partiality and encroachment on the Warden's privileges, for a very singular letter is extant, written by the Fellows of New College to a Mr. Hackett, a newly appointed Fellow of Winchester, urging that the new Warden should exert his authority over his subordinate, as the Head-master was then considered, and not only assert his sole right to grant leave-out in the town, but himself overlook the teaching, and allot all punishment above the ordinary. The letter proceeds¹:—

'To avoid severity (according to my Lord of Winchester's desire), the Warden may order that any great and enormous fault, which may seem to deserve above five stripes, be brought to himself, that he with the other officers may consider and appoint a fitt punishment. Diligent attendance of the scholars at School,

¹ Kirby's *Annals*.

‘ Church, Hall, Chambers, and Hills, will prevent faults
 ‘ and save much of that severity which hath been used,
 ‘ or else the school will continue to be as disorderly as
 ‘ now they are. And such partial kind of lenities as of
 ‘ late hath been used only for private advantage with-
 ‘ out such attendance, hath wronged the school much
 ‘ more than the old severity.’ Another recommenda-
 tion is that ‘ the Warden should at his pleasure come
 ‘ into the school or cloysters, or send for the scholars to
 ‘ examine them that he might discover their progress,
 ‘ especially in Greek, and see what dunces are preferred
 ‘ for favour and reward, what good scholars discounte-
 ‘ nanced and discouraged, and both righted. This will
 ‘ make the schoolmaster much more careful both in
 ‘ teaching and removing scholars.’ The letter goes on
 to say: ‘ But if there be not more attendance and teach-
 ‘ ing, lesse charges and whipping than is reported, the
 ‘ school will never thrive, nor the college recover its
 ‘ power againe. . . . So, wishing the Warden hopeful
 ‘ government, happy successe, not doubting but that
 ‘ you’ll give him a view of these particulars, we rest
 ‘ your assured loving friends, the Fellows of New
 ‘ College.’

Two letters written by one of the boys at this very
 time seem to point to an unsatisfactory state of things.
 They are from young Edmund Verney, second son of
 the standard-bearer, to his elder brother. He had been
 sent to Winchester from the King’s School at Gloucester,
 at the unusually late age of sixteen, and this may have
 made it difficult for him to submit to the prefects’
 government.

‘ My school master being at London the propositors
 ‘ begin to affronte mee, which my companions are free
 ‘ from, I do intende to intreate him to suffer mee to
 ‘ enjoy the same libertyes that they doe.’ He begs that
 his uncle would write on his behalf, and possibly Dr.
 Denton (who lived at Oxford) may have been one of

those who brought complaints before the Fellows of New College. A little later in the same year he writes :—

‘ I hope to see you at Crismas if my mother goeth
 ‘ not to London, as I believe she will not. If you
 ‘ please do your best endeavours that I shall come,
 ‘ I shall acknowledge myself much beholden. . . . The
 ‘ Commoners custom and the Childrens are not alike,
 ‘ the Children cannot goe home without the consent of
 ‘ the Warden, the others need only that their parents
 ‘ should desire their coming; our stay is but three
 ‘ weeks, the earnestnesse of my sute makes my Father,
 ‘ I feare, mistruste that I neglect my time, but it is
 ‘ not soe.’

Probably, like all old foundations which had not been utterly destroyed, the college had been shaken by the Reformation, and considerable laxity and disorder introduced. It is extremely interesting and suggestive to compare the visitation held by Archbishop Laud in 1635 with that by the Parliamentary Commission in 1649-50. These are some of the archbishop’s injunctions :—

‘ *Imprimis*. That none who is incorporated a member
 ‘ of your College, of what quality soever, do at any time
 ‘ without a just impediment or constraining necessity,
 ‘ neglect his coming in due time unto morning and
 ‘ evening prayer in your chapel; and that George
 ‘ Johnson, one of your Fellows, be more diligent to
 ‘ perform his duty therein than formerly he hath done.

‘ II. *Item*, that the whole divine service, according
 ‘ to the form of the Book of Common Prayer, be always
 ‘ read on Sundays and other solemn days, without
 ‘ omission of the Nicene Creed or any other part
 ‘ thereof.

‘ III. *Item*, that your chapel be from time to time
 ‘ kept in good repair, the ornaments thereof made
 ‘ seemly, your Communion table comely and decently

‘ adorned, and also placed close to the east wall of your
 ‘ chancel, having the ends standing north and south,
 ‘ with a rail enclosing the same.

‘ VI. *Item*, that your Fellows’ and Scholars’ commons
 ‘ be augmented according to the Statute of provision ;
 ‘ and fire allowed in your hall in the winter time on
 ‘ such days as your Statute doth require.

‘ XI. *Item*, that such reverence be used in your
 ‘ chapel, both in your access thereto, and recess
 ‘ therefrom, and also in service time, as is practised
 ‘ in Cathedral churches, and is not dissonant to the
 ‘ Canons and Constitutions of the Church of England :
 ‘ and that no Fellow or other belonging to your College,
 ‘ of what degree soever, presume to come thither with-
 ‘ out his cap and hood.

‘ *Dated May 28th, 1636.*’

The inventory of the contents of the chapel at this time included ‘ One fayre payre of organs, Two silver
 ‘ flagons, double gilt, for the use of the Holy Eucharist,
 ‘ Two silver chalices with covers for the same use.
 ‘ Cushions, palls, etc.’

It was perhaps fortunate for Winchester during these troublous times that the Warden should have been one who trod successfully the *via media*, and while accomodating himself to the archbishop’s injunctions, and bringing up such loyal sons of Wykeham as Edmund Verney, Thomas Browne, and Thomas Ken, yet kept on good terms with the parliamentary party when they came into power, probably through personal friendship with Nicholas Love, son of his predecessor Warden Love, and Nathaniel Fiennes, an old Wykehamist, who held a command in the rebel army, and visited Winchester in the winter of 1642 on his way to join Waller’s force, on which occasion he bivouacked his men in the outer quad and himself slept at the Warden’s. He was Founder’s kin, and to him is attributed by

some writers the protection of the Founder's tomb from violence and the immunity of the statue of the Blessed Virgin over the college gate. Mr. Kirby is inclined to ascribe the safety of the college rather to Love, who was a barrister, and during the Rebellion frequently spent the long vacation at Wolvesey, just opposite ; but he gives no reason for discrediting the tradition handed down by word of mouth of one of Wykeham's sons standing all the afternoon with drawn sword on the step of his great chantry-tomb in the cathedral, guarding it from mutilation. The story is thus related in a *History of Winchester* (anonymous) published in 1773:—

'On the 16th of December 1642, the soldiers, under Sir William Waller, entered the church, where they broke in pieces the carved work of the choir, containing the story of the Old and New Testament, in admirable imagery. They destroyed the organ, seized the rich tapestry, cushions and vestments of the choir, with the vessels of the altar, threw down the communion-table, and carrying off the rails which encompassed it, they burnt them in their quarters. They found great store of popish books, pictures and crucifixes in the prebendal houses, which after a mock procession were burnt, together with the organ pipes, in the street. After this they defaced many of the monuments ; and pulling down the chests which contained the remains of the Saxon kings, they threw their bones against the painted glass, which they destroyed throughout the church, except the beautiful window over the altar, exhibiting the portraits of several saints and bishops of this church, which being more out of their reach, and less exposed than the rest, is still preserved entire, together with a few figures on the windows contiguous. The grand west window seems to be made up of dispersed fragments, which, imperfect as it is, has a fine effect, and "leaves " the pensive imagination to supply that religious

‘ “light which was diffused over all the church, when
 ‘ “every window retained its original splendour.” In
 ‘ this destruction, however, the elegant tomb of William
 ‘ of Wykeham was happily preserved by one Cuff, a
 ‘ rebel officer in Sir William’s army; who having
 ‘ received his education at the college of this city, held
 ‘ himself under an indispensable duty of protecting
 ‘ with his life, the monument and remains of that
 ‘ munificent founder.’

What part the boys played history does not tell us, nor even whether Fiennes’s nephew, Kit Turpin, followed his uncle’s politics. Boys are little likely to have imitated the discretion of their Warden, and it is to be hoped might emulate rather the loyalty of the Westminster scholars who, of their own accord, passed the hour of the king’s execution in prayer. One of the successors of these young loyalists, Robert Uvedale, distinguished himself nine years later by an act of schoolboy daring. At the funeral of the Protector, carrying out a pre-concerted scheme, he dived under the arms of the guard, snatched from the bier the small satin banner known as the ‘Majesty Scutcheon,’ and was lost among his schoolfellows before the crowd had recovered from its amazement. Whether the right to be the first to cry *Salve Rex!* at the coronation be cause or consequence of this loyalty, I know not.

That the Warden of Winchester, in spite of his wary walking, ran some risk of falling between two stools is apparent in the inquiry held by the Parliamentary Commissioners at Epiphany, 1649. In his statement of the constitution of the college he shows himself eager to propitiate, and anxiously explains that among the duties of the Fellows is numbered ‘to preach by
 ‘ turn every Lord’s day in the forenoon, and in the
 ‘ afternoon expound some part of the Cathecisme.’ This was probably the Shorter Catechism, ordered at the time Parliament adopted the Covenant. Of the

chaplains he says: 'Their employment together with
' the Fellows, has been to read praier twice every day
' at ten and four of the clock: and also to the children
' every morning, which they do now not according to
' the Common praier book, but in a generall form,
' such as is usual in families.' Speaking of the teach-
ing of the scholars, he proceeds: 'For their instruction
' in Religion they have a Cathecism Lecture every Lord's
' day in the afternoon; and before it begins the Usher
' is appointed to spend half an hour in the examina-
' tion of them, what they remember of the former
' lecture. They are also appointed to take notes of
' the forenoon sermon, and to give account thereof to
' the Schoolmaster in writing. Besides they learn
' every Saturday some part of Nowell's Cathecism in
' the school. They have praier every morning before
' they go to school performed in the chapell by one
' of the Fellows or Chaplains, and so likewise at night
' before they go to bed. And after they are in bed a
' chapter of the Bible read by the Prepositor in every
' chamber.'

The religious observances do not include any refer-
ence to the celebration of the Holy Sacrament. Before
Laud's visitation it had been customary to celebrate
five times a year: at All Saints', Christmas, the
Purification, St. James's, Easter Day. It is singular
that under this Puritan régime should have grown up
Thomas Ken, who entered in 1652, and whose name
is cut on one of the pillars of the cloister. In after
years he wrote a most beautiful manual for Winchester
scholars, from which the well-known morning and
evening hymns are taken, in which he deals very fully
with preparation for receiving the Holy Sacrament. In
this manual is an expression, 'to go circum,' referring
to a very ancient custom of the place which Mr. Adams
in his *Wykehamica* thus explains:—

““To go Circum,” an ancient Wykehamical phrase

‘ often found in the earlier records of the college.
 ‘ For some time subsequently to the foundation, it is
 ‘ believed to have been the practice of the whole
 ‘ Wykehamical body to make the tour of the college
 ‘ every evening, singing hymns and chanting prayers.
 ‘ Subsequently, and arising in all likelihood out of this,
 ‘ a custom prevailed—which was in use during the
 ‘ seventeenth century and, it is believed, to the end of
 ‘ the eighteenth—for the boys to repair about five in
 ‘ the afternoon to a bench in the ambulatory, under the
 ‘ wall now occupied by the Crimean Memorial, and
 ‘ kneeling down at this, say their private prayers.
 ‘ This was still called “going circum,” but obviously
 ‘ it cannot have been the original practice.’ Bishop
 Ken thus exhorts Philotheus, his scholar :—‘ If you are
 ‘ a Commoner, you may say your prayer in your own
 ‘ chamber ; but if you are a Child, or a chorister, then,
 ‘ to avoid the interruptions of the common chambers,
 ‘ go into the chapel, between first and second peal in
 ‘ the morning, to say your morning prayers, and say
 ‘ your evening prayers when you go Circum.’

The accusations laid against Warden Harris included time-serving and superstition as well as aid contributed to the king, and these serious indictments :—

‘ He hath usually sent to the shoppes for wares on the Sabbath days.

‘ It hath been credibly reported that he would not suffer the good gentlewoman his wife to keep a good book, but would take it from her, who was much troubled at his inconstancy in religion, and reasoned with him why he did now use superstitious bendings which he formerly preached against.’

He escaped, however, with nothing worse than censure, and remained in office till his death in 1658.

During his tenure of office, eighteen of the elder boys bound themselves to talk Latin from autumn to the

ensuing Pentecost, and drew up a resolution in Latin, the preamble to which may be thus rendered: 'Mindful
' of our ancient manners and discipline in this place,
' mindful of the rules of our Tutors, mindful of the
' duty and obedience we owe to our reverend Master
' the Warden who has often urged this upon us, in
' Hall, in Chambers, in all places where we are accus-
' tomed to meet and converse, etc. etc.'

Two or three more letters from Edmund Verney are curious specimens of a boy's home letters at that date.¹ He thus addresses his father:—

'Winton Coll: Feb. 10, 1635. . . . Not daring to
' present any unpolished lines to such a judicious
' reader, but finding how farr greater a crime it is to
' neglect duty than to lay my defects to a wel wishing
' father, I have adventured to write to you, humbly
' beseeching you to pardon what I have written, by
' which means you will encourage me to make a second
' adventure. With my humble duty remembered unto
' you, I remain your obedient sonn, EDMUND VERNEY.'

This remarkable effusion was probably a show letter, for a little later, having been in a scrape, he writes much more naturally:—

'I feare you have been informed against mee more
' than is true, though I cannot deny that I have some-
' times by company been drawne to doe what did not
' befit mee.'

And some time after, to his brother Ralph:—

'I think I have behaved myself soe fairly since
' Whitsuntide, that Dr. Stanley can inform my ffather
' of nothing that I have committed that I neede be
' ashamed of, therefore I would intreate you to urge
' him to forget my former misdeedes.' He was just
going to Oxford, to Magdalen Hall, and adds in a
postscript, 'I think it best to send my bed by the foot-
post which goes from Winchester to Oxford.'

¹ *Verney Memoirs.*

Having gone so fully into the constitution of Winchester, it will not be necessary to say so much of Eton, which borrowed all its traditions from thence ; but the personal experiences of two little boys sent over from Ireland in the year 1635 are full of interest. These were the two younger sons of the Earl of Cork, one of them, Robert Boyle, distinguished in after life for his scientific attainments. Sir Henry Wotton, who was provost at this time, was a friend of their father's, and took great interest in them. The children were sent under the charge of an attendant, Robert Carew, who, though spoken of in the fashion of the day as a 'servant,' seems rather to have ranked as a tutor or 'governor for manners.' Soon after their arrival the usher or second master wrote to their father :—

'RIGHT HONOURABLE,—There were brought hither to Eton the second of this present October, two of your honour's sons, Francis and Robert. Who as they indured their journey both by sea and land beyond what a man would expect from such little ones ; so since their arrival here the place hath seemed to agree wondrous well with their tempers. I hope they will grow every day more in a liking and love of it. The care of their institution Mr. Provost hath imposed on me, by his favour the rector, at the present, of this school. I will carefully see them supplied with such things as their occasions in the College shall require, and endeavour to set them forward in learning the best I can. And so, forbearing to be any further troublesome to your Lordship at this time, I rest your honour's humble servant, JOHN HARRISON.'¹

A little later Carew writes: 'They are very well beloved for their civil and transparent carriage towards all sorts, and specially my sweet Mr. Robert,

¹ *Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick*, by C. Fell Smith.

‘ who gains the love of all. Sir Harry Wotton was
‘ much taken with him for his discourse of Ireland, and
‘ of his travels, and he admired that he would observe
‘ or take notice of those things that he discoursed of.
‘ He is mighty courteous and loving towards them, and
‘ lent a chamber furnished until we could furniture so
‘ their own chamber. We enjoy it yet which is a great
‘ favour. He did invite my masters to his own table
‘ several times. Thanks be to God they are very
‘ jocund and they have a studious desire, whereby in a
‘ short time they will attain to learning. They have
‘ very careful and reverend masters. . . .

‘ Touching my masters’ essence, they dine in the hall
‘ with the rest of the boarders, where sits the Earl of
‘ Southampton’s four sons, the Earl of Peterborough’s
‘ two sons, with other Knights’ sons. They sit pro-
‘ miscuously, no observing of place or quality, and at
‘ nights they sup in their chambers, but my masters, in
‘ regard our chamber is not furnished, do sup with my
‘ Lord Mordaunt, the Earl of Peterborough’s son, where
‘ they are most kindly entertained, but we have their
‘ commons brought thither. Yet they take it a great
‘ kindness to be so lovingly used. They are very
‘ familiar with one another. And, my Lord, there is
‘ to be observed the fasting nights, whereupon the
‘ College allows no meat Fridays and Saturdays. We
‘ must upon those nights have the cook’s meat, which
‘ is sometimes mighty dear, for he must have his own
‘ rate, not the College price. As also for breakfast
‘ every day they have a poor breakfast at two pennies
‘ apiece. This will come to money, besides their
‘ chambers, accoutrements and clothes, which your
‘ Lordship must furnish them withal.’

From this it appears that Lord Cork, who, loyal though he was in politics, was an extreme Protestant, did not wish his sons to observe the fasts which were still regularly kept by the Church of England. Great

man and wealthy as he was, he was most careful about expense, and noted the smallest outlay in his voluminous diary.

A month or two later Carew writes:—‘Mr. Francis . . .
 ‘ is not so much given to his books as my most honoured
 ‘ and affectionate Mr. Robert, who loseth no hour with-
 ‘ out a line of his idle time, but on schooldays he doth
 ‘ compose his exercises as well as them of double his
 ‘ years and experience. They are under the tuition of
 ‘ the usher, in regard they were placed in the third
 ‘ form. A careful man he is, yet I thank God I have
 ‘ gained their loves so far as I can get them to do more
 ‘ than their school exercises in their chamber, and am
 ‘ authorised to do so by Mr. Harrison who sees that
 ‘ they do it with willingness and facility. They write
 ‘ every day most commonly a copy of the French and
 ‘ Latin, but they affect not the Irish, notwithstanding I
 ‘ shew many reasons to bind their minds thereto. Mr.
 ‘ Robert sometimes desires it and is a little entered into
 ‘ it. He is grown very fat and very jovial and pleasantly
 ‘ merry, and of ye rarest memory that every I knew.
 ‘ He prefers learning before all other virtues and
 ‘ pleasures. Mr. Provost does admire him for his
 ‘ excellent genius. He was chosen in a play the 28th
 ‘ of November. He came upon the stage. He had
 ‘ but a mute part, but for the gestures of his body, and
 ‘ the order of his pace he did bravely. . . . Sir Henry
 ‘ Wotton hath made choice of a very sufficient person
 ‘ to teach them to play on the viol and to sing. He
 ‘ doth also undertake to help my Master Robert’s
 ‘ defect in pronounciation, which is a principal reason
 ‘ that they should bestow any hours in that faculty, for
 ‘ it is a thing that elevates the spirits and may hinder
 ‘ their proceeding in matters of greater moment.’

The following formal little letter is from Francis, the elder, to his father:—

'ETON, 17 Oct. 1635.

'DEAR FATHER,— With bended knees and hearty
 'prayer I importune the Almighty for a long con-
 'tinuance of your health and happiness, so that I may
 'not be deprived of the great felicity of your blessing,
 'which I do most earnestly crave. And as for news which
 'your Lordship will expect from me, I have scarce any
 'but the things that I observed in my travels which I
 'will leave to the bearer's relation, in regard I am
 'incited by my school exercise. Only I must humbly
 'entreat your Honor to take notice of the kindness of
 'Sir Henry Wotton towards us, and how lovingly he
 'received us, and entertained us this first day of our
 'entrance at his own table. He hath also lent us a
 'chamber of his own, with a bed furnished afore our own
 'will be furnished, all which I leave to your Lordship's
 'consideration to requite. We are much bound to the
 'young Lords, especially to the Earl of Peterborough's
 'son, with whom we dine and sup. My other occasions
 'call me away, therefore I beg pardon for not imparting
 'more of my mind, but must remain your most obedient
 'son to command,

FRANCIS BOYLE.'

Their school bill for three years amounted to £914,
 3s. 4d., including 'diet, apparel, tutelage, and keep of
 their manservant.'

To turn to the three great London schools. West-
 minster, which has already been mentioned for its
 conspicuous loyalty, had been completely new con-
 stituted under Elizabeth, having been part of the old
 monastic foundation which the Reformation had swept
 away. During the early years of the seventeenth
 century its head-master was Camden the historian, and
 he was succeeded by the celebrated Dr. Busby, so no
 doubt excellent traditions of sound learning were main-
 tained. Its roll contains the names of Ben Jonson,
 George Herbert, Giles Fletcher, Abraham Cowley—no

bad sample of the tone of the school. It seems a little hard that the nickname which schoolboy fashion stuck to the Westminster boys should have been 'Anthony's pigs,' in contradistinction to 'Paul's pigeons.' St. Paul's School had been founded in 1512 by Dean Colet for a hundred and fifty-three poor men's children. Poor must, however, be taken in a qualified sense: its most distinguished pupil, John Milton, was the son of a scrivener, a well-to-do if not wealthy man, and his school-fellows seem to have belonged to much the same position in life. Its first head-master was Lilly, the author of the Latin grammar most in use at this time. During Milton's time, 1620 to 1624, the head-master was Gill, who was assisted by his son. A very good classical education was given in both Latin and Greek. The young Milton was a most diligent boy, and is supposed to have injured his eyesight by his constant application. Not content with the ordinary school course, he was continually poring over a book, his favourite studies being poetry and theology.

Merchant Taylors', which was only founded in 1561, had already gained considerable prestige, and its roll boasts of many distinguished names:—Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester, who was one of the translators of the Authorised Version of the Bible, and a divine whose writings did more than those of any man, except perhaps Hooker, to restore the Church of England, so shaken by the Reformation, to her true position; Wren, the learned Bishop of Ely; Juxon, Archbishop of Canterbury, who stood beside his royal master on the scaffold; and many another, priest or layman, who have left honoured names. Sir James Whitelocke, the father of Bulstrode Whitelocke, writes in his *Liber Famelicus*:—

'I was brought up at school under Mr. Mulcaster, in the famous school of the Marchantaylors in London, where I continued untill I was well instructed in the

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Two young girls standing side-by-side.

‘ Hebrew, Greek, and Latin tonges. His care was also
 ‘ to encrease my skill in musique, in which I was
 ‘ brought up by dayly exercise in it, as in singing and
 ‘ playing upon instruments, and yeerly he presented
 ‘ sum playes to the court, in whiche his scholers wear
 ‘ the only actors, and I on among them, and by that
 ‘ meanes taughte them good behaviour and audacitye.’

The grammar schools throughout the country were taught and managed on much the same principles. Wolsey’s statutes for the Free School at Ipswich, which he refounded, were still in force, and no doubt typical of the usual curriculum.¹ There were to be eight classes, for which, besides Lilly’s *Grammar*, the following authors were prescribed: the third form from the bottom, Æsop and Terence; the fourth, Virgil; the fifth, Cicero’s *Letters*; the sixth, Sallust and Cæsar’s *Commentaries*; the seventh, Horace’s *Epistles* and Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* or *Fasti*; the eighth abandoned Lilly for Donatus, and read Valla and other ancient Latin authors.

These notes, gathered from many sources, may give some notion of the public school education in the days of the Stuarts. Its aim was wide; it sought not merely to make scholars of the lads, but Christians and gentlemen, fit to govern and take their part in public affairs.

¹ *English Schools at the Reformation*, by A. F. Leach.

CHAPTER V

THE PRIVATE TUTOR

ALTHOUGH public schools were flourishing, and boys were sent very early to the university, the private tutor was at this time a great institution. Many parents preferred to bring up their children at home with a resident tutor who could instruct the girls as well as the boys, and usually also acted as chaplain. In some cases, as we have seen, he accompanied his charges to school and looked after them there; very commonly also to Oxford or Cambridge. As Lord Herbert in his scheme of education says, 'when he (the boy) be ready to go to 'the university, it will be fit also his governor for 'manners go along with him, it being the frail nature 'of youth as they grow to ripeness in age, to be more 'capable of doing ill unless their manners be well 'guided and themselves by degrees habituated in 'virtue.'¹ Sending boys abroad under the care of a trustworthy tutor was a very common practice in those days when no gentleman's education was considered finished without some residence on the continent, and a fluency in at least French and Spanish, if not in Italian also and German. During the first century of the Reformation, its effect in making England entirely insular was hardly felt: learned men still wrote in Latin as a common tongue, and even spoke it, and intercourse, not only between the various universities of Europe, but between the cultivated classes in all nations,

¹ *The Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*, written by himself.

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was an important factor in life. John Bull was in the early seventeenth century a type entirely unknown.

It was also a very usual plan to place boys to board in the house of a tutor either in England or abroad, especially in the case of Recusants, as the Roman Catholics were called, and in their case was involuntary on the part of the parents. The continual plots against the throne and life of Elizabeth, culminating in the abortive Gunpowder Plot, had loaded the Statute-Book with repressive legislation in the attempt to root the Papists out of the land. Not only did they lie under civil disabilities, but they were harried, they were fined, their children were taken from them and handed over to the custody of the nearest of kin being a Protestant. It was, however, enacted that he must be one to whom 'the lands, tenements, or hereditaments of such child or children cannot lawfully descend, who shall habitually resort to some church or chapel, and there hear Divine Service, and receive the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper thrice in the year next before.'¹

The young Kenelm Digby, whose father had lost his head for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot, came, of course, under the scope of this law; but since it appeared there was no Protestant relative to receive him, he was sent to the care of Dr. Laud, at this time Dean of Gloucester, to be bred a Protestant. With all his high sacramental doctrine, Laud held very strong views against the papal claims, and no man less deserved the charge of Romanising. He had written a book in refutation of Fisher the Jesuit, of which King Charles had a very high opinion, and which he bequeathed at his death to his little daughter Elizabeth 'to ground her against Popery.' Laud also exercised a good deal of influence over the mind of the Duke of Buckingham, who had some leanings towards Rome, and kept him faithful to the Church of England, so he

¹ Stat. 3, Jac. I. c. 5.

was no doubt considered an excellent man to place young Digby with. He was extremely kind to his pupil and much attached to him, and does not seem to have showed him any of that roughness and shortness of manner which Clarendon says was so characteristic of him; but although they were very good friends, he never induced his pupil formally to abjure the Catholic faith, although for many years, certainly during his sojourn with his kinsman Lord Bristol in Spain, he conformed to the State religion. Of his studies with Dr. Laud we do not learn many particulars. He was an intelligent but rather odd boy, with many curious tastes and aptitudes. He was unusually tall, with much charm of manner, and 'well-expressed in his attire,' and at fifteen, when taken into Spain, he played the part of a grown man with considerable *aplomb*, winning the favourable notice of the Prince of Wales.

In the case of Lady Falkland, who had joined the Roman Catholic Church—an even more heinous crime in the eyes of the law than remaining in it—her younger children were as a matter of course taken away from her, and at their father's death were handed over to the custody of their eldest brother, Lucius Lord Falkland, who appointed his friend Chillingworth their tutor. This was a terrible trial to their mother, since Chillingworth had himself once embraced the Catholic faith, and had not only returned to the Church of England, but had since dallied with Socinianism, and she greatly feared his influence on their young unfolding minds. The four girls though bred Protestants had already been received into their mother's church, but the two little boys, Patrick and Placid, were only about ten and eleven years old. They, however, were no less firm than their sisters in their determination to follow their mother's faith, and turned a deaf ear to all Mr. Chillingworth's arguments, as well as to those persuasions which we may be sure their sister-in-law would use, for she

was a deeply religious woman, with strong Protestant leanings. Whether their brother exerted any pressure upon them we are not told ; probably not, for he was a man of singularly open mind, who revered if he could not embrace the faith of his mother, of as devout a temper as his wife, but far less dogmatic. So resolute were these little boys, that they would keep the fasts of the Church 'even to hunger,' as their sister relates, since they were not allowed fasting meats, as not good for children.

Their mother was always trying to contrive how she could spirit them away, but she was a very poor plotter. At length an opportunity presented itself. It chanced that Lettice, their sister-in-law, was going to London on business for three days, taking the girls with her, and Lady Falkland eagerly seized the chance of evading her watchfulness. The story must be told in the words of the daughter who was her biographer¹ :—

'Her daughters then, the night before they were
' to go away (having first conveyed their brothers'
' cloaks to the men, and advertised them to meet them
' in the place they had appointed by 4 or 5 of the
' clock ; and having procured their brothers a play-day
' of the next, that it might be the longer before they
' were missed), seeming to have much business to do
' the next day before their going, did shew a desire to
' be called very early, wch one of their little brothers
' (by agreement) undertook to do at 3 o'clock, that the
' boys might have occasion to do that avowedly wch,
' considering the wakefulness of Mr. Chillingworth
' (wch was well known to them) within whose chamber
' they lay, could not possibly be done by stealth ; and
' the children's desire to go was so great that it gave
' them not leave to oversleep, but rising at 3 with as
' much noise as they could, went to call their sisters ;
' and having run about the house an hour, and shewed

¹ *The Lady Falkland, her Life.*

' themselves to all that were up, they were by one of
 ' their sisters carried down, and seen safe out of all the
 ' courts of the house, without being descried by any ;
 ' they running all alone that mile (it being not yet light)
 ' to meet men that were entirely strangers to them,
 ' whose persons were no way promising nor apt to
 ' encourage children to have any confidence in them.
 ' Before they met the men, passing through a little
 ' village near their brother's house, they were fain to
 ' hide behind bushes, the barking of the dogs having
 ' made people come forth. After they met them (the
 ' men) they were fain to leave the highway at sight of
 ' every coach or horse, being much afraid to be over-
 ' taken by their sister-in-law's coach or company wch
 ' was to follow the same way, at least as far as Oxford,
 ' whither when they came (it being far in the day)
 ' knowing they might be like to be followed thither
 ' with a hue and cry, that nothing might have been
 ' seen in the town like any description that might be
 ' made of them, they took the boys off of their horses,
 ' one of the men passing first through the town leading
 ' 1 horse, the boys following on foot (some space after)
 ' without hats or cloaks (to look the less like strangers),
 ' and last the other man on horseback. They came to
 ' Abingdon after noon, when they found that gentleman
 ' (who was to convey them) and his pair of oars without
 ' money as they expected : but wch they did not expect,
 ' so drunk (the watermen) that there was no removing
 ' for them from thence that night, and those that
 ' brought them, not to leave them so, stayed too ;
 ' when after supper they that came with them and he
 ' that was to take them here fell out, and made shift
 ' to have it known in the house that they were stolen
 ' children ; at which the town was raised, and the
 ' constable came to seize them who happening to be
 ' an old acquaintance and gossip of the poor Pro-
 ' testant fellow's was by him satisfied that they were his

‘ mistress’s children, and that they were going to their
‘ mother who had sent for them : but having so scaped,
‘ they durst not venture to stay till next day, lest some
‘ noise of an enquiry coming to this town (one that
‘ resorted much to their brother’s house living near it)
‘ might renew the suspicion, but were fain to take water
‘ at 10 o’clock at dark night, with watermen not only
‘ not able to row, but ready every moment to overturn
‘ the boat with reeling and nodding. Yet she, having
‘ first heard this news of the danger the two men had
‘ left them in, did receive them safe and most joyfully.
‘ She was fain to put them in some private places in
‘ London, often removing them, and for to be able to
‘ pay for their diet and lodging, as also through the
‘ enlarging of her family (her daughters being come to
‘ her too) she and her household were constrained for
‘ the time she stayed in town to keep more Fridays in a
‘ week than one. Her sons having been missed at their
‘ brother’s at dinner that day they went and after, having
‘ been sought all about without being found, they did
‘ at last conclude what was become of them, the rather
‘ seeing in their chamber no book or other thing left
‘ that was theirs.’

Through Lady Falkland’s cleverness in hiding them in London, when she was brought before the council charged with sending them out of the realm, she could truthfully affirm that she had done nothing of the sort. Later, however, she got them away to the continent, and both subsequently became monks.

The Puritans at this time frequently sent their sons abroad, either to travel under the care of a tutor, or more often to board in the house of some French or Swiss Protestant divine from whom they might imbibe the Calvinistic teaching dear to the ultra-Protestant party, and discouraged at home under the High Church régime of Laud and King Charles. Before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes there was considerable

latitude of religious opinion in France, and at Sedan, Saumur, and Geneva were Protestant universities, 'at noe unreasonable rate,' as Sir Ralph Verney wrote to a frugally minded father who had written to consult him on the subject. Living abroad as he did for many years, careful and kindly, of strict Puritan principles in religion, and always ready to advise or take trouble for his friends, he was an excellent person to whom to turn, and his correspondence is full of information as to the cost of tuition abroad.¹ In one letter he goes very carefully into the expense of boarding a boy for education in the house of a private family at Blois. The boy was to learn with a tutor 'Greeke and Lattin, also Mathematicke, ' Dancing, Fencing, Riding, Musicke and Languages ' with other professors.' For £200 a year a French family would board a boy and also 'finde him good ' cloathes of all sorts, gloves, ribbons, etc., and pocket ' money also in a reasonable way. . . . Books, paper, instruments, both for Musick and the Mathematicke, and ' further in case hee should bee sick, they will provide ' Doctor, Apothecary, and a Keeper.' (That is, of course, a nurse or attendant.) Protestant pastors, as they do now, frequently took in boys to board at phenomenally low rates, even where, as at Rouen, they were not allowed to keep a school. But Sir Ralph does not recommend Rouen, as he said very bad French was spoken there.

It frequently happens, however, that those who are considered great authorities on education do not succeed well with their own children, and his own son Edmund did not do credit to his foreign training. All the Verney children were delicate, and, deprived of his mother's care, Edmund developed curvature of the spine, and grew up languid and moody. Sir Ralph placed him under the care of a German specialist, one Herr Skatt, who put him in irons day and night so that

¹ *Verney Memoirs.*

he could only have a clean shirt at long intervals and with great ceremony. No wonder he seemed spiritless. His tutor, Dr. Creighton, reported of him that he was self-willed and loved his bed too well, and his father was continually reproaching him with being lazy, slovenly, and tedious. Had he been made a Wykehamist, like his cavalier uncle, he would probably have turned out a very different sort of lad.

Two of Lord Cork's numerous sons, the two middle ones, Lewis and Roger, who in early boyhood had been created Lords Kinalmeakie and Broghill, in recognition of their father's distinguished services, were sent abroad to finish their education under the care of a tutor, after having been grounded at home under masters both French and English.¹ The tutor selected for the charge was M. Marcombe, a native of Auvergne, and graduate of the University of Geneva—a Protestant, of course. He proved himself a most faithful and devoted friend, careful alike of morals and of expenses, and to judge by his letters to their father, from which many extracts are given in the life of their sister, Lady Warwick, he must have had a most anxious time with them. Just before going into Italy they were joined by a young cousin, Boyle Smith. At Genoa this lad took the smallpox, and the unfortunate tutor was distracted between the duties of nursing the patient, preventing the other two from taking the infection, and at the same time keeping an eye on them. Despite all his endeavours, Lewis and Roger both caught the disease, and though he nursed all three with the utmost devotion, the poor young cousin died.

Most young men of position at this time were sent to make the grand tour and see the world, some, as in the case of the young Boyles, with a bear-leader to keep them out of mischief; many, especially in the early part of the century, attached to the household of some

¹ *Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick*, by C. Fell Smith.

relative or friend of their father who held a diplomatic appointment abroad. This, of course, had great advantages for those whose lines were cast in high places, as it afforded them access to the best society, and, moreover, gave them an insight into foreign affairs and diplomatic relations very useful in after life. Mr. Peacham, however, in his *Compleat Gentleman*, rather deprecates the custom of placing boys as pages in great houses, or sending them to France or Italy 'to see the 'fashions and mend their manners, where they become 'ten times worse.' To see too much of the great world too early may not have been altogether advisable; still in such cases as those of Kenelm Digby and Endymion Porter, it seems to have had its advantages. The former, with his quickness of apprehension and his graceful address, must have picked up much in the household of his cousin, Sir John Digby, afterwards Lord Bristol, which must have been of great value to him later, and his kinsman evidently had a very fatherly eye to his good behaviour while under his roof.

Endymion Porter was sent into Spain for education very early with his little brother Tom, the latter being put to school at Valencia, while Endymion was placed as page in the household of Olivarez. Spain was at that time, as his biographer observes, a school of dignified bearing and self-restraint, duelling being much discouraged, although, as we learn from the *Memoirs* of Lord Herbert, it was rampant in France and also in Italy.¹ That the Spanish training in Endymion's case had been good was testified by the approval of the

¹ Mr. Rawdon being about to fight a duel about some ladies whom he visited with a Spaniard at Teneriffe, the Spaniard said: 'I am informed itt 'is quite out of fashion in the Court of Spaine for aney gentleman to be 'known to quarrell about woemen, and them that did itt were only held for 'fooles and cokscombes, and consequently itt could be noe credit for niether 'of them to doe itt.' Whereupon they adjusted their quarrel.—*Life of Marmaduke Rawdon*.

Prince of Wales, soon to become King Charles, who was so much pleased with his manners and accomplishments as to give him a post about his own person. Approval from such a quarter meant a good deal, for Charles was by no means easily pleased, nor, like his father King James, disposed to an easy tolerance for excesses or misconduct in any one who pleased his fancy. Fastidious as to manners, severe as to morals, his court was closed against any one of notorious ill repute, and no one who was once seen the worse for drink was ever again permitted in his presence.

Endymion's artistic and musical tastes no doubt recommended him to the favourable notice of his royal master, for Charles was a lover of both painting and music, and was himself an excellent performer on the viol da gamba, which he studied under Coperario. Music was considered quite as essential a feature in the education of boys as of young gentlewomen, and King James showed much anxiety for the progress of his sons both in music and dancing.¹ In a letter written by him from Theobalds when they were quite children, he urges them to practise their dancing privately, 'tho' they whistle and sing to each other for music.' Prince Henry danced beautifully, according to the testimony of the Constable of Castille, who describes a ball given in his honour at Whitehall in 1604.²

This young prince was considered a mirror of graces and accomplishments, and was of a decidedly serious turn of mind, though perhaps not quite so much devoted to books as his younger brother. A story is told of him that he one day took up the cap of the Archbishop Abbott that chanced to have been left lying on the table, and clapped it on the head of his little brother with the remark that if he minded his book so well, he would make him Archbishop of Canterbury. The tutor

¹ Hawkins's *History of Music*.

² *England as seen by Foreigners*, Rye.

of the young princes was Mr. Thomas Murray, whose daughter Anne has left a very charming record of her own life, though unhappily he died so early that of him she has little or nothing to say. To judge by the tone of his own household, as well as by the minds of his pupils, he must have been a man to inculcate sound religious principles, and in both Henry and Charles religion was strong, though each followed a different line. Possibly Henry may have been a good deal influenced by Sir Edmund Verney, who in his youth was given an appointment as sewer in the household of the prince, and between whom and his royal master a warm friendship sprang up. The two young men seem to have sympathised in their preference for simplicity in worship and for the tenets of the reformed Protestantism of the Continent, which had been gaining ground for some years amongst the English Puritans.

The early death at the age of eighteen of one so full of hope and promise was deeply deplored by the whole nation, and it has often been remarked that, had his life been spared, England might have escaped the fearful struggle of the coming years, since his sympathies would most likely have been with the Puritan party. It may be so ; yet in all probability it would have been at the cost not only of the constitution, but of the very existence of the Church of England. Better the struggle, better even the life laid down, than that England should have lost the heritage secured to her at the price of the king's death.

CHAPTER VI

THE UNIVERSITY

THE young gentleman, trained either under a tutor or in the rougher discipline of a public school, is now ready to proceed to Oxford or Cambridge. In the latter case, having learned some self-reliance, it will probably not be necessary that his 'governor for manners' go along with him, but the *Compleat Gentleman* will provide him with the most precise directions 'for a gentleman's carriage at the universitie.' So young as many boys were sent, it was no wonder parents hardly liked to trust them to their own guidance. The usual age was from fourteen to sixteen, but they were frequently sent as early as twelve. 'Many fathers,' to quote from Mr. Peacham,¹ 'take them from school too early, as birds 'out of the nest before they be flidge; . . . these young 'things of twelve or thirteen have no more care than to 'expect the carrier, and where to sup Fridaies or fast- 'ing nights: no further thought of Study than to trim 'up their Studies with pictures, and place the fairest 'Bookes in openest view, which, poore lads, they scarce 'ever open or understand. There is,' he goes on, 'such a disproportion between Aristotle's *Categories* and 'their childish capacities that they are caught up like 'young lapwings by a buzzard, by the sweetness of 'Libertye and varietie of Company, and many kindes of 'recreation in towne and fieldes abroad rather than

¹ *Compleat Gentleman*.

‘attempt the difficulties of so rough and terrible a passage.’ He now addresses himself more directly to the pupil:—

‘With the gown you have put on the man. Your first care, even with pulling off your boots, should be the choice of company. Men of the soundest reputation for Religion, Life, and Learning, that their conversation may be to you a living and moving library. For recreation seek those of your own rank and quality.’ Religion, he urges, should be given the first place; that the foundation of all studies be ‘the feare and service of God, by oft frequenting prayer and sermons, reading the Scriptures and other tractates of pietie and devotion.’

He next considers the various studies in order, beginning with ‘Stile, and the History of Rhetorick.’ This comprises what we mean by a classical education, viz. Grammar, Syntax, Rhetoric; the whole art, in short, of speaking and composing in verse or prose in Latin or English. Under this head comes a short dissertation on the care of books. ‘Affect not to be stored with bookes and keepe your head empty of knowledge. Lastly, have a care in keeping your bookes handsome and well bound, not casting away overmuch in their gilding or stringing for ostentation’s sake, like the Prayer-bookes of girles and gallants, which are carried to Church but for their outsides. Yet for your own use spare them not for noting or interlining (if they be printed), for it is not likely you mean to be a gainer by them when you have done with them: neither suffer them through negligence to be mold and moth-eaten, or want their strings and covers. . . . To avoid inconvenience of moathes or moldinesse, let your study be placed and your windows open, if it may be, towards the East, for when it looketh South or West, the aire being ever subject to moisture, moathes are bred and darkishnesse increased

‘whereby your mappes and pictures will quickly become pale, loosing their life and colours, and rotting upon their cloath and paper, decay past all helpe and recoverie.’ *Apropos* of ‘stringing,’ it may not be generally known that books at that date were usually finished with a pair of strings to tie the covers together, unless there was a clasp, and they were placed on the bookshelves strings outward.

Next comes ‘*Cosmographie*,’ in which are comprised *Astronomy*, *Astrology*, *Geography*, and *Chorography*, and after that *Mathematics*.

Poetry follows, of which he remarks, ‘it seemeth fallen from the highest stage of honour.’ This seems a singular dictum when we reflect that when this was published, in 1622, Shakespeare was but six years dead, every one was still reading Spenser’s *Faery Queen*, and Milton some twelve years later published his first work, the *Masque of Comus*. Moreover to write, read, and criticise poetry was the favourite occupation of the leisure of all men of culture, and not to love poetry was to be out of the fashion. After enumerating the classical poets of antiquity, Mr. Peacham goes on to the English poets, and his list of these is very interesting and curious, for what it omits as well for what it includes. ‘Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, Harding, Skelton, Surrey, Wyat,—our Phenix the noble Sir Philip Sidney, Mr. Edward Dyer, Mr. Edmund Spenser, Mr. Samuel Daniell, with sundrie others whom, not out of envie but to avoid tediousnesse I over passe. Thus much of Poetrie.’ It appears that Shakespeare then, six years after his death, was classed with ‘sundrie others’ who might be over-passed.

The foundations being thus well and truly laid, Music was to have its due place. ‘Whom God loves not, loves not Musicke.’ ‘Physitians will tell you that the exercise of Musicke is a great lengthener of

'life by stirring and reviving of the spirits, holding a 'secret sympathy with them.' Having thus strongly recommended his favourite art, he proceeds to detail, advising the study of certain madrigals and motets, and the practice of part-singing. Part-music, both for voice and instrument, was at this time very much in fashion at Oxford, as we learn from Anthony Wood, who mentions the meetings for the practice of chamber music which used to take place at the house of Will Ellis, Bachelor of Music, who played the organ or virginals. Wilson, a noted lute-player, was one of the performers, and Edward Low would sometimes conduct, on which occasions Ellis would take up the counter-tenor or viol, and Thomas Jackson the bass-viol. Wood does not mention what instrument he himself played at these practices, but he studied the violin when in the country in a somewhat amateurish manner.

Next in importance Mr. Peacham places the study of drawing, limning, and painting, as well as the history of Art, and some knowledge of the works of 'Giotto, 'Masaccio, Ghirlandaio, Frier Philipp Lippi, Raphael 'd'Urbino, and many others.' He had himself published, in 1606, a treatise on *The Art of Drawing with the Pen and Limning in Water-colour*, the more particular consideration of which will be fitter for another place. 'Armorie and Blazonrie' come under this head, as studies proper for a gentleman.

The 'exercises of the bodie' recommended comprise riding, running, leaping, tilting, throwing, wrestling, swimming, shooting, and falconry. It is singular he has not included the *manège* of the great horse, of which Lord Herbert makes so much.

He winds up with some hints on 'Reputation and Carriage,' which are too long to quote in full. To keep good company he enjoins as of the first importance. Frugality and a moderate diet are to be recommended. 'Excesse in eating and drinking (and let me add in

‘smoking) impaire the health.’ ‘Affabilitie in Discourse’ has a paragraph to itself; ‘giving entertainment in a sweet and liberal manner, and with a cheerful courtesie seasoning your talk at the table among grave and serious discourses with conceits of wit and pleasant inventions, as ingenious Epigrames, Emblems, Anagrams, Merry Tales, witty Questions and Answers, Mistakings, etc.’ It must be admitted, however, that the specimens of wit which he gives do not seem to modern taste in the least funny.

Lord Herbert’s ideal scheme for the training of youth varies from this in some particulars, though he echoes Mr. Peacham’s advice to ‘keep the company of grave learned men, who are of good reputation.’¹ He thinks the course of study should vary according to the kind of life for which the young men are to be fitted. ‘I do not approve for elder brothers,’ he says, ‘that course of study which is ordinarily used at the University, which is, if their parents perchance intend they shall stay there four or five years, to employ the said time as if they meant to proceed Masters of Art and Doctors in some science; for which purpose their tutors commonly spend much time in teaching them the subtleties of logic, which, as it is usually practised, enables them for little more than to be excellent wranglers, which art, though it may be tolerable in a mercenary lawyer, I can by no means commend to a sober and well-governed gentleman.

‘I approve much those parts of logic which teach men to deduce their proofs from firm and undoubted principles, and shew men to distinguish betwixt truth and falsehood, and help them to discover fallacies, sophisms, and that which the schoolmen call vicious argumentations, concerning which I shall not here enter into a long discourse. So much of logic as may serve for this purpose being acquired, some good

¹ *Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury.*

‘ sum of philosophy may be learned, which may teach
 ‘ him the ground of both the Platonic and Aristotelian
 ‘ philosophy. After which it will not be amiss to read
 ‘ the *Idea Medicinæ Philosophicæ* written by Severus
 ‘ Danus, there being many things considerable con-
 ‘ cerning the Paracelsian principles written in that
 ‘ book, which are not to be found in former writers.
 ‘ It will not be amiss also to read over Franciscus
 ‘ Patricius, and Tilesius, who have examined and
 ‘ controverted the ordinary Peripatetic doctrine ; all
 ‘ which may be performed in one year, that term being
 ‘ enough for philosophy, as I conceive, and six months
 ‘ for logic ; for I am confident a man may quickly have
 ‘ more than he needs of those two arts.

‘ These being attained, it will be requisite to study
 ‘ geography with exactness, so much as may teach a
 ‘ man the situation of all countries in the whole world,
 ‘ together with which it will be fit to learn something
 ‘ concerning the governments, manners, religions,
 ‘ either ancient or new, as also the interests of states
 ‘ and relations in amity or strength in which they
 ‘ stand to their neighbours. It will be necessary also
 ‘ at the same time to learn the use of the celestial
 ‘ globe, the studies of both globes being complicated
 ‘ and joined together. I do not conceive yet the
 ‘ knowledge of judicial astrology so necessary, but
 ‘ only for general predictions, particular events being
 ‘ neither intended by nor collected out of the stars.

‘ It will be also fit to learn arithmetic and geometry
 ‘ in some good measure, but especially arithmetic, it
 ‘ being most useful for many purposes, and among
 ‘ the rest for keeping accounts, whereof here is much
 ‘ use. As for the knowledge of lines, superficies, bodies,
 ‘ though it be a science of much certainty and demon-
 ‘ stration, it is not much useful for a gentleman, unless
 ‘ it be to understand fortifications, the knowledge whereof
 ‘ is worthy of those who intend the wars. . . . It will

‘become a gentleman to have some knowledge in ‘medicine.’ Anent this the writer goes off into a long dissertation on diseases, concluding,—‘In the mean- while I conceive it is a fine study, and worthy a gentleman to be a good botanic that so he may know the nature of all herbs and plants, being our fellow- creatures, and made for the use of man ; for which purpose it will be fit for him to cull out of some good herbal all the icones, together with the descriptions of them, and to lay by themselves all such as grow in England ; and afterwards to select again such as usually grow by the high-way side, in meadows, by rivers, or in marshes, or in corn-fields, or in dry and mountainous places, or on rocks, walls, or in shady places, such as grow by the sea-side ; for this being done, and the said icones being ordinarily carried by themselves or by their servants, one may presently find out every herb he meets withal, especially if the said flowers be truly coloured. Afterwards it will not be amiss to distinguish by themselves such herbs as are in gardens and are exotics, and are transplanted hither.’

He too gives a very high and important place to theology and practical morality, and finally touches on the exercises of the body, such as dancing, fencing, and riding the great horse.

Over against these ideal pictures of what a young man should know and be we may place Dr. Earle’s satirical sketches of what was in ‘A Young Gentleman at the University,’ or ‘A Downright Scholar.’¹ Of the first he says :—

‘He is one that comes there to wear a gown and say hereafter he has been at the University.’ His father sends him because it is considered the best school of dancing and fencing. The two marks of seniority he attains are the bare velvet of his gown

¹ *Microcosmography*.

and his proficiency at tennis. 'His study has commonly 'handsome shelves, his books neat silk strings, which 'he shews to his father's man, and is loth to unty or 'take down for fear of misplacing. . . . Upon foul 'days he retires thither, and looks over the pretty 'book his tutor reads to him, which is commonly 'some short history, or a piece of Euphormius; for 'which his tutor gives him money to spend next day. 'His main loytering is at the library, where he studies 'Arms and Books of Honour, and turns a gentleman 'critical in pedigrees. . . . But he is now gone to the 'Inns of Court where he studies to forget what he 'learned before.' This sketch might, I think, fit some in our own day.

Contrast with this 'The Downright Scholar.' Of him the good bishop remarks, 'His fault is only this, 'that his mind is too much taken up with his mind. ' . . . He has not humbled his meditations to the 'industry of compliment, nor afflicted his brains in an 'elaborate leg; . . . his scrape is homely and his nod 'worse. He cannot kiss hands and cry Madam, nor 'talk idle enough to bear her company. His smacking 'of a gentlewoman is somewhat too savoury, and he 'mistakes her nose for her lips.'

At table the downright scholar had no better success. 'A very woodcock would puzzle him in carving, and he 'wants the logic of a capon. He has not the glib 'faculty of sliding over a tale, but his words come 'squeamishly out of his mouth, and the laughter com- 'monly before the jest. He names the word college too 'often, and his discourse bears too much on the univer- 'sity. The perplexity of mannerliness will not let him 'feed, and he is sharp-set at an argument when he 'should cut his meat. He is discarded for a gamester 'at all games but one-and-thirty, and at tables he 'reaches not beyond doublets. His fingers are not 'long and drawn-out to handle a fiddle, but his fist

' clenched with the habit of disputing. He ascends a horse somewhat sinisterly, though not on the left side, and they both go jogging to grief together. He is exceedingly censured by the Inns of Court men for that heinous vice of being out of fashion. He cannot speak to a dog in his own dialect, and understands Greek better than the language of a falconer. . . . But practise him a little in men, and break him over with good company, and he shall out-balance these glisterers, as far as a solid substance does a feather, or gold, gold-lace.'

These fancy sketches may be taken as fairly typical : they have the stamp of human nature, either of this century or of that, upon them. Personal reminiscences, though they may be found scattered here and there among the correspondence of the day, are slight and fragmentary. The records which Anthony Wood so industriously compiled of all the men of his day at Oxford, are singularly wanting in the small personal details which add life to the picture, but his own recollections supply a few little touches of quaint customs which were old when he was at Merton.¹ He did not matriculate till 1647, near the end of the half-century, and the traditions he notes disappeared, he says, after the war. One may well believe it,—Oxford can have been in no mood for fooling.

On All Saints' Eve and Day, Christmas Eve and Day, Candlemas, and other holidays, there was always a charcoal fire in hall, and round it the undergraduates would congregate, and bringing freshmen into the midst would require them to 'tell a story, speak some pretty apothegm, some merry jest or bull,' and if they proved dull would 'tuck' them. It is a pity he did not vouchsafe any explanation of this bit of seventeenth-century slang. On Shrove Tuesday, after the Fellows' dinner, freshmen had to stand on a

¹ Wood's *Athene Oxonienses*.

form and deliver a speech, after which they were regaled with a cup of caudle or salted drink, and an oath was administered by the senior cook over an old shoe.

Nothing of this kind is touched upon in Ralph Verney's letters. He was at Magdalen Hall, at that day a very favourite college with the leading Puritan families, especially those of Buckinghamshire, in which county Hampden's influence was strong. In the reign of James I. it was described as a 'nest of Puritans,' and it maintained its character in spite of Laud's powerful influence through the rest of Oxford. Edward Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon, was there, having failed to obtain a demyship at Magdalen, and not improbably owed to its influence the leaning towards the parliamentary party that marked the beginning of his career. He matriculated about 1621, being then but thirteen years of age, but precocious, having not only been well taught but made the constant companion of a cultivated father. About his time would be William Denton, who afterwards practised in Oxford as a physician. In him was the combination, not unusual at that date, of sound royalist principles with Puritanic leanings in religion. He was followed within a few years by his nephew, Ralph Verney, who was but seven years his junior. Ralph does not seem at this time to have developed his delightful habit of voluminous correspondence, but letters from his tutor, Mr. Crowther, give a few details as to the course of study.¹

The difficulty of obtaining good text-books seems to have been considerable, and every man had more or less to compile his own—no doubt to the great strengthening of his memory, clearness of view, and firmness of grasp. Mr. Crowther sends Ralph astronomy notes which he had himself put together for his pupil's use, with a sheet containing 'the differences and computes

¹ *Verney Letters*. Camden Society.

of time.' In a later letter he sent a general scheme of the arts and a genealogy of the kings. He begs that his pupil will devote from three to four hours a day to logic and divinity. In another letter he writes:—

'I have not yet initiated you into the science of Geography. If you cannot have leisure to come over hither, I'll attend you for a week or soe at Claydon till I have shewed you the principal grounds.' Young Ralph, be it observed, at the age of seventeen, was already married, and spending part of his time at home with his young wife who lived with his parents, and going to and fro between his home and Oxford, which was at no great distance. There are frequent references to loans of books: 'If you have done with my Bilson, send him. At a sale of a study at the second hand, I have bought two books, scarce to be had, and fit for your use, Grymston's *Estates and Principalities of the World*, 20s., and *The History of Venice*, 10s., which I will let you have or reserve them myself at your pleasure.'

Ralph seems to have acquired a fair knowledge of Latin, indulging occasionally in Latin quotations in his letters, and possessed some 'Latine Historyes,' but there is no mention of Greek either for him or for his brother. The young Verneys were by no means men of scholarly tastes: Edmund, who turned out the best of all Sir Edmund's sons, seems to have been rather a wild lad, absenting himself from lectures and chapels, and running up tavern scores. Mr. Crowther, when he read with him, declared, 'He hath wholly lost his time at Oxford, and understands not the very first ground of logicke or other university learning, and hath no books to initiate him in it.'

Details of expense and so forth come out in the correspondence. Sir Edmund writes to Ralph: 'I pray you send your brother to Oxford as soone as you can ;

‘ I will allow him £40 a year, and hee shall have a
‘ cloath sute made him against Easter or sooner if need
‘ require. Advise him to husband it well ; for I knowe
‘ it may maintaine him well if hee will ; and more I
‘ will not allow him.’ In a later letter: ‘ Now for
‘ Mun, I did ever intende to pay for his gowne over
‘ and above his allowance.’ Not every young man
had as much. It is computed to be worth not much
less than £200 at the present value of money.
There is mention in the Harley letters of one who had
to content himself with half. Lady Brilliana writes to
her son: ‘ Mr. Griffits was with me this day ; he tells
me he will allow Gorge at Oxford £20 a year.’ Fees to
tutors seem to have been at discretion, for Edmund
writes to his brother: ‘ According to your desire I
‘ asked Mr. Sessions what it were fit for me to give
‘ my Tutour. He told me Mr. Jones gives him £1, 5s.
‘ the quarter, and that he would advise me to give him
‘ the lyke.’ Soon after going to Oxford he writes:
‘ Oxford and my Tutour I lyke very well. The Vice
‘ Chancellor spoke to me very courteously when I came
‘ to be matriculated, he could not find fault with my
‘ Haire because I had cut itt before I went to him.’
Love-locks were not encouraged at Oxford, in spite of
their becoming later a badge of loyalism. Fasting-
days were observed, but the young Verneys, like the
Boyles, had probably not been brought up to those
customs ; and Dr. Browne of Christ Church, having
caught Mun at a Friday supper ‘ with a Master of Arts
and two Batchelors,’ he was bidden to present himself
next morning. As in his school days, he was in
frequent scrapes, but after leaving Oxford he was sent
to his grandmother and uncle at Hillesden, and under
that wholesome influence it soon appeared that his wild
oats were sown, and he turned out the worthy son of a
very noble father.

In the *Letters of Lady Brilliana Harley* to her son

at Oxford, published by the Camden Society, we get a glimpse of the home side, of the anxieties of a very careful and tender mother, her advice as to health and religion, her provision for his comfort, her little bits of home news, with occasional glimpses of public affairs. Alas! that the corresponding letters, his to her, should have been lost: they would have been absolutely priceless, for this mother and son were on terms of closest confidence, and he must have told her many details of his daily life. He was, of course, also at Magdalen Hall, the only college where such strict Puritans as Sir Robert Harley and Lady Brilliana would have trusted their boy.

The carrier, as Dr. Earle observed, was a great institution: nearly all the letters were sent by him, and seem always to have come safe to hand if something long on the road, but those entrusted to the newly established post by Shrewsbury or Ludlow frequently went astray. By the carrier, too, travelled hampers containing all manner of good things—'biskates,' 'meath,' turkey pie; or if the careful mother hears of a cold, lickorish water, or for ague, 'oram-potably.'¹ At the beginning of his residence there seems to have been a doubt whether the hamper was desired, for she writes:—

'Deare Ned, if you would have anythinge, send me 'word; or if I thought a cold pye, or such a thinge, 'would be of any plesure to you, I would send it you. 'But your father says you care not for it, and Mrs. 'Pirson tells me, when her sonne was at Oxford, and 'shee sent him such thinges, he prayed her that shee 'would not.' He seems to have set her mind at ease on the subject, for next year we read:—

'I haue made a pye to send you; it is a kide pye. 'I beleeeue you haue not ~~that~~ meate ordinarily at

¹ 'Aurum potabile'—described in 1708 as 'gold made liquid . . . or some rich Cordial Liquor, with pieces of Leaf-gold in it.'

‘ Oxford ; on halfe of the pye is seasned with on kind
 ‘ of seasning, and the other with another. I thinke
 ‘ to send it by this carrier.’ And in the autumn : ‘ By
 ‘ a safe hand I haue sent you a baskett of Stoken
 ‘ apells ; theare are 4 or 5 of another kinde. I hope
 ‘ you will not dispice them, comeing from a frinde,
 ‘ though they are not to be compared to Oxford appells.
 ‘ In the baskett with the appells is “the Returne of
 ‘ Prayer.” I could not find the place I spake of to
 ‘ your tutor, when he was with me ; but since I found
 ‘ it, and haue sent the booke to you, that he may see
 ‘ it, and judg a littell of it.’

With this tutor she seems to have had a warm friendship ; hardly a letter goes without a message to him. One would gather that he was a private tutor or ‘governor for manners,’ as he appears to have had so much personal charge of the young man’s health and expenses, and to have travelled down with him when he went home. There are a good many little details as to shirts and ‘handkerchers.’ This little extract is quaint :—‘ I like the stufe for your cloths
 ‘ well ; but the cullor of thos for euey day I doo not
 ‘ like so well ; but the silke chamlet I like very well,
 ‘ both cullor and stuf. Let your stokens be allways of
 ‘ the same culler of your cloths, and I hope you now
 ‘ weare Spanisch leather shouwes. If your tutor dous
 ‘ not intend to bye you silke stokens to weare with
 ‘ your silke shute send me word, and I will, if pleas
 ‘ God, bestow a peare on you. You did well to keepe
 ‘ the beasorstone and oramptobily with you. I thinke
 ‘ I forgot to rwite word that when the oramptobily is
 ‘ taken it must be stired tell it be disolued. Your cosen
 ‘ Fraces thinkes it will doo miracells.’

John Evelyn must have been a contemporary of these young men, as he went to Oxford about 1637, but in his delightful diary he makes no mention of any of them ; but then he was at Balliol, and besides, as a

strong royalist and high churchman, would not have been likely to mix much with the 'nest of Puritans,' for party feeling already began to run high. His diary is a mine of information, but a few small extracts must suffice.

'On the 29th (of May) I was matriculated in the Vestrie at St. Marie's, where I subscribed the Articles and took the oaths, Dr. Bailey, head of St. John's, being Vice Chancellor. . . . After I was somewhat settled there in my formalities (for then was the University exceedingly regular, under the exact discipline of William Lawd, Abp. of Canterbury, then Chancellor,) I added as benefactor to the Library of the Coll. these books :

'*Zanchii Opera*, vols. 1, 2, 3; *Granado in Thomam Aquinatem*, vols. 1, 2, 3; *Noverini Electa Sacra*. Authors (it seems) desired by the students of divinity there.

'1637.—At Christmas the gentlemen of Exeter College presented a Comedy to the University.

'I was admitted to the dauncing and vaulting schole, of which late activity one Stokes, the Master, set forth a pretty book, which was published with many witty elegies before it.

'1639.—I began to look on the rudiments of musick, in which I afterwards arriv'd to some formal knowledge, though to small perfection of hand, because I was so frequently diverted by inclinations to some newer trifles.

'1640.—I went to London to be resident in the Middle Temple. My being at the University, in regard to these avocations, was of very small benefit to me.'

The life at the sister university is very thoroughly described in *Cambridge in the Seventeenth Century* by James Bass Mullinger. Its records are full of distinguished names. Milton stands first and foremost; Fuller,

who did for his *Alma Mater* somewhat the same service as Wood did for Oxford, and also left in his *Worthies* an epitome of the eminent men of various counties; Seth Ward and Pearson, Cleveland, Crashaw, Cudworth, Mede, and Jeremy Taylor might all have been met in its streets before the end of the first quarter of the century. Men of all shades of opinion were there, yet Puritanism was the prevailing note. In 1637 Cosin and Sterne laid before Laud a complaint that instead of the Liturgy heads of colleges were using 'private fancies and prayers of their own making.' In Trinity College it was stated 'they sit or kneel at prayers, every man in 'a several posture as he pleases; at the name of Jesus 'few will bow; and when the Creed is repeated many of 'the boys, by some men's direction, turn to the west 'door.'

Mullinger's book gives a valuable picture of the daily routine. Chapel bell ~~went at five~~, and matins was followed by a short homily by one of the Fellows. Then came early breakfast, a statement I take leave to doubt, as breakfast as a definite meal was at that time unknown,—some people took a trifling refreshment on first rising, but the custom was not general. Dinner at eleven or twelve, supper at five or six, were the two regular meals, though people sometimes indulged in a 'banquet' or refecton of fruit or cake in the afternoon. —To return to the work which followed this supposed breakfast. This consisted of the college lectures, the lectures of the university professors, the disputations of those students who were preparing for their degree. Dinner in hall was at twelve, and attendance on declamations or disputations either in the college chapel or in the schools followed. Evening chapel and supper in hall at seven concluded the working day, and men employed their leisure as they chose. Rules were very strict: ~~residence was kept~~ the whole year, and absence only permitted for strong reasons. ~~The course~~, which

~~lasted for seven~~ years, was divided into Quadriennium and Triennium. Greek and geometry, which had hitherto been reserved for the Triennium, were early in this century introduced into the undergraduate course. The arrangements for tuition in Trinity College are given as a specimen. Under a head lecturer were eight other lecturers, each teaching and examining for an hour and a half daily. These were the Lector Humanitatis sive Linguae Latinæ, who also gave weekly lectures on rhetoric; the Lector Græcæ, Lector Mathematicæ, and four sub-lectores under whom the students advanced gradually from elementary logic to higher logic and metaphysics. Mathematics, extremely slight, arithmetic, a little geometry, and such astronomy as was then taught formed the subjects. Three years after the Restoration, Henry Lucas founded a Professorship of Mathematics. So small was the knowledge of it in 1634 that Seth Ward, lighting upon some old mathematical works in the library of Sidney Sussex, could find no one in the college who could understand them. Bacon some half-century before declared that 'the gravest of sciences had degenerated into childish sophistry and 'ridiculous affectation,' and Milton echoed the same opinion. Rhetoric and logic, pure and applied, with the classics, were the favourite studies. Divinity at this time was not publicly taught.

While in residence students were strictly confined within the walls of their colleges, and only allowed abroad to attend the schools. They could go into the town only by special permission, and no student below a B.A. was suffered to be unaccompanied by his tutor or by an M.A. In conversation he was required to use Latin, Greek, or Hebrew. He was forbidden taverns, boxing-matches, skittle-playings, dancings, bear-fights, cock-fights, or Stourbridge fair, and he might not loiter in the street or market. He might not read irreligious books nor have such in his rooms, nor keep dogs or

'fierce birds,' nor play cards or dice, except during twelve days at Christmas. Flogging was practised, and Milton was both flogged and rusticated at the age of fourteen. At a visit of King James in 1615, smoking was forbidden, 'not only in the streets, but in St. Mary's and in the hall of Trinity.' The king had a well-known aversion to the practice and had written against it. At this time, it appears, undergraduates were in the habit of wearing 'new-fashioned gowns of any colour whatsoever, blue or green or red or mixt without any uniformity but in hanging sleeves; and their other garments light and gay, some with boots and spurs, others with stockings of diverse colours reversed one upon another, and round rusty caps.'

Sir Simonds d'Ewes, a Puritan lad, who entered St. John's in 1620, draws in his journal a horrified picture of the manners of the time as they struck him. 'The main thing,' he writes, 'that made me weary of the college was that swearing, drinking, rioting, and hatred of all piety and virtue under false and adulterate names did abound there and generally in all the university. Nay the very sin of lust began to be known and practised by very boys, so that I was fain to live almost a recluse's life conversing chiefly in our own college with some of the honester fellows thereof.' Something must, of course, be allowed for the point of view, and it must be borne in mind that the Puritans had a habit of using very strong language about all whose opinions and practices did not quite coincide with their own. A little further on he remarks: 'None there dared to commit idolatry by bowing to or towards, or adoring the Altar, the Communion Table, nor the Bread and Wine in the Lord's Supper.' His attitude may be inferred from this.

He was greatly scandalised, too, at the frequent performance of stage plays both in Latin and English, which were so greatly in fashion just then both at the universities

and the Inns of Court. The visits of royal or distinguished guests were generally honoured in this way, for King James was extremely fond of these entertainments, and was so much delighted by a play called 'Ignoramus' that he saw at Cambridge that he repeated his visit for the express purpose of seeing it again. No doubt there was much to offend a severe taste in these performances, a good deal of coarseness as well as a licence in speech that would not be tolerated nowadays, and plenty of what we should now call 'rowdiness' amongst the audience. The undergraduates smoked, hissed, threw pellets—in short behaved as undisciplined youth is apt to do, to the great scandal of those more seriously brought up. Upon the royal visit in 1632, when lax King James had passed away and his son's severer taste ruled, D'Ewes enters in his journal: 'Whilst they were at an idle play that gave much offence to most of the hearers, I went into Trin. Coll. library and there viewed divers ancient MS. which afforded me as much content as the sight of the extreme vanity of the Court did sorrow.' Evidently there was a touch of Jack Horner about this youthful Puritan—he liked to sit in a corner and cry 'What a good boy am I!'

Although a wild, idle lad might find plenty of incitement to waste of time or worse, there were not wanting helps for those who were otherwise minded. Many of the tutors took a deep interest in training the minds of their pupils in serious thought, and indeed seem to have exercised a much closer supervision over them than was customary in public schools, if we may judge by a letter from a father to his son's tutor:—

'I expect no impossibilities, though perhaps somewhat more than ordinary, as I confess (on your encouragement) I do from you. . . . Above all my desire is that Sundays, fast days and the like, may have their particular employment in divine studies, besides his constant reading the Scriptures each

‘ morning and evening, which how he follows and understands, if you please some time to question him, will soon be discerned.’

There seems indeed to have been a strong religious influence in the place, chiefly in the direction of Puritanism, though Thompson of Clare and Chappell of Christ’s were accused of ‘ arminianising ’ their pupils. Nicholas Ferrar was at Clare, and he always attributed the religious practices of his later life to his studies of the *Lives of the Saints*, which he read under the advice of his tutor. Philosophy was more in favour at Cambridge in those days than mathematics, and the middle of the century saw the rise of the Cambridge Platonists, who exercised for a time so deep, if narrow, an influence on religious thought. Henry More, who was one of those half Puritan, half Platonic mystics, ‘ would deliver excellent lectures of piety and instruction from the chapter that was read on nights in his chamber.’ Plato was much studied, and Whichcote used to recommend a course of Plato, Lully, and Plotin to raise men’s thoughts. On the whole the influences at Cambridge, though not unmixed, tended to deepen character and produce a race of men who took life seriously.

It seems singular that the college days of one who was afterwards so closely connected with the intellectual life of Oxford as Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, should not have been spent there ; but when he was young his father was Lord-deputy of Ireland, and sent him to Trinity College, Dublin, where, if we are to believe Aubrey, he was rather wild. ‘ My Lord in his youth,’ says he, ‘ was very wild and also mischievous, as being apt to stab and doe bloody mischiefes.’ If this was true, his wild oats were soon exchanged for a richer harvest, for another writes of him : ‘ He that hath a spirit to be unruly before the use of reason hath mettle to be active afterwards. Quicksilver if fixed is uncomparable ; besides that the adventures, contrivances,

' secrets, confidences, trusts, compliance with opportunity, and the other sallies of young gallants prepare them for more serious undertakings as they did this noble lord.'

Truly, if Lucius Cary was a fair specimen, Trinity College, Dublin, had reason to be proud of her sons.

CHAPTER VII

GIRLHOOD

MEANWHILE the girls at home were not neglected. It is a popular delusion that giving women a sound classical education is an invention of our own day,—it is rather a reversion to an older custom after a period of neglect during which a strange temporary fashion of helplessness and ignorance for women had come in. Amongst the Puritans, it is true, an idea that learning was a waste of time for a woman was just beginning to suggest itself. Ralph Verney strongly deprecated too learned an education for his god-daughter, Dr. Denton's little Nancy. He writes to his uncle: 'Let not your girl learn Latin, nor Short-hand: the difficulty of the first may keep her from that vice, for soe I must esteem it in a woeman; but the easinesse of the other may be a prejudice to her; for the pride of taking sermon noates hath made multitudes of woemen most unfortunate.'¹ Miss Nancy herself, however, answering her god-father in a large text-hand, protests that she means to outreach him in 'ebri, grek and laten.' Evidently, however, her education had not yet begun. It must be owned that the women of his own family did not disgrace themselves in his eyes by scholarship; his wife wrote well and spelt very fairly, though she confessed it was a labour to her; but she seems to have cared nothing for books. As to his sisters, their letters would have shamed a housemaid, and were very inferior

¹ *Verney Memoirs.*

to those of Luce Shepherd, the nurse or attendant of the Verney children and their little cousins, Mary and Margaret Eure, in which she reported the health and progress of the two latter, while at Blois, to their mother.

This view of the education of girls was by no means universal amongst the Puritans. The daughters of Cromwell seem to have been clever and well educated young women, and Milton's were decidedly learned even for that day. Not only had their father a high idea of the importance of a classical education, but he had need of their services. His nephew and biographer, Edward Phillips, has left an account of their education which shows that, learned though they were, something had been sadly lacking. In a spirit of 'dumb rebellion' they read aloud to their blind father in Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, and French; wrote at his dictation, and looked out for him the references he needed; and instead of being proud of the privilege, 'combined with his maid-servant to cheat him in her marketings, made away with some of his books, and would have sold the rest to the 'dunghill-women.' Truly he had cast pearls before swine, but probably the harshness and sourness he had showed to their young mother, and to them in early girlhood, must have borne this fruit. But the childhood of the young Miltons overpasses our half-century.

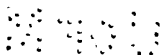
As a rule girls were grounded in the same way as boys, frequently sharing the instructions of their brothers' tutor when there was one in the house. Girls' schools were not much patronised except by Recusants. When they could smuggle their children out of England, they usually sent them to some French or Spanish convent. There was a ladies' school at Putney, kept by a certain Mrs. Bathsua Makyns who had been governess in the royal family. Her little pupil, the Princess

Elizabeth, did credit to her training, for she was a very seriously inclined and studious child. We also hear of Mrs. Salmon's school at Hackney,¹ at which Katharine Phillips, 'the matchless Orinda,' was educated, and at this verse-making seems to have been taught as in boys' schools, for she wrote verses while at school, as well as studied French and Italian; book-keeping also, it appears, for she turned out an excellent woman of business as well as a poetess. How much we should like to learn more of school-girl life, either at these establishments or at that nameless school where obstreperous Betty Verney was so successfully broken in; but either the girls did not indulge much in letters home, or such childish epistles were not thought worth preserving. What did they play at? Battledore and shuttlecock I think we may take for granted—it is so often mentioned by Dorothy Osborne and others; skipping-rope too, and possibly rounders. They certainly danced, for dancing-lessons are always spoken of as a matter of importance. Dancing then was a very different matter from the waltzing of the present day: the girls of that period had to be taught to hold themselves stately and erect, to curtsy low, and to bear themselves with dignity and grace through the courtly measure of minuet, pavane, or coranto.

[Education was more commonly carried on at home under the mother's eye, with the aid of masters. Mrs. Lucy Apsley, who afterwards became the wife of Colonel Hutchinson, Governor of Nottingham for the Parliament, has given a very interesting account of hers which is worth quoting in full.

'As soon as I was weaned a Frenchwoman was taken to be my dry-nurse, and I was taught to speak French and English together.' Mention has already been made of her extraordinary memory and proficiency in repeating sermons when she was but four years old.

¹ Ballard's *Learned Ladies*.



She goes on : 'When I was about seven years of age,
' I remember I had at one time eight tutors in several
' qualities, languages, music, dancing, writing, and
' needlework ; but my genius was quite averse to all
' but my book, and that I was so eager of, that my
' mother thinking it prejudiced my health, would moder-
' ate me in it ; yet this rather animated me than kept
' me back, and every moment I could steal from my
' play I would employ in any book I could find, when
' my own were locked up from me. After dinner or
' supper I still had an hour allowed me to play, and
' then I would steal into some corner to read. My
' father would have me learn Latin, and I was so apt
' that I outstripped my brothers that were at school,
' although my father's chaplain, that was my tutor, was
' a pitiful dull fellow. My brothers, who had a great deal
' of wit, had some emulation of the progress I made
' in my learning which very well pleased my father ;
' though my mother would have been contented if I
' had not so wholly addicted myself to that as to neglect
' my other qualities. As for music and dancing, I pro-
' fited very little in them, and would never practise my
' lute or harpsichords but when my masters were with
' me ; and for my needle I absolutely hated it.'

Her husband was very fond of music and an excellent musician, and when living in retirement after the breach with Cromwell, 'pleased himself with music, and again
' fell to the practice of his viol, on which he played
' excellently well, and entertaining tutors for the diver-
' sion and education of his children in all sorts of music,
' he pleased himself with these innocent recreations
' during Oliver's mutable reign. As he had great
' delight, so he had great judgment in music, and
' advanced his children's practice more than their
' tutors : he also was a great supervisor of their learn-
' ing, and indeed was himself a tutor to them all ;
' besides all those tutors whom he liberally entertained

‘ in his house for them. He spared not any cost for the
 ‘ education of both his sons and daughters in languages,
 ‘ sciences, music, and dancing, and all other qualities
 ‘ befitting their father’s house.’ This shows what diver-
 sity of practice and opinion there was amongst the
 Puritans in such matters. Politically speaking, it
 would be hard to find a bitterer Puritan than Colonel
 Hutchinson, nor in personal character and questions of
 cultivation one larger minded.

Another youthful bookworm whose mother looked
 somewhat askance on her pursuits was Elizabeth
 Tanfield, daughter of Sir Lawrence Tanfield, Lord
 Chief Baron.¹ Only child and heiress though she
 was, she seems to have had an unhappy childhood.
 Lady Tanfield was a severe disciplinarian, and being
 herself an ignorant woman who could scarcely indite
 a decent letter, resented the scholarly tastes of her little
 daughter, and endeavoured to whip them out of her.
 She was, however, taught to read very early, and at
 four years old ‘ put to learn French, but after five
 ‘ weeks, not profiting at all, gave over. After of
 ‘ herself, without a teacher, whilst she was a child,
 ‘ learned French, Spanish, and Italian, also Latin and
 ‘ understood it perfectly while she was young, and
 ‘ translated *Epistles* of Seneca; after having long dis-
 ‘ continued, she was much more imperfect in it, so as
 ‘ a little before her death, translating some Blossius out
 ‘ of Latin, she was fain to help herself somewhat with
 ‘ the Spanish translation. Hebrew she likewise at the
 ‘ same time learned with very little teaching; but for
 ‘ many years neglecting it, she lost it much, yet not
 ‘ long before her death, she againe beginning to use
 ‘ it could in the Bible understand it well, in which she
 ‘ was most perfectly well read. She then learned also
 ‘ of a Transylvanian his language, but never finding
 ‘ any use of it, forgot it entirely. She was skilful and

¹ *The Lady Falkland, her Life.*

‘curious in working, never having been helped by anybody: those that knew her would never have believed she knew how to hold a needle unless they had seen it.’

Unlike Lucy Apsley, who was considered a beautiful child, poor Elizabeth was ‘nothing handsome,’ short, rather thick-set, with little but intelligent eyes and a fresh colour to recommend her. Perhaps a sense of being unnoticed or disapproved threw her more upon her books. She became passionately fond of reading, and being forbidden candles in her room by her mother, she bribed the servants to supply her with some, which they did at so high a rate that by the time she was married, which was when she was fifteen, they had run her into debt to the extent of a hundred pounds. Her father seems to have taken a good deal more notice of her than her mother did, and to have been pleased with her shrewdness. She used to go into court with him sometimes when he was trying cases, and on one occasion gave a signal proof of clear-headedness. A poor woman had been brought before him, charged with being a witch, and in sheer terror was owning to nefarious practices ‘Ask her,’ whispered the little girl in her father’s ear, ‘whether she ill-wished John Symonds and caused his death?’ The question having been put, and answered tremblingly in the affirmative, there was a roar of laughter, as the gentleman in question, the judge’s brother-in-law, was at that moment in court, hale and hearty. Sir Lawrence having asked her why she accused herself of things of which she was manifestly innocent, and understanding that she thought she might be less severely dealt with if she confessed, cleared and discharged her.

Of Elizabeth’s reading in later life her daughter says: ‘She had read very exceedingly much; poetry of all kinds ancient and modern in several languages, all that ever

‘ she could meet ; history very universally, especially
 ‘ all ancient Greek and Roman histories ; all chronicles
 ‘ whatsoever of her own country, and the French
 ‘ histories very thoroughly ; of most other countries
 ‘ something, though not so universally, of the eccles-
 ‘ iastical very much, most especially concerning its
 ‘ chief pastors. Of books treating of moral virtue or
 ‘ wisdom (such as Seneca, Plutarch’s *Morals*, and
 ‘ natural knowledge, as Pliny, and of late ones, such
 ‘ as French, Mountaine, and English, Bacon), she had
 ‘ read very many when she was young. Of the fathers
 ‘ and controversial writers on both sides a great deal
 ‘ even of Luther and Calvin.’

[A knowledge of Hebrew seems to have been by no means uncommon. Lady Pakington, who was reputed the author of *The Whole Duty of Man*, was an excellent Hebrew scholar.

Another Lady Falkland, Lettice Morrison, daughter-in-law of the preceding, was also a little girl who loved her books, more especially religious reading, according to the testimony of her chaplain in his brief biographical notice of her.¹ This is his account of her education :
 ‘ That her time might not be mis-spent nor her employ-
 ‘ ment tedious to her, the several hours of the day
 ‘ had a variety of employments assigned to them ;
 ‘ and the intermixture of praier, reading, writing,
 ‘ working and walking, brought a pleasure to each
 ‘ of them in their courses ; so that the day was carried
 ‘ about faster than she would, and she begins in this
 ‘ her youth to abridg herself of her sleep, and was oft-
 ‘ times at a book in her closet, when she was thought
 ‘ to be in bed.’

In contrast to these serious young bookworms comes the account of the education of a very charming girl, Anne Harrison, whom we shall meet with later on as

¹ *The Holy Life and Death of Lettice, Vi-Countess Falkland*, prefixed to the *Returns of Spiritual Comfort to a Devout Soul*, by T. Duncan.

Lady Fanshawe. It is best given in her own graphic words :—

‘ Now it is necessary to say something of my mother’s education of me, which was with all the advantage which the time afforded, both for working all sorts of fine work with my needle, and learning French, singing, lute, the virginalls, and dancing, and notwithstanding I learned as well as most did, yet was I wild to that degree, that the hours of my beloved recreation took up too much of my time, for I loved riding in the first place, running, and all active pastimes; in short I was what graver people call a hoyting girl; but to be just to myself, I never did mischief to myself or people, nor one immodest word or action in my life, though skipping and activity was my delight; but upon my mother’s death, I then began to reflect, and, as an offering to her memory, I flung away those little childishnesses that formerly possessed me, and, by my father’s command, took upon me charge of his house and family, which I so ordered by my excellent mother’s example as found acceptance in his sight.’¹ Her high spirit stood her in good stead in the adventurous life she was afterwards to lead.

Anne Murray, in her delightful memoirs, tells very shortly how she was brought up. Her father, Thomas Murray, had been tutor to the two princes Henry and Charles, and afterwards for a very short time Provost of Eton. He died when his youngest girl, Anne, was a baby. The high opinion King Charles had of his old tutor was testified by his appointing the widow twice governess to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester. She was most careful and strict with her own little girls.² ‘She spared no expence,’ says her daughter, ‘in educating all her children in the most

¹ *Memoirs, Lady Fanshawe.*

² *Autobiography of Anne, Lady Halkett.*

' suitable way to improve them, and if I made not the
 ' advantage I might have done it was my own fault
 ' and not my mother's, who paid masters for teaching
 ' my sister and mee to write, speake French, play on
 ' the lute and virginnalls, and dance, and kept a gentle-
 ' woman to teach us all kinds of needleworke, which
 ' shews I was not brought up in an idle life. But my
 ' mother's greatest care, and for which I shall ever
 ' owne to her memory the highest gratitude, was the
 ' great care she tooke that, even from our infancy, wee
 ' were instructed never to neglect to begin and end the
 ' day with prayer, and orderly every morning to read
 ' the Bible, and ever to keepe the church as often as
 ' there was occation to meet there either for prayers or
 ' preaching. So that for many yeares together I was
 ' seldome or never absent from divine service, at 5
 ' a'clocke in the morning in the summer and 6 a'clocke
 ' in the winter, till the usurped power putt a restraint to
 ' that publick worship so long owned and continued in
 ' the Church of England ; where, I blesse God, I had my
 ' education, and the example of a good Mother, who
 ' kept constantt to her owne parish church, and had
 ' allways a great respect for the ministers under whose
 ' charge shee was.'

It is worth observing, since there is so general an idea
 that the Puritans had a monopoly of religion and
 seriousness of mind, that this was an exceptionally
 royalist family, carrying out the customs habitual at the
 Court, and belonged distinctly to the party whom their
 opponents described as the ' wicked,' the ' malignants,'
 or ' ungodly cavaliers.'

Large families seem to have been the rule in those
 days, and the mother's place was usually at home
 superintending the education of her daughters. Even
 women of such high position as Lady Leicester or Lady
 Verney, if they had many children, rarely went to
 London or attended the Court. Possibly these Pro-

testant ladies may have held a little aloof from the Court of the Catholic Queen who, excellent wife and mother though she was, was very unpopular with them ; but it seems to have excited no remark and been considered quite natural that, while their husbands went to Court, they should remain in the country and devote themselves to their children. Very little is recorded of the education of the Earl of Leicester's beautiful daughter Dorothy, known as the 'Sacharissa' of Edmund Waller's amorous verse, but it was under the eye of her father and mother in the country at Penshurst.¹ They were very cultivated people, as becomed the family of that paragon of his age, Sir Philip Sidney. Lord Leicester was well read in the classics, and spoke elegant Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish. He was a man of studious tastes, and while in Paris spent his leisure in collecting rare and curious books in many languages. His wife was a clever, capable woman, an excellent letter-writer, and well fitted to direct the education of her numerous children. In that refined atmosphere Dorothy grew up graceful and lovely, with serious tastes and retiring manners, a worthy representative of the renowned brother and sister who had adorned that fair home a generation before her. There was about her, as Fulke Greville had said of Philip, 'such lovely 'and familiar gravity as carried grace and reverence 'above greater years.' Reserved and shy, she shrank from gay society, and preferred the company of her girl friends to that of the young gallants who would have been eager to pay their court to her. Edmund Waller, who might have been considered by many girls interesting both as a poet and as a young widower, was staying some time at Groombridge, not far from Penshurst, with his cousins, old neighbours of the Sidneys, and the dainty lyrics in which he celebrated her charms might have turned a maturer head. But

¹ *Sacharissa*, Mrs. Henry Ady.

Lady Doll would have none of him. In one of his addresses to her he reproaches her with always surrounding herself with her girl companions, keeping those who sighed for her favour at a distance. Beyond sonnets and sighs he never got.

Gleanings from the Earl of Cork's diaries at Lismore¹ show the great earl trying to be father and mother both to his motherless daughters. The two little ones, Mary and Peggy, had been sent at their mother's death to the charge of Lady Clayton, but their father continued to interest himself in their clothes and their health, and records the piece of white dimity he sent for summer frocks for them, or the 'xxijs to buy ffethers for my daughters,' in the midst of serious entries about the affairs of Ireland or the expenses of his great estate, and many philanthropic enterprises. There is a delightful picture of a family reunion at Stalbridge, his Dorsetshire estate, at Christmas 1635. There were the elder daughters and their young husbands, all children together, the eldest son and his wife, the four boys all at home, two just going abroad with their tutor, and two to Eton. Little Mary and Peggy, now nine and five years old, were brought by Sir Randal and Lady Clayton to complete the family party. Christmas presents were quite the order of the day: Lord Cork presented Lady Clayton with a silver sugar-basin of a scallop pattern, and to his daughter Alice, 'a faire standing gilt cup with a cover.' We do not read of the old-fashioned Christmas games, the mummers and ceremonies of the Yule log, but cards seem to be the prevailing mode, as the diary repeatedly mentions sums given to his daughter-in-law to make good her losses at tables. It may be remembered that amongst the regulations in force at Cambridge there was a rule forbidding cards except for twelve days at Christmas.²

¹ *Lismore Papers*. Camden Society.

² *Cambridge in the Seventeenth Century*. J. Bass Mullinger.

After reading of Claydon in the days of the war when, their mother dead, their father fallen on the battlefield, their elder brother in exile, the five remaining girls moped and quarrelled under no better discipline than that of their indulgent old nurse, it is pleasant to turn back to the happy days when Dame Margaret presided over her large household of sons and daughters—her own six girls, her young daughter-in-law, and her charming Irish niece Doll Leake, the party often reinforced by a visitor, Anne Lee, the daughter of Lady Sussex by her first husband, Ralph's Oxford friend, James Dillon, or Sir Nathaniel and Lady Hobart, Doll's sister and her husband.¹ We do not hear of much book-learning, nor of music, except an occasional mention of Mary's 'getar,' or of Anne Lee exercising her fingers on the same instrument, but they were all well trained in domestic arts, as we learn from Mary's letters from Blois, in which she often rejoices in the skill in bread-making and such things learned at Claydon.

They must have been a merry party in those halcyon years before the war, when the two elder brothers were at Oxford and Winchester, coming home for the long vacation, and bringing college friends with them. James Dillon was constantly there, and carrying on a playful flirtation with Doll Leake, whom he calls 'Brother Doll,' and to whom he sends trifling presents such as a thimble or a comb. He was devoted to Ralph and Mary, and corresponded affectionately with them. Mary, wife and mother though she was, was as much a child as any of them, and she and Doll were great at practical jokes. On one occasion they hoaxed James Dillon by sending him a blank sheet of paper carefully folded and sealed in the form of a letter, addressed in Mary's hand and endorsed: 'Open not ' this letter till you all meet, and doe us the favour not

¹ *Verney Memoirs.*

‘to censur our lines.’ To this he retorted by a message : ‘Tell the tow faire ones from mee that I am ashamed to see a letter from them in which there is not one modest word.’

Nan Lee, too, was much given to quizzing the young gentlemen she met at Claydon, and in her letters after a visit gives them all nick-names. One would like to know who was called ‘boutared eggs,’ and to what unfortunate peculiarity he owed the name. Perhaps he had suffered from the smallpox—no uncommon affliction—and his pitted face recalled the uneven surface of that delicacy. Pet-names, too, were greatly in favour. Mary Verney was always ‘Mischiefe,’ as suited the writer of the blank letter ; Sir Edmund calls his wife ‘good Pusse,’ and even the sober Ralph is ‘deare roge.’ Doll’s sister Anne and her husband were always known in the family as ‘Nattycock and Nannycock.’ Anne Lee was, however, a little bit of a fine lady. She writes on very fine paper, tied up with blue floss silk ; and on one occasion she sends a recipe for ‘paste for making white the hands,’ which treasure was to be kept a profound secret.

All this chaffing and mirth would seem to have ended for poor Doll somewhat sadly : it is not improbable that she lost her heart to the fascinating young Irishman, for she never married—in those days very unusual—and on his making an apparently ambitious and mercenary marriage with the sister of the Lord-Deputy Strafford, a slight coolness arose between him and Ralph, who may have felt that his kinswoman was unbecomingly used, though there does not seem to have been any definite proposal. Later Doll became companion or waiting gentlewoman to Lady Vere Gawdy, an old friend of the family.

Of the four brothers Edmund seems to have been the dearest to his sisters. Ralph, exemplary and conscientious as he was, may have been a little worrying

at home with his strict Puritan notions, though they were one and all devoted to his wife. Tom and Henry were both unsatisfactory, selfish and extravagant, and when they were at home did not make themselves pleasant. Tom, when sent down to Claydon to be out of mischief, writes discontentedly: 'There is no one at home but children. Rather than lead this hellish life I will take a rope and make an end of myself, and then neither father, mother, brother, nor sister, nor any friends els shall take any more care of me. Idleness puts many wicked thoughts in one's head. But perhaps you may object that I may read, or walk up to Mr. Aris (the rector) and conferre with him, or to walk in att one doore and out att the other.' This young hopeful, who tried to make an impossible marriage at nineteen without the knowledge of his parents, was shipped off to the colonies, but was always reappearing like the proverbial bad penny, or writing begging-letters to his father or Ralph, entreating to be set going again. 'Barbathos' was the colony selected for him, and his letters thence are not without interest, showing what colonial life in those days was like, but would lead us too far afield.

Henry, whose chief interest and occupation was racing, cared little more for his sisters than Tom did; but Edmund's visits during the war were the greatest comfort the poor girls had. The eldest, Pen, writes of him as her 'dearest combeannion.'

It is rather tantalising that none of the correspondence between Lady Brilliana Harley and her little daughter Brill should have been preserved. The mother, having very bad health, entrusted her eldest daughter to her aunt, Lady Vere, to see something of the world, and in the letters to her son there are occasional brief references such as the following: 'Your sister, I hope, met you at Wickcam on wensday last. Deare Ned, send me

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'word how my ladey Veere vsess her, and how shee 'carries herself.' Brill's own first impressions, and her mother's advice to her, would have been priceless. Rich as the records are in many respects, here and there they fail us. Letters between mothers and daughters are extraordinarily rare.

CHAPTER VIII

GIVING IN MARRIAGE

THE girls of the seventeenth century enjoyed but a brief spring-time. With dawning womanhood, while they were yet in the school-room, in some cases even in the nursery, careful parents were already considering the choice of a husband. To our modern English notions of absolute freedom of choice and the paramount claims of falling in love which the modern novel has erected into a new gospel, such a course seems almost shocking; yet unquestionably the custom had its advantages. Amongst our neighbours across the Channel it still obtains: even the Revolution itself has not been able to overthrow parental rights in this matter, and it may be doubted whether the proportion of happy marriages is not quite as great where parents of discretion have weighed questions, not of fortune only, but of position, family connections, health and temperament, as they are where young people have followed unbiassed the promptings of their own fancy. For fancy so often masquerades as love, and love rooted in duty grows up fair and strong between the husband and wife that were given to each other, as it does between parents and children, brothers and sisters, where no personal choice preceded the relationship. Moreover a real and unalterable affection withstood, and will always withstand, opposition, and come out but the stronger for the test. With our modern customs mercenary marriages do not seem to have been

abolished, and it is certainly more for the dignity of the woman that a marriage of convenience should be treated openly as a matter of family policy, than that she should be taken into society with the unavowed, yet not less well-understood, object of catching the richest match of the season.

The stories of the time afford instances of all sorts : of arranged marriages that turned out happily, and love-matches that turned out ill ; of some who followed their own way, and whose choice was blessed with highest happiness ; of some who took it to their hurt ; but certainly no period of which we read in any detail can show more instances of loving and devoted wives.

The drawback to the old-fashioned method was that, especially in the case of heiresses, the parents or guardians were in such a hurry to secure contingent advantages, that the poor little girl found herself saddled with the responsibilities of married life and nursing her babies when she had hardly put away her dolls. It was exceptional for marriage to take place absolutely in the nursery, as in the case of little Lady Mary Villiers, not only wife, but widow, before she was nine years old ; but it was quite a common thing for a child to be married at thirteen. In that case she was usually given a year or two of education before she lived with her husband, and he, if only about fifteen or sixteen, often went to Oxford after his marriage, or travelled abroad.

This was the case with Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who, in the last years of the preceding century, was married at the age of fifteen to his cousin Mary Herbert of St. Gillian's, a woman much older than himself. She had remained unmarried till the age of one-and-twenty, at that day considered quite mature, her father having left to her all his estates in Monmouthshire and Ireland on condition that she married one of the

surname of Herbert, and none having yet appeared of fit age and fortune to match with her, she at last bestowed her hand on her young cousin. After the marriage Lord Herbert, with his wife and mother, returned to Oxford and pursued his studies—‘followed his book more closely than ever’ is his own graphic expression—till the age of eighteen, when his mother took a house in London where for a time the young couple lived with her.

In this instance the marriage does not appear to have been an entirely happy one, to judge from the little scene he relates as having taken place when he wished to make arrangements to go abroad, though he says he had ‘lived with her in all conjugal loyalty for the space of ten years.

‘About the year 1608, my two daughters, called Beatrice and Florance, who lived not yet long after, and one son Richard being born, and come to so much maturity that, though in their mere childhood, they gave no little hope of themselves for the future time, I called them all before my wife, demanding how she liked them, to which she answering, well ; I demanded then, whether she was willing to do so much for them as I would ; whereupon she replying, demanded what I meant by that. I told her that, for my part, I was but young for a man, and she not old for a woman ; that our lives were in the hand of God ; that if He pleased to call either of us away, that party which remained might marry again, and have children by some other, to which our estates might be disposed ; for preventing whereof I thought fit to motion to her that, if she would assure upon the son any quantity of lands from £300 a year to £1000, I would do the like : but my wife not approving hereof, answered in these express words, that she would not draw the cradle upon her head ; whereupon, I desiring her to advise better upon the business, and to take some few days’ respite

‘ for that purpose, she seemed to depart from me not very well contented.

‘ About a week or ten days afterwards, I demanded again what she thought concerning the motion I made, to which yet she said no more, but that she thought she had already answered me sufficiently to the point. I then told her that I should make another motion to her, which was, that in regard I was too young to go beyond sea before I married her, she now would give me leave for awhile to see foreign countries; howbeit, if she would assure her lands as I would mine, in the manner above-mentioned, I would never depart from her: she answered that I knew her mind before concerning that point, yet that she should be sorry I went beyond sea; nevertheless, if I would needs go, she could not help it.

‘ This, whether a licence taken or given, served my turn to prepare without delay for a journey beyond sea, that so I might satisfy that curiosity I long since had to see foreign countries.’

In the interesting account of Ewenny Priory, written by Colonel Turberville, there is a curious instance of somewhat the same sort of family arrangement. It properly belongs in point of date to the time of the Commonwealth, but at least it shows that the custom obtained throughout this half-century. Edward Carne of Ewenny left a daughter Blanche, aged ten, as his heiress. He bequeathed to her all his considerable estates and castles on condition that, before she was twenty-one, she should marry one of the sons of his cousin, William Carne of Nash,—‘ the choice and selection of which of them being left unto my said daughter, to satisfy her own affection, in hope of their more comfortable co-habitation and to oblige the respects of the said son.’ If she refused to marry any one of them, the estates were to pass at once to his cousin William Carne, or his heirs. This being so,

there was no temptation to them to put any pressure upon her inclinations, but either she was a prudent little person for her years or not averse to her cousins, for before she was eleven she had made her choice. Her cousin William had eight sons then living, so she had a tolerably wide selection, and she wisely chose John the youngest, who was only double her age. How the match turned out we are not told—in all probability happily, since it is the happy marriages that leave no story, and the chances were better than in the case of Lord Herbert, the disparity in years being the other way.

The little heiress spoken of in the last chapter, Elizabeth Tanfield, was probably not allowed even so much freedom of choice. Lady Tanfield, we may be sure from what we read of her, was a woman who 'would stand no nonsense.' Elizabeth's inclinations were not likely to have been consulted, and at fifteen, so long as her beloved books were not taken from her, it was quite immaterial to her whom she married, and so far as is recorded she made no objection to being bestowed upon Sir Henry Cary, afterwards Lord Falkland, a man many years her senior, who avowedly wanted her for her money, and for many years made no pretence of any affection for her. For some time after her marriage she resided either with her own parents or with his, and certainly gained very little in the way of liberty to follow her own pursuits, both mother and mother-in-law treating her with the utmost severity. Lady Tanfield, who was a woman of so little education that she could not appreciate her daughter's, insisted on her copying all her letters to her husband out of a Complete Letter-writer, so that any confidential intercourse between the pair was precluded. Lady Cary could not only write, but express herself extremely well, and it is a great pity that so little of her own writing should survive. Her lively imagination and warm heart would

have given letters of hers great value and interest, the more so as she was singularly unaffected. She lives, however, with all her spontaneous charm, in the pages of her daughter's memoir.

Another mercenary marriage was that of little Mary Blacknall, daughter of John Blacknall of Abingdon, Berkshire, who was left an orphan at nine years old, and being an heiress of some consequence, became a ward of the Crown. These wardships were a lucrative matter, and an heiress was made the subject of much chaffering. Four relations applied for the custody of the young lady, with the right to bestow her in marriage when she should attain the age of fourteen. One of the guardians, named Libb, tried in an underhand way to marry her to his son before she was twelve; but another, her uncle Wiseman, becoming aware of it, appealed to the court, and an order was made that the ward, 'unmarried, unaffied, and uncontracted,' should, under a penalty of £5000, be sent to Lady Denham of Boarstall in Buckinghamshire, to be brought up with her daughters. Three of the guardians then offered her hand to Sir Edmund Verney for his eldest son, at that time about fifteen. Sir Edmund agreed to take the child, and pay the £1000 still due to the Crown, her uncles stipulating that she should not be forced in marriage, but should be well bred, and allowed to make her choice at years competent. Sir Edmund and Dame Margaret loyally fulfilled their trust, and trained her to be a good, charming, and accomplished woman.

Thirteen was considered to be 'a competent age,' and a decree having been procured from the Court of Wards, she was married to Ralph in May 1639, he being then not quite sixteen. The wedding was a very quiet one, and Lady Verney writes in excuse to Mrs. Wiseman, the wife of one of the uncles:—'Your neece
' and my sonne are now marred. God send them as

‘ much happiness as I wish them, and then I am sure
 ‘ it will be to all our comforts.’ She apologises for the
 privacy of the wedding, but hopes to see the Wisemans
 at Claydon, ‘ wher though you will not find a wedding
 ‘ feast, yett I will assure you of the heartiest wellcome
 ‘ I can give ; and shall alwayes rest thankful to you for
 ‘ the favour. Mr. Verney is gone to Courte, but com-
 ‘ manded me to present his love and service.’ The
 bride herself writes¹ :—

‘ GOOD AUNT,—Besides the desire I have to heare of
 ‘ your health and my uncles, I thinck it fitt to acquaint
 ‘ you that now I am maried, in which state I hope God
 ‘ wil give mee his blessings and make it happy to mee.
 ‘ Sir Edmund and my lady would have had you at the
 ‘ marrage, but I prayed them it might be privatly done,
 ‘ and soe it was, for neyther Sir Thomas Denton nor
 ‘ his lady were present att it. And as I had your
 ‘ loving advise to it soe I assure myself I shall have
 ‘ your prayers for the good success of it. I pray you
 ‘ present my service to my good uncle and yourself,
 ‘ with my best love to all my cussens ; and soe I rest,
 ‘ Your loving neece to serve you, M. VERNEY.’

In her reply Mrs. Wiseman mentions that ‘ Aunt
 Libb,’ who had tried to marry Mary to her son, ‘ sayeth
 ‘ that she hoppeth that I shall repent the mach as much
 ‘ as anything that ever I did, but I have a betere
 ‘ beleafe.’

Her ‘ betere beleafe ’ was justified : no marriage could
 have been happier. After years of married life, when
 sorrows and difficulties had tested and strengthened the
 bond, in a letter to Ralph, his uncle, Dr. Denton, speaks
 of her as ‘ your sweetest comfort.’ After the marriage
 the young husband went to Oxford to pursue his
 studies ; Mary returned for a little while to her own
 relations, and then came home to Claydon to be the

¹ *Verney Papers.* Camden Society.

pet daughter of the house, as much loved by her father and mother-in-law as any of their own children. She was especially dear to Sir Edmund, whose letters to her are full of fatherly affection. One is written from Bath, whither he had gone to try the waters for sciatica, with which he was greatly troubled.

‘GOOD DAWGHTER,—I cannot prevaile with your
 ‘ husband to leave me. I cannot gett him from me
 ‘ without a quarrell. Therefore, good heart, forgive
 ‘ us boath, since his absence is against boath our wills.
 ‘ Hee is every day in the Bathe; I pray god it maye
 ‘ doe him good. For my parte I am sure I fiend none
 ‘ in it, but since I am come here, I will try the utter-
 ‘ most of it, that I maye not bee reproacht att my
 ‘ returne for dooing things by halves. Att our first
 ‘ coming the towne was empty, but now it is full of
 ‘ very good company, and wee pass our time awaye
 ‘ as merrily as paine will give uss leave. In discharge
 ‘ of parte of my promiss, I have written to my lady
 ‘ Gawdy and Mrs. Siddenham. I knowe not where
 ‘ they are, but I presume you doe. I pray send thes
 ‘ inclosed lettres to them. Commend mee to my neece
 ‘ Hobart and Doll, to Natt, if hee bee still with you;
 ‘ and soe, deere heart, farwell.—Your loving father
 ‘ and faithful friend, ED. VERNEY.

‘ Bathe, this 20th of August (1635)

‘ For my dawghter Verney, thes.’

Another letter some few years later was written from York, where Sir Edmund was in attendance on the king, on the subject of the marriage of his widowed sister, Mrs. Pulteney, who had privately married a Roman Catholic, to the dismay of her relations. The strength of feeling in the matter is indicated by Ralph’s characterising her being married by a Roman priest as ‘soe foule an act.’

‘GOOD DAUGHTER,—I know noe news to send thee,
 ‘ nor will I use anything of cerimony with one so near
 ‘ mee. I would faine tell thee how much I love thee,
 ‘ but trewly I cannott. I know not any waye soe
 ‘ trewly to express it as to saye you are in my affection
 ‘ equall to your husband. Beleeve mee, sweete hearte,
 ‘ I can never love thee more, and I hope I shall never
 ‘ love thee less.

‘ Daughter, I know you have a great interest in my
 ‘ good sister Poultny. I begg of you to use all your
 ‘ credditt with her to bee carefull of her selfe. I feare
 ‘ she will doe a foolish and a wicked thing. I vow to
 ‘ God my heart is soe full of greefe for her, that I
 ‘ cannot fiend rest any where. God of his mercy give
 ‘ her grace to avoyd the misfortune. Comend mee to
 ‘ all my frends with you and thos at the next howse.
 ‘ Farewell ; your trewly loving father, ED. VERNEY.

‘ Yorke, this 9th of Aprill (1639).

‘ For my deere daughter Verney, thes.’

Sir Edmund's own daughters, not being great matches, were not married quite so quickly. Cary, the fourth, his favourite and ‘shee-darling,’ was the first to wed, and was sixteen before a match was arranged for her with the son of Sir Thomas Gardiner, a vehement royalist, whose views, expressed with hectoring exaggeration, must sometimes have clashed with the very moderate ones of Sir Edmund. From an occasional reference in the family letters we gather that the affair was quite a love-match and originated with the young people themselves, though the parents, as was customary, formally settled it. As to the other sisters who remained unmarried at the time of their father's death, arranging matches for them was not the least of their elder brother's cares. The extremely practical letters some of them wrote upon the subject, show that it was not only parents who were mercenary and prudent.

Except in the case of Cary, falling in love seemed to have had little or nothing to do with it. Eventually these young ladies were all disposed of, though not in all cases happily,—Moll, indeed, who was rather uncouth, according to her sister-in-law's account, got into sad trouble, in which her uncle Denton acted a most kind and fatherly part. Even obstreperous Betty, tamed by school, became the wife of a country parson.

The large family of the Earl of Cork afforded many instances of these very early marriages. His great wealth and position made his young people of consequence, and they were eagerly sought after. His eldest daughter, Alice, was married to Lord Barrymore when she was thirteen; the second, Sarah, was only twelve when she was contracted to Sir Thomas Moore—indeed, the negotiations were begun when she was but eight. Being left a widow at fourteen, she was quickly remarried to one of the Digby family. His favourite daughter Lettice, and her sister Joan, were left unmarried to the mature age of nineteen, and seem both to have made rather bad bargains—in truth the characters of the boys to whom they were given in marriage were quite unformed, and it was hard to foretell whether their wild foolish ways were the exuberance of youthful spirits or a want of principle. Extreme youth on the side of the husbands was of course much more of a risk than on the side of the wife: the child wives often turned out remarkably well; the boy husbands less often. How absurdly childish some of these lads were is shown by a little note in Lord Cork's diary, in which he always set down every disbursement to the very smallest.¹

'My Lord of Kildare for discovering who it was that had battered and abused my silver trencher plate, was by me promised £6, for which when he had my promise, he said that it was himself with knocking

¹ *Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick*, by C. Fell Smith.

‘marybones upon them. Whereupon in discharge of my promise, I commanded my servant William Barber to fetch him £6 in gold, which his Lordship without making any apology accepted, and I presently pocketed that affront.’

When Lord Dungarvan, the Earl’s eldest son, was nearly twenty, King Charles interested himself in the matter of his matching, proposing the Lady Anne Fielding, elder daughter of Lady Denbigh, and niece of the Duke of Buckingham. Dungarvan had an interview with the king at St James’s Palace on the subject. Charles told the young man he did not desire to urge his affections; ‘It was a way he never meant to use to any of his subjects. “Lay your hand upon your heart,” the King said, “and give me an answer as your affection moves you. This much I will assure you, that whether you like or dislike the lady, I will never think the worse of you,” and thereupon the King departed. My Lord, I vow unto you I never saw a man express himself more nobly and sweetly than the King did in this business.’ This extract is taken from a letter Dungarvan wrote to his father after seeing the king.

His mind being not yet made up, it was agreed that he should travel for two years, leaving the question in abeyance, at the end of which time, in spite of some gossip and attempted mischief-making between him and the young lady’s family, he presented himself as a suitor, and made himself so agreeable both to Lady Anne and her mother, that the match was happily concluded. She seems to have been almost as great a favourite with her father-in-law as Mrs. Ralph Verney was with hers, and a very sweet little letter to him gives a pleasant impression of her. Good temper and a submissive disposition must have been invaluable in households where several married sons and daughters lived under the parental roof.

It was a pity the king should not always have acted with the same tender and wise consideration in these marriage questions, but sometimes he allowed himself to be swayed by the wishes of the queen, who was a very vehement partisan, and always bent on obtaining favours for her own attendants. Sir Thomas Stafford, her gentleman-usher, was ambitious of an alliance with the Earl of Cork, and greatly desired to marry his step-daughter, Elizabeth Killigrew, to Francis, the youngest but one of Cork's sons. The lad was not quite sixteen, and his father very wisely desired that only a contract should be entered into, after which he might travel and see something of the world. But the young lady's mother, anxious to secure so wealthy a match for her daughter, and realising that with such very young people there might yet be a slip betwixt cup and lip, insisted that a marriage should be concluded. The king, urged by the queen, wrote a letter to Lord Cork, practically tantamount to a command, requesting that he would give his consent. Under such pressure, the old earl did not see his way to refusing, but sent his son, though with some misgivings, as he showed in a letter commending the young man to his future mother-in-law, 'as a silken thread to be wrought into what ' sample you please, either flower or weed, and to be ' knotted or untied as God shall be pleased to put it ' into your noble heart, . . . and therefore I pray you ' guide him to the best improvement of himself and ' yours.'

The marriage therefore took place, and Lord Cork records in his diary that the king himself gave the bride away, led her out to dance, and conducted her to the bedchamber, 'where the Queen with her own ' hand did help to undresse her. And his Majesty ' and the Queen both stayed in the bedchamber till ' they saw my son and his wife in bed together, and

‘ they both kissed the bride and blessed them as I did.’
Next day the Earl made them a great feast in his house
in the Savoy, and four days later the young bride-
groom departed with his tutor and his brother by Rye
and Dieppe for a tour on the continent, leaving the
bride with her mother.

These ancient marriage customs make the reader
suddenly realise at how great a distance in some
respects we stand from that day, which in many other
ways comes so strangely near our own.

CHAPTER IX

SOME WHO CHOSE FOR THEMSELVES

IN most cases daughters were allowed at least a right of veto: certainly it was so with such kind and affectionate parents as Lord and Lady Leicester, the Earl of Cork, Sir Edmund and Lady Verney, and doubtless with hosts of others. As a rule the daughters seem to have fallen in with their parents' views willingly enough. The inexorable father is occasionally to be met with, but it is more often the mother who will not suffer her plans to be thwarted, and tries to coerce a disobedient girl. Lady Tanfield, we may be sure, would have carried out her will, but Elizabeth submitted quite passively to her fate. Mrs. Murray, whose daughter always speaks of her with respect and affection, was as adamant when Anne wished to follow her own will; but there were many who consulted their children's inclinations almost as much as modern parents do.

The fair Lady Dorothy Sidney, Doll as she was in her own family, 'Sacharissa,' in Waller's verse,¹ must needs have been greatly sought after. Her parents, however, were in no haste to part with her, and she was kept in her country seclusion till she was nearly eighteen, when her mother realised that it was time to see her settled in life, and took her up to town. She had not been without lovers in the country: Edmund Waller, as we have seen, had known and

¹ *Sacharissa*, by Mrs. Ady.

admired her from early girlhood, and in 'Go, lovely rose,' reproaches her for holding so aloof. She evidently did not return his ardour. Inexperienced as she was, her clear eyes probably discerned the innate unworthiness of the man who later rushed into a hopeless and incapably managed plot, and then betrayed his colleagues to save himself. She accepted the tribute of his exquisite lyrics with unmoved dignity, but neither she nor her parents ever took his pretensions seriously. Very likely he did not himself,—it was a poet's idyl, nothing more.

Taken into society, Lady Doll still showed herself reserved and hard to please though many suitors were offered to her notice. Overtures were made on behalf of the Earl of Devonshire, who seemed in every respect a most desirable match: a man of irreproachable conduct and charming manners, newly returned from abroad with all the polish foreign courts could give, he yet failed to please the fair Sacharissa, and this although his sister Lady Anne Cavendish was her bosom friend. He and his brother Sir Charles were considered among the most accomplished young men of a day which abounded in men of culture, and Dorothy could appreciate culture. It was all in vain: everything was favourable except Dorothy's own heart, and her wise mother left her free to follow its dictates, well knowing her seriousness and good sense.

Sir Richard Lovelace also wooed in vain; but it was not wonderful that he failed to win, since his romantic story was well known, and Dorothy was not likely to care for a heart that was the acknowledged property of another. He had been deeply attached to Miss Lucy Sacheverell, who, hearing false news of his death, married some one else, and he continued to write to her exquisite verses, *To Lucasta*—Lux Casta, chaste light, a play upon her name in the taste of the day,

which many years after, while in prison, he collected and published.

At length the right man appeared in the person of young Lord Sunderland of Althorp. Having lost his father early, he had been carefully educated by his mother, who was Penelope, daughter of Henry Wriothesley, Lord Southampton, the friend of Shakespeare and of Essex. His uncle, Thomas Wriothesley, was joint-guardian, and the young man grew up in an atmosphere of refinement not unworthy of Penshurst. He was sent to Magdalen at sixteen, and took his M.A. degree at the same time as Prince Rupert, on the occasion of the king's visit to Oxford in 1636. He is described as handsome, with very gentle manners and refined tastes, studious, and fond of the society of men older than himself. Conscientious too, and devoted to a country life and the care of his household and tenants, and rather shrinking from the gay world, he was in all points well fitted to mate with sweet Dorothy. The marriage was, as was customary, arranged between the parents, but it was very evident the proposals followed the inclinations of the young people. The wedding took place at Penshurst on the 20th of July 1639.

Very different was the marriage of Mary Boyle, the youngest living of the Earl of Cork's numerous daughters.¹ Having married her five elder sisters to his mind, he was very anxious that his favourite, Mary, should make a good match, and at twelve years old, which was considered the proper time for a young lady to make her *début*, she was taken from the charge of Lady Clayton, who had brought her up, and returned to her father's house. She was set up with an abundance of fine clothes, feathers, and jewels, satins and brocades, for her father was bent on giving her every advantage, and though so careful and accurate in

¹ *Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick.*

all money matters never grudged spending liberally for his daughters.

The first suitor who presented himself was Sir James Hamilton, but Mary would have nothing whatever to say to him, and he retired discomfited to 'ye Bathe' to nurse his disappointment. Lord Cork scolded Mary, who seems to have given him some encouragement at the outset; but the match was not a very brilliant one, and her father allowed it to drop.

He then took a house in the Savoy from Sir Thomas Stafford, that his daughter might have every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the fashionable young gallants of the town. In vain, however. Mistress Mary liked very well dressing and dancing, and being escorted to plays and routs to Hyde Park and Spring Gardens, but when one desirable match after another wished to come to the point and settle matters with her father, she turned restive and would have none of them. Lord Cork at length grew out of patience with her whims, and thought to reduce her to obedience by cutting off supplies. But this was not the way to manage Mary. She was not to be coerced. She went into debt for what she wanted, and no doubt borrowed for trifles of her young sister-in-law Elizabeth, her brother Francis's wife, who was at this time living with them and was her 'chamber-fellow' and great ally, and backed her up in all her rebellions. Finding this method of overcoming his daughter's wilfulness vain, Lord Cork gave orders to his steward Chettle to restore her allowance of a hundred pounds a year and one pound for pin-money.

At length Mary's obstinacy passed from the negative to the positive. After refusing the suitors pressed upon her by her father she chose for herself, and fell violently in love with Charles Rich, to whom, for many reasons, Lord Cork strongly objected. He was a younger son,

his health was indifferent, and his grandfather the Earl of Warwick was opposed to her father in politics. But it seemed that opposition was the one thing needed to quicken Mary's affections. Aided by Mrs. Francis Boyle, who was very young and very indiscreet, the two contrived secret meetings, and at last a marriage was brought about by means that seem very questionable, to say the least. Miss Fell Smith, in her excellent biography, gives Mary the benefit of any doubt that may rest upon the affair, but her own words are hardly ambiguous. It is almost impossible not to conclude that she pledged her honour to extort her father's consent. Circumstances played into her hands: her sister-in-law sickened of something which it was feared might prove smallpox, and Mary in haste was taken first to her sister's house, and then, since it appeared that she had already taken the infection, hurried off to a lodging where she was under no one's control. Her illness turned out to be nothing more serious than measles, and while she was laid up she was frequently visited by her lover. Before long the length to which the affair had gone was discovered by her father and brothers, and directly she was able to be moved she was taken by her brother, Lord Broghill, to a little house near Hampton Court. The hurried negotiations that ensued between her father and brothers on the one part, and Lord Warwick and Lord Holland, the young man's grandfather and uncle on the other, do not look as if nothing more than a verbal promise had passed. Neither is it likely that, offended though he was, Lord Cork would have suffered his favourite daughter's wedding to be such a hole-and-corner affair had there been no scandal about it. It took place quite privately at Shepperton, 'in fre hand,' as the parish register records, there having been no person to give the bride away. This view of the story is borne out by Mary's extreme penitence in after life when a great change had

come upon her, and from a giddy, high-spirited, wilful girl, she had grown into a serious, deeply religious woman.

Outwardly she prospered. Those who stood between Charles Rich and the family honours died, and he succeeded to the earldom of Warwick. She was an excellent wife to a very trying husband, but hardly a happy one. His ill health became chronic. He was a martyr to the gout, and his violent temper and bad language were a great trial to the tender conscience of his wife to the end of their married life. He was sincerely attached to her at bottom, but he rarely let her feel it, and gave her ample cause to repent getting her own way.

One who was much happier in making her own choice, and adhering to it in the face of opposition from father and brothers, was Dorothy Osborne,¹ one of the most attractive figures that seventeenth-century letters reveal. But then, though her constancy to her lover was unshaken, she would do nothing against her father's will. Until she could overcome opposition she would not marry Sir William Temple, but she would marry no one else, and her firmness, good sense, and discretion conquered in the end. Her father was Sir Peter Osborne, Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey, who held Castle Cornet for the king, and afterwards retired to Chicksands in Bedfordshire, and at the time of her engagement Dorothy was the only unmarried daughter. Her first meeting with Sir William Temple was distinguished by a curious little incident. She was travelling in the Isle of Wight with one of her brothers, and met with Sir William at an inn where they stayed. It was in the year 1648, when feeling on both sides ran high, and young Osborne, boy-like, reckless of consequences, scratched on a window with a diamond ring some remarks highly uncomplimentary to the ruling

¹ *Letters of Dorothy Osborne.*

powers. Before they left in the morning the escapade was discovered ; they were detained, and he narrowly escaped being put in prison by his sister taking the crime on herself, as the authorities would not be so likely to visit such a thing on a woman. Whether Sir William, who though not a strong partisan was both by family connections and personal bias on the Parliamentary side, exerted himself on their behalf we are not told—probably he did. At any rate, Dorothy's spirit and charm, though she was not pretty, made upon him an impression never to be effaced.

As may be supposed, such an alliance would be most repugnant to Sir Peter and his sons, who were all vehement royalists, although he considered himself to have been unfairly treated by both the king and the Prince of Wales, and had certainly been maligned by Sir George Carteret, the Governor of Jersey. His loyalty was, however, quite unshaken, and he was most averse to give his daughter to a man who was in the service of the Parliament. Dorothy refused to act in opposition to his wishes, and for long there was no definite engagement, but the two carried on a correspondence through many years. Her letters have been most fortunately preserved, and in them we see a woman of singular charm ; warm-hearted but reserved, clever, well-read, with a keen sense of humour, full of dignity and with a fine sense of what was fitting in the rather unusual circumstances. They must not only have been a treasure to the fortunate lover who received them, but they come to us after the lapse of two centuries and a half with an unfaded freshness and charm. They give a delightful picture of the quiet country life at Chicksands, her early walks on dewy mornings, her books about which she writes much bright and acute criticism, of her visitors, especially her unwelcome suitors, whom she contrives to keep at bay. She makes very merry over Sir Justinian Isham, an elderly aspirant with

grown-up daughters, whose stately deportment caused her to dub him the Emperor.

Love-letters in the ordinary sense these scarcely are : they are rather the letters of a friend to a friend in whom she was secure of entire sympathy both in feeling and intellectually. She indulges in no expressions of affection—that is rather understood than expressed. Indeed her opinion on the subject of love-matches is rather startling in one who followed so faithfully the dictates of her own heart. Clearly she has in mind some such instance of wilfulness as that of Lady Mary Boyle, whose story has just been told, or that of a younger sister of Dorothy Sidney, Lady Isabella, who insisted on marrying her cousin, Lord Strangford, against her father's will, and of whom Dorothy Osborne more than once speaks with strong disapproval. What she says is evidently in answer to some remark in a letter from Sir William.

‘No, you are mistaken ; but I’ll tell you what I could suffer, that they should say I married where I had no inclination, because my friends thought it fit, rather than that I had run wilfully to my own ruin in pursuit of a fond passion of my own. To marry for love were no reproachful thing if we did not see that of the thousand couples that do it, hardly one can be brought for an example that it may be done and not repented of afterwards. Is there anything thought so indiscreet, or that makes one more contemptible?’

What a pity Sir William's letters were not preserved as well,—surely Dorothy must have kept them, and some descendant who disliked lumber and found them quite unpolitical must have committed them to the flames. The Sir William Temple of Macaulay's *Essays* seems a cold, formal person : Dorothy's William, we feel sure, must have had more human nature about him. Did he express more warmth of feeling than she did? Probably, for she had a great idea of womanly

reticence. We know, at any rate, that he sat up late at night to have his replies ready for the return of the slow carrier who brought the precious missives up from Bedfordshire, and called early the next morning to take back the replies. I doubt if they were so lively, so unaffected, such good reading as hers, but they were eminently satisfactory to the one for whom they were written.

It is interesting to know that this charming Dorothy had a great admiration for that other Dorothy of whom we have been speaking. She was acquainted with her through Sir William Temple, who had spent a good deal of his boyhood in the rectory at Penshurst under the care of his uncle Dr. Hammond, and had been thrown a good deal with the young Sidneys. He had, as was likely, a boy's enthusiasm for the beautiful 'Sacharissa,' and his own Dorothy when she sends him her portrait playfully begs that it may not displace that of 'my lady.' The fair young widow whose sorrows had placed her in a niche apart, was a still more romantic figure than the poet's muse, and it was with a shock of absolute indignation that Dorothy heard that the adored Lady Sunderland was about to descend from her pathetic solitude and take a second husband, a certain Mr. Smith.

After long years of submissive faithfulness, of hectoring from brothers, of occasional brief misunderstandings, the lovers were at last united after the death of Sir Peter, but not till fate had tried a last shaft in striking down Dorothy with the smallpox on the very eve of her marriage, when she was in London choosing her outfit. Marred though her looks were, it made no difference to her faithful lover : it was the woman, not the beauty, that he had adored, and as in the old-fashioned novels, they were married and lived happy ever after.

Another who offered a passive resistance to the plans made by her parents for her settlement in life was Lucy

Apsley, the precocious infant who could recite sermons at four years old and pulled other children's dolls to pieces, who had grown into a learned, austere, but very handsome young woman. Her story of how her engagement came about, related by her own pen in her life of her husband, is a charming little romance. Her description of him at the age of twenty, when he had just left Cambridge where he had been at Peterhouse, and according to the fashion of the day was about to enter at Lincoln's Inn, though drawn with a partial hand, gives the reader a very clear conception of the man.

'He was of a middle stature, of a slender and exactly well-proportioned shape in all parts, his complexion fair, his hair of light brown very thick-set in his youth, softer than the finest silk, and curling into loose great rings at the ends; his eyes of a lively grey, well-shaped and full of life and vigour, graced with many becoming motions; his visage thin, his mouth well made, and his lips very ruddy and graceful, although the nether chap shut over the upper, yet it was in such a manner as was not unbecoming; his teeth were even and white as the purest ivory; his chin was something long, and the mould of his face; his forehead was not very high; his nose was raised and sharp, but withal he had a most amiable countenance, which carried in it something of magnanimity and majesty mixed with sweetness, that at the same time bespoke love and awe in all that saw him.'¹ This description, borne out by his portrait, sets before us just such a man as corresponds to the character he has left in history. Strong, unyielding, given to pursuing ideal ends and flinging himself against stone-walls; high-minded, pure-hearted, yet narrow and utterly incapable of viewing a question from any standpoint but his own; with nothing mean about him, yet curiously

¹ *Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson.*

difficult to get on with, and apt to irritate both subordinates and those who had to work with him—none the less because he was so often in the right, and invariably thought himself so. His two strongest principles were hatred of ‘Popery’ and devotion to his ideal of a republic, an ideal for which, if it were ever practicable, the times were not ripe. His political principles and his strong antagonism to Cromwell in later days hardly belong to our subject, save as they throw his character into strong relief. Puritan though he was from his youth up in manners and morals, his dress was always very careful and precise in the graceful fashion of the day, and he was a man of refined tastes and many accomplishments, being especially skilled in music.

His wife gives a rather amusing account of a few early love-affairs. She is so evidently anxious lest the reader should suppose his heart ever to have been seriously touched before he met her—before he heard of her rather, for he seems to have fallen in love with the mere report of her virtues and accomplishments. He had gone down to Richmond, and was boarding in the house of his music-master, where, as her narrative relates, ‘he found a great deal of good young company, ‘and many ingenuous persons that, by reason of the ‘court, where the young princes were bred, entertained ‘themselves in that place, and had frequent resort to ‘the house where Mr. Hutchinson tabled. The man ‘being a skilful composer in music, the rest of the ‘king’s musicians often met at his house to practise ‘new airs and prepare them for the king; and divers ‘of the gentlemen and ladies that were affected with ‘music, came thither to hear; others that were not, ‘took that pretence to entertain themselves with the ‘company. Mr. Hutchinson was soon courted into ‘their acquaintance, and invited to their houses, where ‘he was nobly treated, with all the attractive arts that

‘ young women and their parents use to procure them
‘ lovers ; but though some of them were very handsome,
‘ others wealthy, witty, and well qualified, and all of
‘ them set out with all the gaiety and bravery that vain
‘ women put on to set themselves off, yet Mr. Hutchinson
‘ could not be entangled in any of their fine snares ; but
‘ without any taint of incivility, he in such a way of
‘ handsome raillery reproved their pride and vanity, as
‘ made them ashamed of their glory, and vexed that he
‘ alone, of all the young gentlemen that belonged to the
‘ court or neighbourhood, should be insensible of their
‘ charms. In the same house with him there was a
‘ younger daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, late lieutenant
‘ of the Tower, tabled for the practice of her lute, stay-
‘ ing till the return of her mother, who was gone into
‘ Wiltshire for the accomplishment of a treaty that had
‘ been made some progress in, about the marriage of
‘ her elder daughter with a gentleman of that county
‘ out of which my lady herself came, and where her
‘ brothers, Sir John St. John and Sir Edward Hunger-
‘ ford, living in great honour and reputation, had invited
‘ her to visit them. This gentlewoman that was left in
‘ the house with Mr. Hutchinson was a very child, her
‘ elder sister at that time being scarcely past it ; but
‘ a child of such pleasantness and vivacity of spirit,
‘ and ingenuity in the quality she practised, that Mr.
‘ Hutchinson took pleasure in hearing her practise,
‘ and would fall in discourse with her. She having
‘ the keys of her mother’s house, some half a mile
‘ distant, would sometimes ask Mr. Hutchinson, when
‘ she went over, to walk along with her. One day
‘ when he was there, looking upon an odd by-shelf in
‘ her sister’s closet, he found a few Latin books ; and
‘ asking whose they were, he was told they were her
‘ elder sister’s ; whereupon, inquiring more after her,
‘ he began first to be sorry she was gone before he
‘ had seen her, and gone upon such an account that he

' was not likely to see her. Then he grew to love to
 ' hear mention of her, and the other gentlewomen who
 ' had been her companions used to talk much to him of
 ' her, telling him how reserved and studious she was,
 ' and other things that they esteemed no advantage.
 ' But it so inflamed Mr. Hutchinson's desire of seeing
 ' her, that he began to wonder at himself, that his
 ' heart, which had ever entertained so much indiffer-
 ' ence for the most excellent of womankind, should have
 ' such strong impulses towards a stranger he never saw;
 ' and certainly it was of the Lord (though he perceived
 ' it not), who had ordained him, through so many
 ' various providences, to be yoked with her in whom
 ' he found so much satisfaction.' Many little things
 contributed to keep up this fanciful passion. A sonnet
 which was sung one evening and attributed to her,
 though he thought 'it had in it something of rationality
 beyond the reach of a she-wit'; continual talk of her
 unapproachableness, and gossip as to the result of the
 marriage treaty, all combined to fan the flame till he was
 wholly possessed with the desire of seeing her. 'While
 ' he was exercised in this many days passed not, but
 ' a foot-boy of my lady her mother's came to young
 ' Mrs. Apsley as they were at dinner, bringing news
 ' that her mother and sister would in a few days return;
 ' and when they enquired of him whether Mrs. Apsley
 ' was married; having been before instructed to make
 ' them believe it, he smiled, and pulled out some bride
 ' laces, which were given at a wedding in the house
 ' where she was, and gave them to the young gentle-
 ' woman and the gentleman's daughter of the house,
 ' and told them Mrs. Apsley bade him tell no news,
 ' but give them these tokens, and carried the matter so,
 ' that all the company believed she had been married.
 ' Mr. Hutchinson immediately turned pale as ashes,
 ' and felt a fainting to seize his spirits in that extra-
 ' ordinary manner, that finding himself ready to sink

‘ at table, he was fain to pretend that something had
‘ offended his stomach, and to retire from the table into
‘ the garden ; where the gentleman of the house going
‘ with him, it was not necessary for him to feign sick-
‘ ness, for the distemper of his mind had infected his body
‘ with a cold sweat, and such a depression of spirit, that all
‘ the courage he could at present collect, was little enough
‘ to keep him alive. His host was very troublesome to
‘ him, and to be quit of him he went to his chamber,
‘ saying he would lie down. Little did any of the com-
‘ pany suspect the true cause of his sudden qualm, and
‘ they were all so troubled at it, that the boy then passed
‘ without further examination.’ It would be too long to
relate all his agitations of mind, but the next day at
supper a messenger arrived to tell Mrs. Apsley her
mother was come. ‘ She would immediately have gone,
‘ but Mr. Hutchinson pretending civility to conduct her
‘ home, made her stay till supper was ended, of which he
‘ ate no more, now only longing for that sight which
‘ he had with such perplexity expected. This at length
‘ he obtained ; but his heart, being prepossessed with
‘ his own fancy, was not free to discern how little
‘ there was in her to answer so great an expectation.
‘ She was not ugly in a careless riding-habit, she had
‘ a melancholy negligence both of herself and others, as
‘ if she neither affected to please others, nor took notice
‘ of anything before her ; yet in spite of all her indiffer-
‘ ence, she was surprised with some unusual liking in
‘ her soul when she saw this gentleman, who had eyes,
‘ hair, shape, and countenance enough to beget love in
‘ any one at the first, and these set off with a graceful
‘ and generous mien, which promised an extraordinary
‘ person. He was at that time, and indeed always very
‘ neatly habited, for he wore good and rich clothes, and
‘ had a variety of them, and had them well suited and
‘ every way answerable ; in that little thing showing
‘ both good judgment and great generosity, he equally

‘becoming them and they him, which he wore with
 ‘such equal unaffectedness and such neatness as we do
 ‘not often meet in one.

‘Although he had but an evening sight of her he had
 ‘so long desired, and that at disadvantage enough for
 ‘her; yet the prevailing sympathy of his soul made
 ‘him think all his pains well paid, and this first did
 ‘whet his desire of a second sight, which he had by
 ‘accident the next day, and to his joy found she was
 ‘wholly disengaged from that treaty, which he had so
 ‘much feared had been accomplished; he found withal,
 ‘that though she was modest, she was accostable,
 ‘and willing to entertain his acquaintance. This
 ‘soon passed into a mutual friendship between them,
 ‘and though she innocently thought nothing of love,
 ‘yet was she glad to have acquired such a friend,
 ‘who had wisdom and virtue enough to be trusted
 ‘with her councils, for she was then much perplexed
 ‘in mind.’

The story as it goes on is rather too lengthy to be narrated in her own words. As may be supposed, these confidences of hers, as to whether it was her duty to ‘bring her heart to her mother’s desire,’ soon led him to declare himself to her. She relates how ‘he daily frequented her mother’s house, and had the opportunity of conversing with her in those pleasant walks, which at that sweet season of spring, invited all the neighbouring inhabitants to seek their joys; where, though they were never alone, yet they had every day opportunity for converse with each other, which the rest shared not in, while every one minded their own delights.’ After a few attempts at mischief-making from jealous neighbours, all ended happily, though on the very eve of the wedding a great calamity befell, for, like poor Dorothy Osborne, the bride sickened of the smallpox, and, after being in hazard of her life, was for long much disfigured. ‘Yet he was nothing

‘troubled at it, but married her as soon as she was able
 ‘to quit her chamber, when the priest and all that saw
 ‘her were affrighted to look on her; but God recom-
 ‘pensed His justice and constancy by restoring her,
 ‘though she was longer than ordinary before she
 ‘recovered to be as well as before.’

Sons were hardly less at the will of their fathers than daughters, as we have seen in the Earl of Cork’s family. Even Lucius Cary, who at nineteen, endowed with his grandfather’s wealth, was in an unusually independent position, found it difficult to assert his right to choose for himself. Lord Falkland, like every other Lord-Deputy of Ireland, found himself at the close of his term of office involved in a hopeless maze of debt. He had probably counted on his wife’s inheritance, but since she had offended her father, as well as her husband, by becoming a Roman Catholic, Sir Lawrence passed her over and had settled all his property on his eldest grandson. This made Lucius a very good match, and his father thought to repair his own broken fortunes by means of a wealthy marriage for his son. Lucius, however, had already chosen for himself: he had fallen in love with lovely Lettice Morrison, the sister of his great friend Sir Henry Morrison, who, though well connected, and by no means unsuitable, was of small fortune. Lord Falkland stormed in vain. The son had much of his mother’s character: not only her quick brain and inquiring mind had descended to him, but also her warm heart, her loyalty, and her impulsiveness. Nothing would make him false to his love; but when the marriage was concluded he went to his father, and offered him as a free gift the title-deeds of his two estates of Burford Priory and Great Tew, and no doubt Lettice’s unworldliness consented, if she did not suggest the offer. This, in common decency, the old lord could not accept, nor would he for long be reconciled. He hated to be thwarted, and he detested his daughter-in-

law's piety, and Lucius thought it wise to spend the first few years of his married life abroad.¹

The first marriage of his great friend, Edward Hyde, was also a love-match, though, in his case, with his father's consent and approbation.² His brief mention of his wife speaks of her as a young lady very fair and beautiful, the 'daughter of Sir John Ayliffe, a gentleman
' of a good Name and Fortune in the County of Wilts,
' where his own expectations lay, and by her Mother
' (a St. John) nearly allied to many noble families in
' England. He enjoyed this Comfort and Composure
' of Mind a very short Time, for within six Months
' after He was married, being upon the Way from
' London towards his Father's House, she fell sick at
' Reading, and being removed to a Friend's House
' near that Town, the small Pox declared themselves,
' and (she being with Child) forced her to miscarry ;
' and she died within two Days. He bore her Loss
' with so great Passion and Confusion of Spirit that it
' shook all the Frame of his Resolutions, and nothing
' but his entire Duty and Reverence to his Father kept
' him from giving over all Thoughts of Books and
' transporting himself beyond the Seas to enjoy his own
' Melancholy ; nor could any Persuasion or Importunity
' of his Friends prevail with him in some years to
' think of another Marriage.'

He did eventually marry again, suitably and to his contentment, but no woman henceforth was ever so dear to him as his friend. The home he cared for was Great Tew, and here he found his chief pleasure till the cruel vortex of politics swallowed up both friends : one was taken and the other left.

¹ *Falklands*, by the author of *Sir Kenelm Digby*.

² *Clarendon's Life*.

CHAPTER X

ROMANCE

THE reader will perhaps not have forgotten the pretty, childish love-makings between the small Kenelm Digby and his little play-fellow. As sometimes happens with such seedling loves, the roots continued to live and grow in the hearts of both through the darkness of separation, till at length when they met again, after the lapse of several years, it shot up into a full-blown romance, which has been related at length by the pen of one of the lovers ; and if it is not possible always to take every detail quite literally, remembering that both were of that order that sees its own adventures and experiences in 'the light that never was on sea or land,' yet there is no reason to doubt that the story is in its main outlines true.

They both must have been very striking young people. Kenelm, stately and well-made, bearing himself with dignity and grace despite his unusual height of six feet four, handsome, with dark curling hair and dark eyes, and dressed with 'curious niceness'; with a reputation for wit and learning that won him the title of the *Mirandula* of his age, and the courtly manners he had learned in Spain, was certainly a gallant fitted to turn the head of any girl; and when to these advantages was added the memory of their childish games together, of their little confidences and caresses—remembrances in common that no one else shared—

it was inevitable that he should hold a place apart in her thoughts.

This is Aubrey's description of her: 'She had a 'most lovely sweet-turned face, delicate darke browne 'haire. She had a perfect healthy constitution ; strong ; 'good skin ; well proportioned ; enclining to a Bona 'Roba. Her face, a short ovall ; dark browne eie- 'browe, about wch much sweetness, as also in the 'opening of her eie-lidds. The colour of her cheekes 'was just that of the Denmarke rose which is neither 'too hot nor too pale. She was of a just stature, not 'very tall.'¹ His is not usually a flattering pen, but the many portraits of her, especially the well-known one by Vandyck, fully bear out his description of her oval face and delicately pencilled eyebrows, with the added charm of a very lovely countenance. 'The most beautiful woman of her time,' her enthusiastic lover calls her, and we can well believe him, even in a day when beautiful women were not rare.²

Venetia was motherless, and her father having at the first given himself up to a retired life to indulge his 'melancholic fancies' on the loss of his young wife, had suffered a confirmed habit of solitude to grow upon him, and let his pretty daughter divert herself at her own sweet will. She had, it is true, a species of duenna or waiting gentlewoman who was supposed to be her chaperon, but this ancient gentlewoman was more giddy than her charge, and seems to have acted decoy rather than watch-dog. The young lady went into society very early, and amused herself pretty much as she pleased. There does not seem to have been any kinswoman or old friend to take the motherless beauty under her wing.

At her first court ball, pretty and striking as she was, she naturally attracted a good deal of attention, the young noblemen swarming round her, and paying

¹ *Eminent Persons.*

² *Life of Sir Kenelm Digby.*

her extravagant compliments in the euphuistic vein not yet gone out of fashion ; for this, it may be observed, was in the reign of King James, when the fashions of Elizabeth's day were waning but had not yet made way for the severer taste of Charles's court. Some of these flowery compliments are recorded at length in Sir Kenelm's private memoirs, and are in curious contrast to the extreme simplicity of diction that ruled a very few years later. She danced the *corrente* or *coranto*, the then fashionable dance, so admirably that, when the dancers 'had seen how skilfully she kept time with 'her feet to the music's sound, she was suffered no 'more to return to her former seat.' Wearied out as she was when she returned from the ball, girl-like she eagerly recounted her triumphs to her *duenna*. That untrustworthy old lady had been won over to the interests of the gentleman who had addressed such flowery compliments to Venetia, and could only regret that she had given 'so cold an entertainment to the respects of so noble and deserving a gentleman.' Venetia, however, was loyal to the memory of her old playmate, and her gentlewoman in vain reminded her of his poverty and the stain on his name. Finding remonstrance useless, she laid a cunning plot in the interests of her client. She came one day to her mistress, and with feigned joy told her that heaven was gracious to her desires : Kenelm had returned to England, and prayed his old love to grant him a meeting about sunset in a park some three miles out of the city—probably Hyde Park. Discretion was not Venetia's strong point. She eagerly acceded, and her gentlewoman having suggested that to avoid notice it would be better to have a hired carriage at the back door of the garden instead of using her own, fell easily into the plot, and wishing to have her first meeting with Kenelm in private, set out alone, without even the protection of the old governess.

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‘She was scarce gone halfway to the appointed place, when five or six horsemen well mounted, overtook the coach. They summoned the driver to stop, an order which he obeyed with suspicious alacrity. Then two of the horsemen alighting, came into the coach, and drawing their poignards, threatened her with death if she cried out or made any noise; assuring her withal, that from them she should receive no violence if she would sit quietly; and therewithal drew the curtains that none might see who was in the coach as they passed by.’

On they went through the darkness hour after hour, and Venetia, ‘in an abyss of sorrow, and fearing the worst that might happen to an undefended maid that was fallen into rude hands, had begun to think the night would never end, when she fancied she perceived a faint glimmer of dawn. Just then they came to a house and drew up at the door. Venetia was helped out of the carriage with a great show of civility, and on entering, was received in the hall by an old housekeeper, who, entertaining her with comfortable speeches, and the assurance of all service intended to her, which she should quickly perceive to be true, brought her into a very handsome room, remarking that after so tedious and troublesome a night as of necessity she must have passed, it would be better leave her a little while to herself.’

Overcome with weariness, she slept for some hours till roused by a step that stumbled on entering. She started up, and drawing back the curtain recognised to her horror the gentleman who had made himself so obnoxious by his compliments at the ball. Kneeling by her side, after a long pause he addressed her, and declared the passion which had led him to carry her off; but Venetia received his confession with vehement indignation, declaring her determination to commit suicide rather than submit, and adding, ‘My

‘injured ghost shall be a perpetual terror to your guilty
‘soul, which I will so pursue, that I will make you
‘fly to hell to save you from my more tormenting
‘vengeance.’ He then tried another line, professing
so much concern to see ‘how negligent her father was
‘of her, that left her so young and in the tuition of
‘so false a servant, to live by herself in a dissolute
‘age.’ So he had enticed her to his house to afford
her a haven of refuge from the wicked gallants of the
court. This did not impose on Venetia, but she
thought it wise to temporise, and the old housekeeper,
‘none else being suffered to attend them,’ now brought
in supper. ‘When it was over, her host taking her
‘by the hand, led her down the stairs into the garden
‘that her chamber window looked into, all the several
‘parts of which she narrowly observed.

‘At length, the sun setting and a gummy dew be-
‘ginning to fall, he asked her if she was not tired with
‘walking, which intimation of retiring she taking hold
‘of, they returned again to the house, and her host
‘took his leave and wished her a quiet and happy
‘night, commanding the old woman to attend dili-
‘gently upon her. This confidential servant then
‘helped her to bed, and retired herself into an inner
‘chamber.’ After giving way for a little while to tears
and lamentations, Venetia began to consider with her-
self how she might escape.

‘When walking with him she had observed how,
‘in one corner of the garden, there was an arbour
‘seated upon a mount which overlooked the wall, and
‘by that place she deemed that she might most fitly
‘take her flight. Wherefore, when by her loud snor-
‘ing she perceived that her guardian was fast asleep,
‘she rose with as little noise as she could, and, tying
‘her sheets together, made one of them fast to a bar in
‘the window, and by that let herself down so gently
‘that she came to touch the ground without any hurt,

‘ and then going straight to the arbour, she got down
 ‘ the wall by making use of her garters, as before she
 ‘ had done of her sheets ; and then finding herself at
 ‘ liberty in the park, she directed her course one
 ‘ certain way until she came to the pales, which with
 ‘ some difficulty she climbed over ; and then she
 ‘ wandered about large fields and horrid woods, with-
 ‘ out meeting any highway or sign of habitation.

‘ On and on she walked, she knew not whither, all
 ‘ through the long night, until as the morning was be-
 ‘ ginning to break, thinking herself far enough from the
 ‘ house of her late captor, she sat down to take some rest.
 ‘ It was a desolate spot, but she was wearied out, and
 ‘ felt as if she could no longer either walk or keep her
 ‘ eyes open. Just as she was on the point of dropping
 ‘ off to sleep, a hungry wolf came rushing out of a
 ‘ wood close by, and perceiving her by the increasing
 ‘ twilight, ran at her with open mouth. Venetia ran
 ‘ away ; the wolf ran after her. Naturally the wolf
 ‘ ran faster and soon seized hold of her dress and
 ‘ pulled her down.

‘ Fortunately her screams were heard by a young
 ‘ sportsman who had been out all night endeavouring
 ‘ to harbour a stag in the wood. Running in the direc-
 ‘ tion of the sounds of distress he caught sight of her
 ‘ almost immediately after she had fallen ; whereupon
 ‘ he blew his horn, and the wolf, being frightened, ran
 ‘ off, though too late to save his life, as the young
 ‘ hunter’s servants came up with strong and swift dogs,
 ‘ which caught the wolf and quickly made an end of
 ‘ the unhappy beast.’

Almost dead with fear as she was, and torn in some
 places by the wolf’s teeth, she rested upon a green
 bank and related her adventures to her deliverer, who
 in spite of her pallor and bloodstained condition was
 rapt in admiration of her beauty. By one of those
 wonderful strokes of luck that happen more often in

romance than in real life, she then discovered that a house, the turrets of which she could see through the trees, belonged to a kinswoman of her own, who figures in the memoirs as 'Lady Artesia.' To this house the servants of Sir Edward Sackville, who is dubbed 'Mardontius,' conducted her, and for the moment her troubles were over. Her kinswoman received her very kindly, and presently it appeared that Lady Digby, the mother of Sir Kenelm, was a great friend of hers and was expected within three days on a visit.

One evening as they walked together in the garden they became very confidential on the subject of Lady Digby and her sons, and Lady Artesia, after gratifying Venetia with Kenelm's praises, dashed her to the ground by informing her that both his mother's heart and her own were set on a match between him and her grandchild, a young lady of great beauty and fortune. Venetia nearly fainted away on hearing this news, but was somewhat revived on being told that the only difficulty was the 'backwardness of Kenelm, ' of which his mother one day complaining to me, told ' me what an answer he had made to her a little before, ' as she had solicited him to condescend to her just ' desire, it being so much to his advantage. "Madam," ' quoth he, "marriage cannot well be performed by ' "attorney. Besides, to have it complete in all ' "respects, the first motives of it should not be ' "sordid wealth or other convenience, but a divine ' "affection. And I must confess that, although I ' "know this gentlewoman do every way deserve ' "better fortune than I can bring her, I feel not yet ' "this flame in me towards her which is indeed only ' "a gift of heaven. Therefore, as long as the weak- ' "ness of our estate obligeth you not to sell me to ' "repair that, I beseech you give me leave to look ' "a little while about me, and to please myself awhile

“with flying abroad before I be put into the
“mewe.””

Soon Sir Kenelm and his mother arrived, but Venetia, on her guard, took care to ‘disguise her affections,’ though, as he says, ‘it almost smothered their hearts. One day as she had by accident let her glove fall, he took it up, and having a letter written in his hand, which he had written a day before and awaited an opportunity of delivering it, did thrust it into the glove, and kissing it, gave her, who putting her hand into it to pull it on, felt a paper there, which, conceiving how it came in, she kept safe till night, and when she was in bed read it by the help of the watch-light that was burning by her: and being thereby instructed how she should govern herself when the occasion was presented to procure a fit and secure meeting, sleep stole upon her as she was entertaining her pleased thoughts with the hope of that blessed hour.’

Next day gave the lovers the wished-for opportunity. All the company were invited to a stag-hunt, and the two lingering a little behind the rest, alighted in a thicket where they sat down to discuss the situation. Kenelm explained how urgent his mother was that he should fall in with her views, and being evidently much in awe of her, said the only plan was to compromise and get her to consent to his going abroad for a year or two. But he and Venetia exchanged vows of constancy: he gave her a diamond ring, and she cut off a lock of her beautiful hair for him which he bound round his arm, and so they parted.

The story of his life in Paris, of the masques and pageants in which he took part, of the extraordinary passion which he declared the elderly Queen, Marie de Medici, conceived for him, would lead us too far afield; but the latter adventure bears upon Venetia’s story, for to escape from a difficult and dangerous

situation Kenelm took advantage of a sudden outbreak of fighting in the streets of Pont de Cé to make it appear that he was dead, while he slipped off to Florence and disported himself in the gay court of the Grand Duke Cosmo. Meanwhile, Sir Edward Sackville, the rescuer from the wolf, had followed up his advantage and was paying Venetia the most devoted attention. Her heart was with her absent lover, and she would have nothing to say to him, which only increased his ardour. Even when the news of Sir Kenelm's death reached England, she turned a deaf ear and gave herself up to her grief. Sir Edward, however, would not be rebuffed; but, 'like
'one cunning in the nature and qualities of passions
'would not bluntly oppose her sorrow, but appeared
'to bear a part with her in her grief till he had got
'so much credit with her, and insensibly won such
'an inclination in her to like what he said and did,
'that at length she took delight in his company,
'although she desired him to content himself, and to
'seek no further from her, for that, ever since Kenelm's
'death, her heart was also dead to all passionate affections.'

His portraits show him to have been not unlike Sir Kenelm in countenance and build, though a smaller man, and this may have had some influence with her. Insensibly they glided into a kind of brother-and-sisterly intimacy which a censorious world could not tolerate. Always imprudent, Venetia allowed him a good deal of freedom in visiting her, and rumours were soon afloat which made her friends urge her to consent to an engagement—the more as Sir Edward was heir to his brother the Earl of Dorset—and, frightened at the scandal she had brought upon her name, she consented.

Kenelm meanwhile had written from Florence to assure her of his safety, had written again and again,

but his letters being intercepted, probably by his mother's management, he received no answers and therefore easily credited the story which a young Englishman brought of Venetia's intimacy with Sir Edward Sackville, and in a fury of wounded affection tore the lock of her hair from his arm and threw it in the fire. He extended his travels into Spain and tried to forget his false love, but as his anger cooled his faith in Venetia returned, and was much fortified by a singular vision he had or fancied when a 'Brachman of India,' whom he encountered on his travels, by some mysterious incantations brought before him a vision of Venetia in such a manner as to convince him of her innocence.

At length, in December 1623, he arrived in London, having newly returned from Spain. To quote his own words: 'The sun shined out more comfortable and 'glorious than it had done of many days before, which 'was the reason that many persons of quality came 'out into the fields to refresh their spirits with sucking 'in the free and warm air.' As he entered the gates of the city, in one of the carriages that passed him he recognised Venetia Stanley. He felt 'like one come 'suddenly from a dark prison to too great a light. 'After so long absence her beauty seemed brighter to 'him than when he left her.' She was sitting pensively at one side of the coach by herself, and had passed before he had recovered from his emotion or could stop her, but he sent a servant to her house to ask leave to call on the following day. He had found Venetia again, and found her free, for Sir Edward Sackville, who was one of those who only care for a prize while it is difficult of attainment, no sooner found himself safely engaged to the object of his affections, than he cooled off and amused himself with some rustic beauty whom he encountered while in the country preparing his house for his marriage. Venetia, hearing of



Venetia Lady Digby.

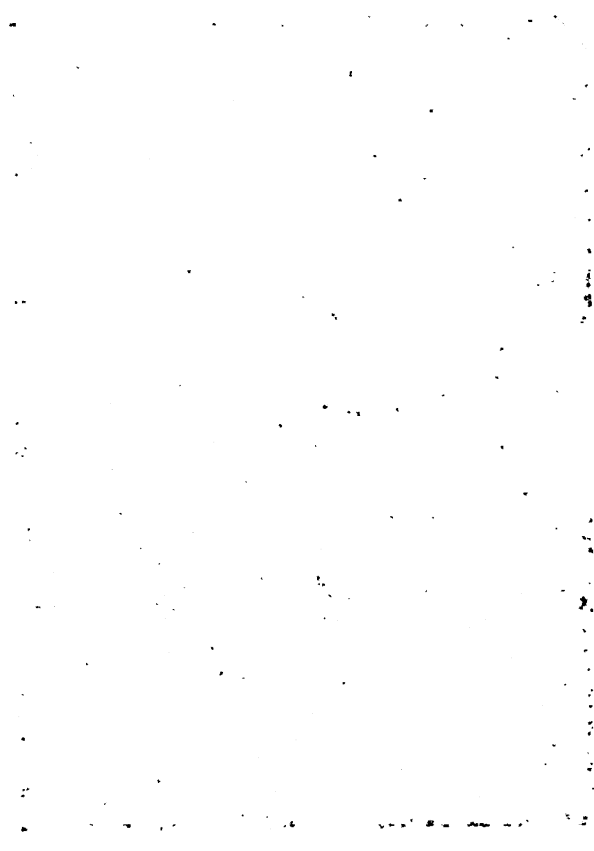


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his behaviour, 'sequestered herself from him,' and very soon put an end to the engagement, in which her heart had never been. The lovers thus reunited did not, however, throw themselves into each other's arms: much had to be explained, many misunderstandings to be cleared up, but at last the coolness melted and Venetia allowed herself to be persuaded to a private marriage, Kenelm's mother still continuing obdurate. Nothing could have been more unwise or more seriously compromising to Venetia's reputation: she had already been evil spoken of, and very likely the fear of the king's objection to the match was what withheld Kenelm from acknowledging it. But it showed the selfish and shallow nature of the man. Had he announced his marriage boldly, and presented her to the world as his wife, calumny would in all probability have soon been silenced. As it was, Charles, whose severity in all questions of morals was well known, never suffered her to be received at court, and an undeserved slur always rested on her name. It would have been better dispelled by giving her her true position than by the emblematic portrait which her husband had painted by Vandyck, in which she was represented with her hand resting on a white dove, treading the serpents of calumny under her feet. During her engagement to Sir Edward Sackville, she had given him her picture and she refused to marry until this was restored. Sir Kenelm sent his rival a challenge on the subject, but he refused to fight, and returned the picture with such assurances as quieted any lingering suspicions of her innocence. Aubrey, who was gossip incarnate, and always leans to the lowest view of human nature, does not give her the benefit of any doubt, but the biographer of Sir Kenelm places her innocence in a very credible light, and it seems with reason. Heedless and indiscreet to a degree she certainly had been; but the one who had the best title to judge of her had entire faith

in her, and when she died remained her inconsolable mourner. For Aubrey was wrong about her perfect health and strong constitution. Within a very few years of her marriage she fell a victim to consumption, and died while quite a young woman. The fashion of that day was for elegiac verses instead of memorial wreaths, and Venetia's coffin might have been almost hidden under the number which her own charms or the celebrity of her husband called forth. Ben Jonson, Habington, and Aurelian Townsend, with a host of others, sent their tribute to her virtues, but her memory is best enshrined in the curiously circumstantial private memoirs in which her husband related her story and his own.

This sketch, necessarily much condensed, is taken from the *Life of Sir Kenelm Digby*, and in some passages given in his own words as there quoted from the memoirs. It is quaintly characteristic both of the individuals and of the time, with its extremely natural touches and its atmosphere of melodrama, and suggests a world growing already old when the seventeenth century was young.

CHAPTER XI

THE LOVE-STORY OF ANNE MURRAY

THE love-affairs of Anne Murray, which have also come down to us related in detail by the pen of one of the two concerned, form a very interesting chapter in the annals of the time. She was, as will be remembered, the daughter of Mr. Thomas Murray, tutor to the royal princes, and after his death lived with her widowed mother in St. Martin's Lane, she being the youngest of several brothers and sisters. Mrs. Murray, whose careful bringing-up of her daughters has already been mentioned, seems to have been a lady of considerable severity, but Anne always speaks of her with great respect and affection.¹

She relates her own story with a soberness and simplicity which are very engaging, and does not indulge in any of that heightening of effect in which Sir Kenelm Digby delighted. Her English is very pure, and her spelling for that day remarkably good, following a consistent rule, which was at that date unusual. The keynote of her character, at once dutiful and independent, may be gathered from a passage in which she sketches her custom as to amusements:—

‘As long as shee [her mother] lived, I do nott remember that I made a visitt to ye nearest neighbour or wentt anywhere without her liberty. And so scrupulous was I of giving any occation to speake of

¹ *The Autobiography of Anne, Lady Halkett.* Camden Society.

‘ mee as I know they did of others, that though I loved
 ‘ well to see plays and to walke in the Spring Garden
 ‘ sometimes (before it grew something scandalous by
 ‘ the abuse of som) yett I cannot remember 3 times that
 ‘ ever I wentt with any man besides my brothers ; and
 ‘ if I did, my sisters or others better than myselfe was
 ‘ with mee. And I was the first that proposed and
 ‘ practised itt for 3 or 4 of us going together withoutt
 ‘ any man, and every one paying for themselves by
 ‘ giving the mony to the footman who waited on us,
 ‘ and hee gave itt in the play-howse. And this I did
 ‘ first upon hearing some gentlemen telling what ladys
 ‘ they had waited on to plays, and how much itt had
 ‘ cost them ; upon which I resolved none should say
 ‘ the same of mee.

‘ In the year 1644 I confese I was guilty of an act of
 ‘ disobedience, for I gave way to ye adrese of a person
 ‘ whom my mother, att the first time that ever hee had
 ‘ occation to bee conversant with mee, had absolutely
 ‘ discharged me ever to allow of: And though before
 ‘ ever I saw him severalls did tell mee that there would
 ‘ bee something more than ordinary betwixt him and
 ‘ mee (wch I believe they fudged from the great friend-
 ‘ ship betwixt his sister and mee, for wee were seldom
 ‘ assunder att London, and shee and I were bedfellows
 ‘ when shee came to my sister’s house at Charlton,
 ‘ where for ye most part shee staid while wee continued
 ‘ in the country), yett he was halfe a yeare in my com-
 ‘ pany before I discovered anything of a particular
 ‘ inclination for mee more than another ; and, as I was
 ‘ civill to him both for his owne merit and his sister’s
 ‘ sake, so any particular civility I received from him I
 ‘ looked upon as flowing from the affection he had to
 ‘ his sister, and her kindness to mee. After that time,
 ‘ itt seems hee was nott so much master of himselfe as
 ‘ to conceal itt any longer. And having never any
 ‘ opertunity of being alone with mee to speake himselfe,

' hee employed a young gentleman (whose confidentt
 ' he was in an amour betwixt him and my Lady Anne
 ' his cousin-german) to tell mee how much hee had
 ' indeavored all this time to smother his passion, which
 ' hee said began the first time that ever hee saw mee,
 ' and now was come to that height that if I did not give
 ' him some hopes of faver he was resolved to goe back
 ' againe into France and turn Capuchin.' Much dis-
 ' mayed at this threat, she yet refused for a week or ten
 ' days to have anything to say to him ; ' butt when all I
 ' could say to him by his friend could not prevaile, butt
 ' that hee grewe so ill and discontented that all the
 ' howse took notice, I did yield so farre to comply with
 ' his desire as to give him liberty one day when I was
 ' walking in ye gallery to come there and speake to
 ' mee. What he saide was handsome and short, butt
 ' much disordered, for hee looked pale as death, and his
 ' hande trembled when he tooke mine to lead mee, and
 ' with a great sigh said, "If I loved you lese I could
 ' say more." I told him I could not butt thinke my-
 ' selfe much obleeged to him for his good opinion of
 ' mee, butt itt would be a higher obligation to confirme
 ' his esteeme of mee by following my advice, which I
 ' should now give him myselfe, since hee would not
 ' receive itt by his friend. I used many arguments to
 ' diswade him from pursuing what hee proposed. And,
 ' in conclusion told him I was 2 or 3 yeare older than
 ' hee, and were there no other objection, yett that was
 ' of such weight with mee as would never lett mee
 ' allow his further adrese. "Madam," (said he), "what
 ' " I love in you may well increase, butt I am sure itt
 ' " can never decay." I left arguing and told him I
 ' would advise him to consult with his own reason, and
 ' that would lett him see I had more respect to him in
 ' denying than in granting what with so much passion
 ' he desired.

' After that hee sought and I shunned all opertunittys

' of private discourse with him ; butt one day, in ye
 ' garden, his friend tooke his sister by the hand and
 ' lead her into another walke, and left him and I
 ' together : and hee with very much seriousnese,
 ' began to tell mee that hee had observed ever since
 ' hee had discovered his affection to mee that I was
 ' more reserved and avoided all converse with him,
 ' and therefore, since hee had no hopes of my faver,
 ' hee was resolved to leave England, since hee could
 ' not bee hapy in it. And that whatever became of
 ' him yt might make him displease either his father or
 ' his friends I was the occation of it, for if I would not
 ' give him hopes of marying him hee was resolved to
 ' putt himself out of a capacity of marying any other
 ' and go imediately into a conventt. And that he had
 ' taken order to have post horses ready against the next
 ' day. I confese this discourse disturbed mee, for though
 ' I had had noe respect for him, his sister, or his family,
 ' yett relligion was a tye upon mee to endeavor the
 ' prevention of the hazard of his soule.'

It is needful to condense a little the leisurely course
 of her reminiscences. The utmost she would promise
 him was that she would marry no other till she should
 hear that he was married. Before his sister left, he
 tried to induce her to consent to a secret marriage, but
 in vain. His father at length relented, and 'did offer
 ' to doe the utmost his condition would allow him if
 ' shee (the mother) would lett mee take my hazard with
 ' his son.' But Mrs. Murray was obdurate. Finding
 they were to be parted, Anne consented to a last inter-
 view in her sister's presence. 'My sister beeing only with
 ' mee, we came downe together to ye roome I apointed
 ' to meett with him. I confese I never saw those two
 ' pasions of love and regrett more truly represented,
 ' nor could any person exprese greater affection and
 ' resolution of constancy, wch with many solemne
 ' oaths hee sealed of never loving or marying any butt

‘ my selfe. I was not satisfied with his swearing to
 ‘ future performances, since I said both hee and I
 ‘ might find itt most convenient to retract ; but this I
 ‘ did assure him, as long as hee was constantt hee
 ‘ should never find a change in mee, for though duty did
 ‘ oblieege mee nott to marry any withoutt my mother’s
 ‘ consentt, yett itt would nott tye mee to marry without
 ‘ my owne. My sister at this rises, and said, “ I did
 ‘ “ nott thinke you would have ingaged mee to be a
 ‘ “ wittnese of both your resolutions to continue what
 ‘ “ I expected you would rather have laid aside, and
 ‘ “ therefore I will leave you.” “ Oh, Madam ” (said
 ‘ hee), “ can you imagine I love att that rate as to have
 ‘ “ it shaken by any storme? Noe ; were I secure
 ‘ “ your sister would not suffer in my absence by her
 ‘ “ mother’s sevearity I would nott care what misery
 ‘ “ I were exposed to ; butt to thinke I should bee ye
 ‘ “ occation of trouble to the person in ye earth that
 ‘ “ I love most is unsuportable ” ; and with that hee
 ‘ fell downe in a chaire that was behind him, but as one
 ‘ without all sence, wch I must confese did so much
 ‘ move mee, yt laing aside all former distance I had
 ‘ kept him att, I sat downe upon his knee, and laying
 ‘ my head neare his I suffred him to kisse mee, wch
 ‘ was a liberty I never gave before, nor had nott then
 ‘ had I nott seene him so overcome with grieffe, wch I
 ‘ endeavored to suppress with all ye encouragement I
 ‘ could, butt still presing him to be obedientt to his
 ‘ father, either in going abroad or staying att home as
 ‘ hee thought most convenient. “ Noe ” (says he),
 ‘ “ since they will not allow mee to converse with you,
 ‘ “ France will bee more agreeable to mee then England,
 ‘ “ nor will I goe there except I have liberty to come here
 ‘ “ againe and take my leave of you.” To that I could
 ‘ not disagree if they thought fitt to allow itt ; and so
 ‘ my sister and I left him, butt she durst nott owne to
 ‘ my mother where shee had beene.

'The next morning early my Lord H. went away,
 ' and tooke with him his son and daughter, and left me
 ' to the severities of my offended mother, who nothing
 ' could pacify. . . . In the meantime my chamber and
 ' liberty of lying alone was taken from mee, and my
 ' sister's woman was to bee my guardian, who watched
 ' sufficiently so that I had not the least oportunity day
 ' or night to bee without her.' So strict a guard was
 set that one evening, 'having gott liberty to walke in
 ' the hall, my mother sent a child of my sister's and bid
 ' him walke with mee, and keepe mee company. I had
 ' not been there a quarter of an hower butt my maid
 ' Miriam came to mee and told mee shee was walkeing
 ' at the backe gate and Mr. H. came to her and sentt
 ' her to desire mee to come there and speake butt two
 ' or three words with him, for hee had sworne nott
 ' to goe away without seeing mee, nor would hee come
 ' in to see my mother, for he had left London that
 ' morning very early and had rod up and downe that
 ' part of the country only till itt was ye gloome of ye
 ' evening to have the more privacy in comming to see
 ' mee. I bid her goe backe and tell him I durst not
 ' see him because of my mother's oath and her dis-
 ' charge. While shee was presing mee to run to the
 ' gate, and I was neere to take the start, the child cried
 ' outt, "O, my aunt is going"; wch stoped me, and I
 ' sent her away to tell ye reason why I could nott come.
 ' I still staid walking in the hall till shee returned,
 ' wondring shee staid so long. When shee came shee
 ' was hardly able to speake, and with great disorder
 ' said, "I believe you are ye most unfortunate person
 ' living, for I thinke Mr. H. is killed."'' Killed he was
 not, however, but only stunned, having been struck on
 the head from behind in a mistake for Sir Henry
 Newton, Anne's sister's husband, who was obnoxious
 to the Roundheads, this being in the war-time. One
 more attempt he made to induce her to meet him in

'the banketting howse in the garden' in the presence of his tutor Mr. T., 'a very serious good man.' Having promised not to see him, she imagined she did not break her word by going to the interview blindfold, and she parted with him with the same promise, that though she would not marry him against her mother's will, she would not marry any other.

So much submission should have disarmed her mother's anger, but Mrs. Murray was implacable, and made Anne's life such a burden to her that after a while she wrote to her cousin, Sir Patrick Drummond, in Holland, to inquire about a Protestant nunnery of which she had heard, and to which she would like to retire. Sir Patrick, 'a wise and honest gentleman,' instead of answering her questions, wrote to Mrs. Murray 'a very handsome serious letter,' begging her to be reconciled to her daughter, with so much effect that, says Anne, 'she received mee againe to her 'faver, and ever after used mee more like a freind than 'a child.'

It is sad that after so much passion on the one side and so much constancy on the other, there should have been no happy ending to their troubles; but the young man's fancy was as transient as it was hot, and two years later he made a rash marriage, which, as she records with a touch of inward satisfaction, turned out unhappily. She relates how she received the news: 'I 'was alone in my sister's chamber when I read the letter, 'and flinging my selfe downe upon her bed, I said, ' "Is this the man for whom I have sufred so much? ' " Since hee hath made him selfe unworthy my love, ' " hee is unworthy my anger or concerne"; and rising ' immediately I wentt outt into the next roome to my ' super as unconcernedly as if I had never had an ' interest in him, nor had ever lost itt.'

Perhaps with her it had been fancy and tenderness merely that were touched, and her feelings intensified

by opposition, for after a short time she shook off the remembrance of her faithless lover and was ready to entertain a far deeper and more abiding affection for a man between whom and herself there was a more serious bar than a parent's opposition. This was Colonel Bamfield, a friend of her favourite brother Will, with whom she was concerned in contriving the escape of the Duke of York, and with whom she was thereby much and intimately thrown. She thus speaks of him :—

‘ This gentleman came to see mee sometimes in
 ‘ the company of ladys who had beene my mother’s
 ‘ neibours in St. Martin’s Lane, and sometimes alone,
 ‘ butt when ever hee came his discourse was serious,
 ‘ handsome, and tending to imprese the advantages
 ‘ of piety, loyalty, and vertue ; and these subjects were
 ‘ so agreeable to my own inclination that I could
 ‘ not butt give them a good reception, especially from
 ‘ one that seemed to bee so much an owner of them
 ‘ himselfe. After I had beene used to freedom of dis-
 ‘ course with him I told him I aproved much of his
 ‘ advice to others, butt I thought his owne practise con-
 ‘ tradicted much of his profession, for one of his
 ‘ acquaintance had told mee hee had nott seene his
 ‘ wife in a twelvemonth, and itt was impossible, in my
 ‘ opinion, for a good man to bee an ill husband ; and
 ‘ therefore hee must defende himselfe from one before I
 ‘ could believe the other of him. Hee said it was not
 ‘ necessary to give every one that might condemne him
 ‘ the reason of his being so long from her, yett to
 ‘ satisfy mee hee would tell mee the truth wch was that
 ‘ hee being engaged in the King’s service he was
 ‘ obliged to bee att London, where itt was nott con-
 ‘ venientt for her to bee with him, his stay in any place
 ‘ being uncertaine ; besides shee lived amongst her
 ‘ freinds, who, though they were kind to her, yett were
 ‘ nott so to him, for most of that county had declared for
 ‘ the Parleament, and were enemys to all that had or

‘ did serve the King, and therefore his wife, he was
 ‘ sure, would not condemne him for what hee did by
 ‘ her owne consentt. This seeming reasonable, I did
 ‘ insist noe more upon that subject.’

The story of the escape of the Duke of York shall be related in its due place ; here we will concern ourselves with the relations that grew up between the two who were concerned in it. After Colonel Bamfield had safely conveyed his charge to the Hague, he was sent back to England by the prince in order that he might be serviceable to the king, his devotion to the royal cause being so well proved. This gave him occasion to enlist Anne’s services once more. Her own narrative goes on :—

‘ As soone as C. B. landed beyond ye Tower, hee
 ‘ writt to desire I would doe him the faver as to come
 ‘ to him, as beeing the only person who att that time
 ‘ hee could trust ; and when hee should acquaint mee
 ‘ with ye occation of his comming, hee doupted nott
 ‘ butt I would forgive him for the liberty hee had taken.
 ‘ I knowing hee could come upon no accountt but in
 ‘ order to serve the King, I imediately sent for an
 ‘ honest hackney coachman who I knew might bee
 ‘ trusted, and taking Miriam with mee, I wentt where
 ‘ hee was, who giving mee a short information of what
 ‘ hee was imployed aboutt, and how much secresy was
 ‘ to be used both as to ye King’s interest and his owne
 ‘ security, itt is not to be doupted butt I contributed
 ‘ what I could to both, and, taking him backe in the
 ‘ coach with mee, left him att a private lodging nott
 ‘ very farre from my brother’s howse, that a servantt of
 ‘ his had prepared for him. The earnest desire I had
 ‘ to serve the King made mee omitt noe oportunity
 ‘ wherein I could be usefull, and the zeale I had for his
 ‘ M^{ty} made me nott see what inconveniencys I exposed
 ‘ my selfe to ; for my intentions being just and inocentt
 ‘ made mee not reflect what conclusions might bee made

‘ for the private visitts which I could nott butt necessarily
 ‘ make to him in order to the King’s service, for what-
 ‘ ever might relate to itt yt came within my knowledge
 ‘ I gave him accountt of, and he made such use of itt as
 ‘ might most advance his designe. As long as there
 ‘ was any possibility of conveying letters secretly to the
 ‘ King, hee frequently writt, and received very kind
 ‘ letters from his Ma^{tye}, with severall instructions and
 ‘ letters to persons of honour and loyalty ; butt when
 ‘ all access was debarred by the strict guard placed about
 ‘ the King, all hee could then doe was to keepe warme
 ‘ those affections in such as hee had influence in till a
 ‘ seasonable oportunity to evidence their love and duty
 ‘ to his Ma^{tye}.

‘ Though C. B. discovered himselfe to none but such
 ‘ as were of known integrity, yett many comming to
 ‘ that place where he lay made him think itt convenient
 ‘ for his own safety to goe some time into the country,
 ‘ and att his returne to bee more private. One evening
 ‘ when I wentt to see him I found him lying upon his
 ‘ bed, and asking him if hee were nott well, hee told
 ‘ mee he was well enough, butt had received a visitt
 ‘ in the morning from a person that hee wondred much
 ‘ how hee found him out ; he was a sollicitor that was
 ‘ employed by all the gentlemen in the county where
 ‘ hee lived, wch was hard by where his wife dwelt, and
 ‘ he had brought him word shee was dead, and named
 ‘ the day and place where she was buried. I confese I
 ‘ saw him nott in much grieffe, and therefore I used nott
 ‘ many words of consolation, butt left him affter I had
 ‘ given him accountt of the busynesse I wentt for. I
 ‘ neither made my visitts lese nor more to him for this
 ‘ news, for Loyalty beeing the principle that first led
 ‘ mee to a freedome of converse with him, so still I
 ‘ continued itt as often as there was occation to serve
 ‘ that interest. Hee putt on mourning, and told the
 ‘ reason of itt to such as hee conversed with, butt had

' desired the gentleman who had first acquainted him
 ' with itt nott to make itt puplicke lest the fortune hee
 ' had by his wife should bee sequestred. To bee
 ' short, affter a little time hee one day, when I was
 ' alone with him, began to tell mee that now hee was
 ' a free man hee would say that to mee wch I should
 ' never have knowne while hee lived if itt had beene
 ' other ways, which was that hee had a great respect
 ' and honour for mee since the first time hee knewe
 ' mee, butt had resolved itt should die with him if he
 ' had not beene in condition to declare itt without doing
 ' mee prejudice, for hee hoped if hee could gaine an
 ' interest in my affection itt would nott apeare so un-
 ' reasonable to marry him as others might representt
 ' itt, for if itt pleased God to restore the King, of wch
 ' hee was nott yett out of hopes, hee had a promise of
 ' beeing one of his Ma^{tie}'s bedchamber; and, though
 ' that should faile, yett what hee and I had together
 ' would be about eight hundred pounds sterling a
 ' yeare, wch, with the Lord's blessing, might be a
 ' competency to any contenttment minds. Hee so
 ' often insisted on this when I had occation to be with
 ' him that att last hee prevailed with mee, and I did
 ' consentt to his proposal, and resolved to marry him
 ' as soone as itt apeareed convenientt; butt wee delayed
 ' till wee saw how itt pleased God to determine of the
 ' King's affaires. I know I may bee condemned as
 ' one that was too easily prevailed with, butt this I
 ' must desire to bee considered, hee was one who I had
 ' beene conversantt with for severall yeares before; one
 ' that professed a great freindship to my beloved
 ' brother Will; hee was unquestionably loyall, hand-
 ' some, a good skollar, wch gave him the advantages
 ' of writing and speaking well, and the cheefest orna-
 ' ment hee had was a devout life and conversation. Att
 ' least hee made itt apeare such to mee, and what ever
 ' misfortune hee brought upon mee I will do him that

'right as to acknowledge I learnt from him many
 'excellent lessons of piety and vertue, and to abhorre
 'and detest all kinds of vice. This beeing his constant
 'dialect made mee thinke myselfe as secure from ill in
 'his company as in a sanctuary. From the prejudice
 'wch that opinion brought upon mee I shall advise all
 'never to thinke a good intention can justify what
 'may bee scandalous, for though one's actions bee
 'never so innocēt, yett they cannott blame them who
 'suspect them guilty when there is apearance of there
 'deserved reproach ; and I confese I did justly suffer
 'ye scourge of the tounge for exposing my selfe upon
 'any consideration to what might make mee liable to
 'itt, for which I condemne my selfe as much as my
 'sevearest enemy.'

It must be remembered that Anne was writing this in the light of after events, when her conduct may have seemed open to misconstruction. She goes on :—

'The King's misfortune dayly increasing, and his
 'enemy's rage and malice, both were att last deter-
 'mined in that execrable murder, never to be men-
 'tioned without horror and detestation. This putt
 'such a dampe upon all designes of the Royall party,
 'that they were for a time like those that dreamed ; but
 'they quickly roused themselves, and resolved to leave
 'noe means unesayed that might evidence their loyalty.
 'Many excellent designes were laid, butt the Lord
 'thought fitt to disapoint them all, that His owne
 'power might bee ye more magnified by bringing
 'home ye King in peace when all hostile attempts
 'failed. In the meantime C. B. was nott idle though
 'unsuccessfull, and still continued in or about London,
 'where hee could bee most secure. One day when I
 'wentt to see him I found him extreordinary melan-
 'choly ; and, having taken mee by the hand, and lead
 'mee to a seate, wentt from mee to the other side of ye
 'roome, wch I wondred att, because hee usually satte

' by mee when I was with him. With a deepe sigh hee
 ' saide, "You must nott wonder att this distance, for I
 ' "have had news since I saw you, that if itt bee true,
 ' "my distance from you must be greater, and I must
 ' "conclude my selfe the most unfortunate of men." I
 ' was much troubled att the discourse, but itt was in-
 ' creased when hee told mee the reason of itt, for hee
 ' said one had informed him that his wife was living.
 ' What a surprise that was to mee none can imagine,
 ' because I beleeve none ever met with such a tryall.
 ' Hee, seeing mee in great disorder, said, "Pray bee
 ' "not discomposd till the truth bee knowne, for upon
 ' "the first intimation of itt I sent away my man Ned
 ' "B., who served mee long and knows the country and
 ' "persons where shee lived, who will returne within a
 ' "fortnight. If itt be false, I hope you will have no
 ' "reason to change your thoughts and intentions ; if
 ' "itt should bee true, God is my witnese I am nott
 ' "guilty of the contrivance of the report of her beeing
 ' "dead, nor had noe designe butt what I thought
 ' "justifiable." I could not contradict what hee said,
 ' and charity led mee to beleeve him. I left him in
 ' great disturbance, butt could conclude nothing till
 ' the returne of his servantt, who brought word that
 ' his wife died att the same time that hee first gott
 ' knowledge of itt, and that hee was att her grave where
 ' shee was buried, wch I beleeving, continued my former
 ' resolutions, and intended to marry as soone as wee
 ' could putt our affairs in such order as to preventt
 ' sequestration.'

About this time her brother Will came home from
 the Hague in much trouble, having been accused to the
 young King Charles II. of a plot to place the Duke of
 York on the throne, in which Colonel Bamfield was
 also supposed to be engaged. Cut to the heart by
 meeting with injustice and misunderstanding in such a
 quarter, having done and suffered so much in the royal

cause, Will Murray retired to Cobham where he was kindly received by the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, but he could not recover his spirits. 'Hee would steale ' from the company, and going into the wood, lye ' many hours together upon the ground, where perhaps ' hee caught cold, and that, mixing with discontented ' humours, turned to a feaver whereoff hee died.' Shortly before his death, receiving the Holy Sacrament, he solemnly protested his innocence of what was laid to his charge, and in answer to his sister's question about her lover said, 'Hee thought hee might say as much for him as for himselfe.'

Left thus desolate—for her mother had died a few years before—poor Anne thankfully accepted the invitation of her old friend Anne Howard, now Lady Howard, having married her cousin Sir Charles, to accompany them into the North; which was the more desirable, as rumours were about of her having been concerned in the escape of the Duke of York, so she were best out of the way for a while. C. B. willingly consented, proposing to follow her shortly and avow their engagement. Her journey northward and her stay at Naworth Castle are described with her usual love for graphic detail; but her peace and comfort there was, as she says, 'too ' great to last long, for the post (going by weekely) ' one day brought mee sad letters; one from C. B. ' giving mee accountt that just the night before hee ' intended to come North, having prepared all things ' for accomplishing what we had designed, hee was ' taken and secured in the Gate-house at Westminster, ' and could expect nothing butt death. With much ' difficulty hee had gott that conveyed outt to mee to lett ' mee know what condition hee was in, and that he expected my prayers, since nothing els I could doe could ' be avealable, for hee had some reason to aprehend ' those I was concerned in and might have influence ' upon was his enemys, and therefore I might expect

‘ little assistance from them. Presently after I received
 ‘ a letter from my brother M. and another from my sister
 ‘ N., his very seveare, hers more compasionate, but both
 ‘ representing C. B. under the caracter of the most un-
 ‘ worthy person living ; that hee had abused mee in
 ‘ pretending his wife was dead, for shee was alive ; and
 ‘ that her unckle Sir Ralph S. had assured them both
 ‘ of itt, wch made nott only them butt all that ever had
 ‘ kindnese for mee so abhorre him, that though he were
 ‘ now likely to dye, yett none pittyed him. Had the news
 ‘ of either of these come singly itt had been enough to
 ‘ have tryed the strength of all the relligion and vertue
 ‘ I had, butt so to bee surrounded with misfortunes
 ‘ conquered whatever could resist them, and I fell so
 ‘ extreemly sicke that none expected life for mee.’ She
 recovered, however, and was somewhat comforted at
 receiving news of his escape from prison, but not only
 her own family but Lady Howard also seemed convinced
 of his having intended to play the villain. However that
 may have been in the beginning, it was now certain
 that his wife was alive, and the only thing for poor
 Anne to do was to endeavour to forget him, and he was
 much to blame in pursuing her to Scotland and molest-
 ing her, even after she had made up her mind to accept
 the offer of marriage which after some time she received
 from Sir James Halkett, a widower, whose daughters
 she had taken charge of. So far as appears in the auto-
 biography, Bamfield seems to have had hard measure
 dealt him ; but since Anne, who, it was evident, had so
 tenderly loved him, speaks of him with such marked
 disapproval, it may be that, in despair of a legitimate
 tie, he may have made proposals that it was impossible
 for her to listen to. She took the prudent course and
 was married to Sir James Halkett at Charlton, after the
 strange manner prescribed by the government of the
 time. This is her account of the ceremony :—

‘ Upon Saturday the first of March, 1655-6, Sir James

‘ and I wentt to Charleton, and tooke with us Mr. Gaile
 ‘ who was chaplaine to the Countess of Devonshire, who
 ‘ preached (as hee some times used to doe) at the church
 ‘ the next day, and affter super hee maried us in my
 ‘ brother Newton’s closett, none knowing of itt in the
 ‘ family or beeing presentt butt my brother and sister
 ‘ and Mr. Neale ; though conforme to the order of those
 ‘ that were then in power, who allowed of noe mariage
 ‘ lawfull butt such as were maried by one of there Justices
 ‘ of Peace, that they might object nothing against our
 ‘ mariage, affter the evening sermon my sister pretend-
 ‘ ing to goe to see Justice Elkonhead who was not well,
 ‘ living att Woolwitch, took Sir James and mee with her
 ‘ in the coach, and my brother and Mr. Neale wentt
 ‘ another way afftoott and mett us there, and the Justice
 ‘ performed what was usuall for him at that time wch
 ‘ was only holding ye Directory in his hand, asked Sir
 ‘ James if hee intended to marry mee, hee answered
 ‘ Yes ; and asked if I intended to marry him, I said
 ‘ Yes. Then says hee, “ I pronounce you man and
 ‘ wife.” So calling for a glase of sacke, hee drunk and
 ‘ wished much hapinese to us ; and wee left him, having
 ‘ given his clarke mony, who gave in parchментt the
 ‘ day and witnesses, and attested by the Justice that hee
 ‘ had maried us. Butt if itt had nott beene done more
 ‘ solemnly afterwards by a minister I should not have
 ‘ beleevved it lawfully done.’

Soon after this Anne’s narrative breaks off abruptly.
 ‘ C. B.’ seems to have passed out of her life for good.

CHAPTER XII

MARRIED LIFE

WITH marriages arranged as many of these were, with surprisingly little regard to the personal preferences of those chiefly concerned, we should perhaps hardly look for very satisfactory results; yet the voluminous correspondence and memoirs of the time reveal by far the greater number of happy marriages—not only a rarity of those that absolutely came to grief, but a remarkably high level of devotion and mutual confidence.

The tone of family life in the court must have had an influence. Not Queen Victoria herself set a better example in domestic relations than did Charles I. His detractors, with the best will in the world, could not find a stone to throw against his personal purity, and his severity was proverbial. His father was more lax towards the shortcomings of those who pleased or amused him, but, whatever his foibles, was blameless as husband and father. His reign was disgraced by the terrible scandals of the Lady Essex affair, but the very noise which it created showed that the public conscience was not habituated to easy views of morality. The case of Lady Purbeck some years later gives some idea of the severity which was meted out to such culprits.¹ This lady had been convicted of adultery before the High Commission in London, and ordered to do penance bare-foot in a white sheet in the Church of the Savoy. She escaped from prison in male attire and contrived to join

¹ *Life of Sir Kenelm Digby.*

her lover in Shropshire, but imprudently venturing to London, she was caught and put in prison again. Once more she escaped and got over to France, where she embraced the Roman Catholic religion. Sir Kenelm Digby, who had become interested in her on this account, interceded for her with the king, but in vain: Charles was quite inexorable. As we have seen, he would never allow Lady Digby to be received at court, although in her case there was at least room for doubt whether her disgrace were not unmerited.

Among all Lord Cork's numerous sons and daughters whom, with the exception of Mary, he mated in so high-handed a manner, we read of no scandals and few domestic jars. One indeed, Elizabeth Fielding, who married Lewis, Lord Kinalmeakie, showed a hard and cold disposition, utterly refusing to leave the gaieties of town when he was ordered to Ireland, and when he fell in battle displaying more concern for the loss of a trunk of finery and a diamond-handled fan from which she got parted on a journey, than she did for the loss of her young husband. Margaret, Lady Broghill, on the other hand, followed hers to Ireland, and stayed loyally at his side so long as it was possible for her to do so, and her father-in-law gives a pathetic account of their parting when he was obliged to leave for the war.

As Dorothy Osborne observed, it was not always the love-matches that turned out the best. The one she was commenting on, that of Lady Strangford, Lord Leicester's wilful daughter Isabella, was a conspicuous instance to the contrary, and Dorothy seems to have several such in her mind. To turn to one in quite a different circle, Milton, from whose lofty and serious tone of mind higher things might have been looked for, followed the promptings of a passing fancy for a pretty and charming girl, with whom he seems to have been but a short while acquainted, only to make her thoroughly miserable, and warp and embitter his own views of

domestic life.¹ Brought up in a bright, cheerful country home at Forest Hill, in the midst of a royalist family, she found the London life in a strict Puritan circle, and the severe and cold manners of her husband, who was probably immersed in study, more than she could bear, and pined for home. Most likely she was not allowed to solace herself by petting his little nephews who lived in the house; for his ideas would certainly be against all 'cockering and apish indulgence,' and she complained that it made her miserable to hear them cry when he beat them. She, poor girl, had no doubt been dazzled by the beautiful face and reserved demeanour of the poet, whose preference flattered her, while he imagined that a young girl whose sweet looks took his fancy would surely be a meek creature easily moulded to his will. Of the details of the misunderstandings that so quickly followed we know nothing. She returned to her father's house, while her husband, not content with vehemently calling for a change in the laws that should enable him to free himself from her, proceeded to pay his addresses to a handsome and accomplished young lady, daughter of a Dr. Davis, with a view to marrying her. Alarmed at the equivocal position in which this would place their daughter, the Powell family contrived a reconciliation by bringing about an unexpected meeting at the house of a mutual friend. Mary wept and begged pardon, the poet magnanimously forgave, and she returned to her husband's house, and remained with him till her death, which occurred not many years later, leaving him with three daughters, one a cripple. Of his two later matrimonial ventures there is no story.

If any marriages were entitled to turn out badly, it was surely those of the court wards, the abuse of which had become a crying evil; yet among the annals of the time we read of no happier one than that of the little

¹ Masson's *Life of Milton*.

heiress Mary Blacknall,¹ who was handed over to her boy husband, almost as a matter of sale and purchase, when she was but thirteen years old—happy, that is, as between husband and wife in sustaining mutual love and confidence, for of prosperity after the outbreak of the war there was but little. Had Ralph Verney waited till he attained years of discretion, and sought the world through for a woman suited to him, he could have lighted on no better choice. Of a sunny, happy temperament, lighting up his tendency to gloom; sweet and accommodating when he worried and fidgeted about details of which she was a far better judge; loyal to him through all his conscientious blunders, whether she agreed with his opinions or not; never appearing to recollect that it was her fortune which was being frittered away in fines and sequestrations first on one side then on the other, for it was Ralph's fate to side always with the losing cause. In common with the best and most thoughtful men of the day, he had gone with the Parliamentary demand for the redress of grievances, the reform of abuses. Moreover, as did his father Sir Edmund, he wished to see the Church altered in the direction of continental Protestantism, and saw no reason why the king should not yield to popular clamour in this matter also. When the parting of the ways came, and having gained all their just demands, Parliament went on to claim absolute dominion, and the clear-sighted ones saw that duty lay in supporting the throne, Ralph cast in his lot with the rebels, and broke with father, brother, friends. When, however, his own side had gained ground, and he recognised that their aim was nothing short of the destruction of Church and Throne, he recoiled. He preferred exile to signing the Covenant, and Mary, knowing full well that no question of self-interest ever swayed him, consented uncomplainingly to give up the

¹ *Verney Memoirs.*

'prity fine house' in Lincoln's Inn Fields into which they were just moving,—harder still, parted with her baby boy Jack, leaving him in his aunts' care at Claydon, and taking the two elder children, Mun and Pegge, went cheerfully with her husband into the poverty and dreary discomfort of a little French country town.

Amidst all the difficulties of servants and house-keeping in a foreign land, Mary kept up her Claydon traditions, and in her letters home mentions with pride how famous she was for her good bread. Occasionally dainties from home reach her by some opportunity; 'sirrop of violets,' or a firkin of country butter. She was always busy, for besides her housekeeping cares she occupied herself a good deal with the education of Mun and Pegge, and kept up her own playing and singing to the guitar. Her old friend Lady Sussex writes to her: 'I hope you may finde somethinge of 'plesuer where you are, the gittir i hope will take you 'upp much, strive for cherfulness with itt.' Occasionally we hear of her needlework; her husband jokes her in one letter for the length of time her 'great wroughte sheete' had been on hand. His suit for the recovery of his estate, he thinks, may come to an end as soon. No wonder she was long over it, with her many avocations.

Had she remained always at her husband's side we should hardly have learned all she was capable of, but after a few years Ralph gathered from those at home, who kept a careful watch on his interests, that there was a chance through friends in power, notably Lady Warwick, formerly Lady Sussex, to get the sequestration taken off Claydon. To go in person would have been too dangerous, so it was arranged that Mary should represent him, although a long and fatiguing journey was most unfit for her at the time. Her weekly letters to him reveal, as nothing less intimate could have done, her sweet, brave, cheerful spirit. No

wonder she found friends wherever she went. Ralph could not have managed the matter half so well, with all his business capacity.

Travelling was by no means easy. There was first the crossing in a sailing-vessel, when favourable winds had often to be waited for for three weeks or more, and when she reached the other side she found that war had dislocated the coach service and rendered the roads dangerous, and often she could 'scarce get a nagge.' She reached London in safety, however, and took a lodging there under the wing of Dr. Denton, who thought nothing a trouble that he could do for her. Later she 'dietted' for a while with Mrs. Isham, one of Ralph's aunts, paying a pound a week for herself and maid. Here she was busy enough paying the visits and making the presents that Ralph considered advisable, and sending him a faithful account of all she did. After infinite delays and formalities she succeeded in her errand, and then she must needs go down to Claydon to see her own little boy and her husband's sisters, and report upon the damage neglect and the quartering of soldiers had wrought. But she had to remain in London until her baby was born, a little boy whom she insisted on calling Ralph, though her husband, feeling perhaps that his name was not a lucky one, would rather have chosen another. His letter about the christening shows the difficulties under which the Church at that time was struggling:—

'Now for the Christening. I pray give no offence
' to the State; should it bee done in the old way
' perhaps it may bring more trouble uppon you than
' you can imagine, and all to noe purpose, for soe it
' bee done with common ordinarie water, and that these
' words "I baptise thee in the name of the Father, and
' of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost" be used with the
' water, I know the child is well baptised. All the
' rest is but a matter of forme and cerimony which

‘differs in almost every country, and though I must
 ‘needs like one forme better than another, yet wee
 ‘must not bee soe wedded to anything of that nature,
 ‘as to breake the union by a needless seperation in
 ‘such indifferent things of the Church.’ Of her
 receiving the Holy Sacrament before her confinement
 he wrote: ‘If you cannot have convenient roome at
 ‘Church, find out some convenient oppertunity either
 ‘at Dr.’s or elsewhere to receive it; and doe it quickly,
 ‘for you know not how soone you may lye inn. My
 ‘Budd, this is a Greate Worke, therefore chuse a time
 ‘when you have leaste businesse that you may consider
 ‘it more seariouly.’

So soon as her health permitted she set off for
 Claydon to look into affairs there, having to travel
 round by Berkhamstead to avoid disturbed districts.
 As it was, she narrowly escaped a fight at Uxbridge.
 She wrote a hurried line on her arrival that her husband
 might not miss his expected letter, though she said,
 ‘I am soe very weary that I am scarce able to stand
 ‘upon my legges. . . . I left them fighting at 4 o’clock
 ‘this morning, but I trust in god they are apeased by
 ‘this time.’ Not improbably letters miscarried, for
 Ralph seems to have upbraided her for slackness in
 writing, and she protests. ‘I assure you,’ she says, ‘I
 ‘neavor fayled one Thursday of wrighting to you since
 ‘I came over.’ On another occasion she answers some
 reproach of his for not taking ‘a noate of remembrance.’
 ‘My deare, thou doest chide me for nott answering
 ‘thy letters: truly I am confydent tis by chance if
 ‘I miss answering of every perticuler; for I allwayes
 ‘lay thy letters before me when I wright; but howevor
 ‘when thou considerest how much I wright and how
 ‘ill a scribe I am, thou oughtest not to be angry with
 ‘me for forgetting now and then a little.’ Far from
 her being an ‘ill scribe,’ the editor of the *Verney
 Memoirs* attests that the large sheets are closely written

in a beautiful clear hand, and her spelling certainly compares very favourably with that of some other ladies of her day, notably with Lady Sussex and her own sisters-in-law.

In another letter she says: 'I have spent the whole day searching amongst your papers for the survey you writt for: I have looked in all the drawers in your further closett . . . and I think I have opened a thousand papers.' She must indeed have been hard at work taking inventories with Mrs. Alcock the housekeeper, or going through accounts with Will Roades the steward, and hardly had she got things a little in order when to her despair fresh troops were quartered upon her, and there were endless troubles with Ralph's sisters, growing up undisciplined and unmannerly. She got through at last, and left her new baby there in Mrs. Alcock's charge, intending to have both children sent to her when she was ready to return to Blois; but while she was winding up her affairs in London a crushing blow fell upon her. She received almost simultaneously the news of her baby's sudden death, and that of the little girl whom she had left in France. Dr. Denton, who broke the news to her as tenderly as such bitter news could be broken, wrote to her husband: 'It did much afflict and distract her, soe that she spake idly for two nights and sometimes did not know her friends.' She rallied her powers soon to bear the blow and to comfort Ralph, who was almost beside himself with grief. As soon as she was free to return she had her little Jack sent up to go with her, and wrote careful and minute directions how he was to travel. Roades was to bring him, and as he was to lie but one night on the road a maid would not be necessary; 'but I would have John Andrewes or some lustie fellow come up a foote by your horse to helpe the child if any occasion should be, and lett him be sett upon a pillow and wrapped extreamly warm

‘with one of the little cradle ruggs and a mantle about
‘him.’ Also he was to have ‘a pare of russett shoose
‘pressently, lined with bais, the sole within the shoose
‘to keepe him warme.’

During all her absence her cares for her children in France had been continual, about their lessons, their health, their clothes, their deportment. Of their dancing-lessons she wrote: ‘2 or 3 months in the yeare is
‘enough to learne that. . . . I like your notion very
‘well of teaching Mun to sing and play on the gittarr,
‘for itt is a great deale of pitty he should loose his time
‘now he is soe younge and capable of breeding: we
‘had better spare itt on him heerafter then now.’ She said she would like ‘the gerle to learne the lute. I
‘am sory she holdes her head soe, butt I hope it will
‘not now be very long before I am with thee, and then
‘I hope to break her of itt.’

It is certainly surprising that such a capable housewife should have sent the wrong size in stockings for both husband and son—she must indeed have been distracted by her worries to do such a thing, and no wonder Ralph wrote reproachfully on this occasion. ‘Now let me tell you ye silke stockings are good,
‘though much to bigg, but that’s noe matter, but the
‘thredd ones have made amends, for they are soe little
‘that they will not come over my toes; my foote is
‘bigger then yours, but for your comfort these will
‘neither serve me nor you. As for Mun’s grey
‘stockings they are about a handful too short and
‘almost an inch too little, soe I have layed them upp
‘for your sonn John, and you must buy Mun more.
‘. . . Besse is as well fitted, for Luce sent her a paire
‘of Shooes that will come as soon uppon her head as
‘uppon her Heeles: soe we laugh at you Both.’ The laugh might have been on Mary’s side when she had instructed her husband: ‘You must needs buy some
‘suger both fine and coarse, and some spice and a few

'reasons and currents,' and he having spent the money on other things, wrote: 'I pray send me the Harmony of Confession of Faith of all the Churches, and let me know the price of new currants and raisins.'

When at length Mary rejoined her husband, in April 1648, it was but the wreck of his bright 'Mischief' that was restored to him: she had suffered too much. The overwhelming sorrow of her double loss, coming upon her fatigue and weakened health, had been more than she could bear, with all her courage. The return to her desolate home, and the daily realisation of the loss of the treasured little daughter, about whom she had thought so much during her long absence, must have gone to her heart. Not long after, she sickened of consumption, and after a long and devoted nursing Ralph found himself left alone to endure his exile and bring up his two boys as best he might. His letters to Dr. Denton, who had loved his wife so well, and seen so much of her while she was in England, show him absolutely shattered with grief. Without her he had hardly courage to go on living; he took no comfort in his sons, and though, after travelling in Italy for some months, he regained his outward calm, he never recovered from the blow. He lived to see the Restoration and the Revolution, but he never put any other in Mary's vacant place.

Another devoted wife, who followed her husband through the evil days and the good, was Lady Fanshawe, whose memoirs, written by herself for her children, give a most vivid picture of life in the troubled days of the war. She was the eldest daughter of Sir John Harrison of Balls, in Hertfordshire, and having lost her mother early managed her father's house. When she was about seventeen her father, having been plundered by the Parliament and had his estate sequestrated for his allegiance to the king, escaped and went to Oxford, desiring his daughters to

join him there as soon as they could. The court was then at Oxford, but with very little of courtly splendour. There was plenty of amusement and gaiety, but the fashionable crowd had to make shift with what accommodation they could find, and put up with considerable discomfort. She thus describes how she and her sister fared:—‘We that had till that hour lived in great
‘ plenty and great order, found ourselves like fishes out
‘ of the water, and the scene so changed that we knew
‘ not at all how to act any part but obedience, for from
‘ as good a house as any gentleman in England had,
‘ we came to a baker’s house in an obscure street, and
‘ from rooms well furnished, to lie in a very bad bed
‘ in a garret, to one dish of meat, and that not the best
‘ ordered, no money, for we were as poor as Job, nor
‘ clothes more than a man or two brought in their cloak
‘ bags: we had the perpetual discourse of losing or
‘ gaining towns and men; at the windows the sad
‘ spectacle of war, sometimes plague, sometimes sick-
‘ ness of other kinds, by reason of so many people
‘ being packed together, as I believe, there never was
‘ before of that quality; always in want, yet I must
‘ needs say that most bore it with a martyr-like cheer-
‘ fulness. For my own part, I began to think we
‘ should all, like Abraham, live in tents all the days of
‘ our lives.’

These hardships did not, however, keep young people from courting. Anne Harrison no doubt looked as charming in her youthful bloom in the few tumbled clothes that came in the cloak-bags as she did later in all her splendour as Spanish ambassadress. At any rate, she won the heart of Sir Richard Fanshawe, and was married to him in Wolvercot Church upon the 18th day of May 1644. ‘None was at our wedding’—to quote from her own account—‘but my dear father, who
‘ at my mother’s desire, gave me her wedding ring,
‘ with which I was married, and my sister Margaret,

‘and my brother and sister Boteler, Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards Lord Chancellor, and Sir Geoffrey Palmer, the King’s Attorney.’ The young couple had little enough to start the world upon but a great store of courage, affection, and high spirit. In March the next year Sir Richard had to go to Bristol in attendance upon the Prince of Wales, at a moment very hard for his young wife to part with him, for she had just given birth to her first son, who was not likely to live. She writes :—

‘It was the first time we had been parted a day since we married ; he was extremely afflicted, even to tears though passion was against his nature ; but the sense of leaving me with a dying child, which did die two days after, in a garrison town, extremely weak and very poor, were such circumstances as he could not bear with, only on the argument of necessity ; and, for my own part, it cost me so dear that I was ten weeks before I could go alone ; but he by all opportunities, wrote to me to fortify myself, and to comfort me in the company of my father and sister, who were both with me, and that as soon as the Lords of the Council had their wives come to them I should come to him, and that I should receive the first money that he got, and he hoped it would be suddenly.’ In May, accompanied by her father and sister, she travelled to Bristol, and was happily reunited to her husband. Her description of their meeting and of the little incident that followed must be told in her own words :—

‘My husband had provided very good lodgings for us, and as soon as he could come home from the Council, where he was at my arrival, he with all expressions of joy received me in his arms, and gave me a hundred pieces of gold, saying, “I know thou that keeps my heart so well will keep my fortune, which from this time I will ever put into thy hands as God shall bless me with increase.” And now I thought my-

‘ self a perfect queen, and my husband so glorious a
‘ crown, that I more valued myself to be called by his
‘ name than born a princess, for I knew him very wise
‘ and very good, and his soul doted on me ; upon
‘ which confidence I will tell you what happened. My
‘ Lady Rivers, a brave woman, and one that had
‘ suffered many thousand pounds loss for the King,
‘ and whom I had a great reverence for, and she a kind-
‘ ness for me as a kinswoman,—in discourse she tacitly
‘ commended the knowledge of state affairs, and that
‘ some women were very happy in a good understand-
‘ ing thereof, as my Lady Aubigny, Lady Isabel Thynne,
‘ and divers others, and yet none was at first more
‘ capable than I ; that in the night she knew there
‘ came a post from Paris from the Queen, and that she
‘ would be extremely glad to hear what the Queen com-
‘ manded the King in order to his affairs ; saying, if I
‘ would ask my husband privately, he would tell me
‘ what he found in the packet, and I might tell her. I
‘ that was young and innocent, and to that day had
‘ never in my mouth what news, began to think there
‘ was more in inquiring into public affairs than I
‘ thought of, and that it being a fashionable thing
‘ would make me more beloved of my husband, if that
‘ had been possible, than I was. When my husband
‘ returned home from the Council, after welcoming him,
‘ as his custom ever was he went with his handful of
‘ papers into his study for an hour or more ; I followed
‘ him ; he turned hastily and said, “What wouldst
‘ thou have, my life?” I told him, I heard the
‘ Prince had received a packet from the Queen, and
‘ I guessed it was that in his hand, and I desired to
‘ know what was in it ; he smilingly replied, “My love,
‘ “I will immediately come to thee, pray thee go, for
‘ “I am very busy.” When he came out of his closet
‘ I revived my suit ; he kissed me, and talked of other
‘ things. At supper I would eat nothing ; he as usual

' sat by me, and drank often to me, which was his
 ' custom, and was full of discourse to company that was
 ' at table. Going to bed I asked again, and said I
 ' could not believe he loved me if he refused to tell me
 ' all he knew ; but he answered nothing, but stopped
 ' my mouth with kisses. So he went to bed, I cried,
 ' and he went to sleep. Next morning early, as his
 ' custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse
 ' with me first, to which I made no reply ; he rose,
 ' came on the other side of the bed and kissed me, and
 ' drew the curtains softly and went to Court. When he
 ' came home to dinner, he presently came to me as was
 ' usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said,
 ' "Thou dost not care to see me troubled" ; to which
 ' he taking me in his arms, answered, "My dearest
 ' "soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that,
 ' "and when you asked me of my business, it was
 ' "wholly out of my power to satisfy thee, for my life
 ' "and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my
 ' "heart in which the trust I am in may not be revealed,
 ' "but my honour is my own, which I cannot preserve
 ' "if I communicate the Prince's affairs ; and pray thee
 ' "with this answer rest satisfied." So great was his
 ' reason and goodness, that upon consideration it made
 ' my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day
 ' until the day of his death I never thought fit to ask
 ' him any business but what he communicated freely to
 ' me in order to his estate or family.'

From Bristol, on account of the plague, the Prince
 and his retinue moved to Barnstaple, which it is odd
 now to find mentioned as 'one of the finest towns in
 England.' 'Your father and I,' she says, 'went two
 ' days after the Prince ; for during all the time I was in
 ' the Court I never journeyed but either before him, or
 ' when he was gone, nor ever saw him but at church,
 ' for it was not in those days the fashion for honest
 ' women, except they had business, to visit a man's

‘ Court. I saw there at Mr. Palmer’s where we lay, ‘ who was a merchant, a parrot above a hundred years ‘ old. They have, near this town, a fruit called a ‘ massard, like a cherry, but different in taste, and ‘ makes the best pies with their sort of cream I ever ‘ eat.’ From thence they proceeded to Launceston, in Cornwall, ‘and thither came very many gentlemen of ‘ that county to do their duties to his Highness: they ‘ were generally loyal to the crown and hospitable to their ‘ neighbours, but they are of a crafty and censorious ‘ nature, as most are so far from London. That country ‘ hath great plenty, especially of fish and fowl, but ‘ nothing near so fat and sweet as within forty miles of ‘ London.’

At Truro, where they were quartered, her house was attacked in her husband’s absence, and would have been plundered but for the valiant defence she and her few servants made. The thieves, it was supposed, had discovered that Sir Richard had a little trunk of jewels belonging to the prince in his keeping. A more serious robbery befell them on the voyage to the Scilly Islands, for which the prince and his retinue embarked the next year. The seamen had mutinied, and Sir Richard having appeased them had taken out money to pay them, having all his money and valuables in two trunks on board. The night following, she says in her graphic way, ‘ they broke open one of our trunks, and ‘ took out a bag of £60 and a quantity of gold lace with ‘ our best clothes and linen, with all my combs, gloves, ‘ and ribbons, which amounted to near £300 more. The ‘ next day, after having been pillaged, and extremely ‘ sick and big with child, I was set on shore almost ‘ dead in the Island of Scilly. When we had got to our ‘ quarters near the Castle, where the Prince lay, I went ‘ immediately to bed, which was so vile, that my foot- ‘ man ever lay in a better, and we had but three in the ‘ whole house, which consisted of four rooms, or rather

‘ partitions, two low rooms and two little lofts, with a
 ‘ ladder to go up : in one of these they kept dried fish,
 ‘ which was his trade, and in this my husband’s two
 ‘ clerks lay, one there was for my sister, and one for
 ‘ myself, and one amongst the rest of the servants.
 ‘ But, when I waked in the morning, I was so cold I
 ‘ knew not what to do, but the daylight discovered that
 ‘ my bed was near swimming with the sea, which the
 ‘ owner told us afterwards it never did so but at spring-
 ‘ tide. With this we were destitute of clothes,—and
 ‘ meat, and fuel, for half the Court to serve them a
 ‘ month was not to be had in the whole island ; and
 ‘ truly we begged our daily bread of God, for we
 ‘ thought every meal our last. The Council sent for
 ‘ provisions to France, which served us, but they were
 ‘ bad, and a little of them. Then after three weeks
 ‘ and odd days, we set sail for the Isle of Jersey,
 ‘ where we safely arrived, praised be God, beyond
 ‘ the belief of all the beholders from that island ; for
 ‘ the pilot, not knowing the way into the harbour,
 ‘ sailed over the rocks, but being spring tide, and
 ‘ by chance high water, God be praised, his High-
 ‘ ness and all of us came safe ashore through so great
 ‘ a danger.’

Here in the house of the comfortable widow of a stocking-merchant, she gave birth to a daughter, and recovered a little from her hardships and fatigues. Space would fail to narrate all her perils and hair-breadth escapes by sea and land—it must suffice to cull a few specimens. Not long after leaving Jersey, on the route to France by way of Portsmouth, she and her husband, walking by the sea-side, about a mile from their lodging, probably on Southsea Common, were nearly struck by bullets from two Dutch ships at Spithead. The shot passed them so close she could hear them whizz, and, calling to her husband to make haste, she began to run, ‘but he altered not his pace,

‘ saying, “If we must be killed, it were as good to be
‘ killed walking as running.”’

Later they were sent to Madrid, the king having given Sir Richard credentials for Spain, with private instructions. While his Majesty was at Hampton Court she went three times to pay her duty to him, and of her last visit she gives a very touching account. ‘The last time I ever saw him, when I took my leave, ‘I could not refrain from weeping: when he had ‘saluted me, I prayed to God to preserve his Majesty ‘with long life and happy years; he stroked me on ‘the cheek, and said, “Child, if God pleaseth, it shall ‘“be so, but both you and I must submit to God’s will, ‘“and you know in what hands I am”; then turning ‘to your father, he said, “Be sure, Dick, to tell my son ‘“all that I have said, and deliver those letters to my ‘“wife; pray God bless her! I hope I shall do well”; ‘and taking him in his arms, said, “Thou hast ever ‘“been an honest man, and I hope God will bless thee, ‘“and make thee a happy servant to my son, whom I ‘“have charged in my letter to continue his love, and ‘“trust to you”; adding, “I do promise you that if ‘“ever I am restored to my dignity I will bountifully ‘“reward you both for your service and sufferings.” ‘Thus did we part from that glorious sun, that within ‘a few months after was murdered, to the grief of all ‘Christians that were not forsaken by God.’

Lady Fanshawe’s experiences in Spain properly belong to a later day, but one incident of the voyage out must be narrated. It shows the ‘hoyting girl’ as full of pluck and high spirit as of devotion to her husband. They were threatened and nearly boarded by a Turkish man-of-war, and the women had been locked-up below to be out of danger and out of the way. But the story should be told in her own words:—‘This beast, the ‘Captain, had locked me up in the cabin; I knocked ‘and called long to no purpose, until at length the

‘cabin boy came and opened the door; I, all in tears,
‘desired him to be so good as to give me his blue
‘thrum cap he wore, and his tarred coat, which he did,
‘and I gave him half-a-crown, and putting them on
‘and flinging away my night clothes, I crept softly up
‘and stood upon the deck by my husband’s side, as
‘free from sickness and fear, as I confess, from dis-
‘cretion; but it was the effect of that passion which I
‘could never master.’

That was all she ever asked—to be by her husband’s side. As she said on a former occasion, when she had to remain behind while he proceeded to Holland and thence to Ireland, when at length he was able to send for her,—‘We went by Bristol very cheerfully towards my North star, that only had the power to fix me.’

CHAPTER XIII

SOME LETTERS FROM HUSBANDS AND WIVES

THE letters of the Lady Brilliana, the Puritan wife of Sir Robert Harley, though very affectionate, are characterised by a meek and submissive tone, in great contrast to the easy confidence between Lady Fanshawe or Lady Verney and their husbands. She seems to have stood in some awe of Sir Robert, and poured out her heart far more unreservedly to her beloved eldest son Ned, when he had left her to go to Oxford. Always more or less of an invalid, and pious after the strictest Puritan fashion, she led a very retired life, and her letters are chiefly valuable for their domestic details, and for the idea they give of religious feeling and practice amongst those of her school of thought; not least for the extremely quaint touches on the subject of illness and physic, in which she took an absorbing interest, for, like most invalids, she loved prescribing for the ailments of others. In her early married days she addressed Sir Robert in her letters as 'Sir'; later she warmed into 'Deare Sir,' but never arrived at any more familiar term than 'Dearest Sir,' when they had been married five or six years.

Letters from Puritan ladies are for some reason scarce, so a few of these shall be quoted. Mrs. Hutchinson, who was so excellent a scribe, was rarely absent from her husband, nor Lady Warwick from

hers, so Lady Brilliana must represent the Puritan type of correspondence :—

' To my deare husband Sr Robert Harley, Knight.

' DEARE SR,—Your two leters, on from hearifort and
' the other from Gloster, weare very wellcome to me ;
' and if you knwe howe gladly I reseave your leters, I
' beleeve you would neever let any opertunity pase.
' I hope your cloche did you sarvis betwne Gloster and
' my brother Brays, for with us it was a very rainy day,
' but this day has bine very dry and warme, and so I
' hope it was with you ; and to-morowe I hope you will
' be well at your journis end, wheare I wisch my self to
' bide you wellcome home. You see howe my thoughts
' goo with you ; and as you have many of mine, so let
' me have some of yours. Beleeve me, I thinke I
' never miste you more then now I doo, or ells I have
' forgoot what is past. I thanke God, Ned and Robin
' are well, and Ned askes every day wheare you are,
' and he says you will come to-moreowe. My father is
' well, but goos not abrode becaus of his fiseke. I
' have sent you up a litell hamper, in which is the box
' with the ryteings and boouckes you bid me send up,
' with the other things sowed up in a clothe, in the
' botome of the hamper. I have sent you a partriche
' pye, which has the two pea chikeins in it, and a litell
' runlet of meathe, that which I toold you was made for
' my father. I thinke within this munthe, it will be very
' good drinke. I send it up nowe because I thinke
' carage when it is ready to drincke dous it hurt ;
' thearefore, and please you to let it rest and then taste
' it ; if it be good, I pray you let my father have it,
' because he spake to me for such a meathe. I will
' nowe bide you god night, for it is past a leaven a
' cloke. I pray God presarve you and give you good

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'suggess in all your biusnes, and a speedy and happy
'meeting with your most faithful affectinat wife,

BRILLIANA HARLEY.

'I must beeg your blssing for Ned and Rob. and
'present you with Ned's humbell duty.

'BROMTON the 5 of October, 1627.'

'To my deare husband Sr Robert Harley, Knight.

'MY DEARE SR,—I ame glad of this opertuenity to
'present you with the remembranc of my deare love.
'I hope you came well to Bristol; and I much longe
'to heare from you, but more a thousand times to see
'you, which I presume you will not beleeve, becaus
'you cannot pocsibilly measure my love. I thanke
'God your father is well, and so are your three soons.
'Ned presents his humbell duty to you, and I beeg
'your blssing for them all; and I pray God give you
'a happy and speady meeting with your most affectinat
'wife, BRILL. HARLEY.

'If I thought it would hasten your comeing home, I
'would intreat you to doo soo.

'I pray you remember me to Mr. Pirson. I thanke
'God all at his howes are well.

'BROMTON, the 7th, 1628.'

'To my deare husband Sr Robert Harley, Knight.

'MY DEARE SR,—I thanke you for your letter, which
'I reseaved this weake by the carrier, and I thanke God
'for my father's health. I trust in our good God, in
'his own time, he will give a happy end to your
'biusnes. I have rwitten a letter to my father, which
'I send you heare inclosed. If you thinke it will not
'displeas him, and it may anything at all seet forward
'your biusnes, I pray you delever it to him. If you
'do delever it to my father, I pray you seale it first.
'Allas! my deare Sr, I knowe you doo not to the on

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' halfe of my desires, desire to see me, that loves you
 ' more than any earthly thinge. I should be glad if
 ' you would but rwite me word, when I should hope
 ' to see you. Need has bine ever sence Sunday trubled
 ' with the rume in his fase very much. . . . The swelling
 ' of his face made him very dull ; but nowe, I thanke
 ' God, he is better, and begins to be merry. He
 ' inquires for Jhon Walls comeing downe ; for he
 ' thinkes he will bringe him a letter. I must desire
 ' you to send me downe a littell Bibell for him. He
 ' would not let me be in peace, tell I promised him to
 ' send for on. He begings nowe to delight in reading ;
 ' and that is the booke I would have him place his
 ' delight in. Tom has still a great coold ; but he is
 ' not, I thanke God, sike with it. Brill and Robin, I
 ' thanke God, are well ; and Brill has two teethe. Ned
 ' presents his humbell duty to you, and I beeg your
 ' bllsing for them all : and I beceach the Allmighty
 ' to prosper you in all you doo, and to give you a
 ' happy meeting with your most faithfull affectinat
 ' wife,
 BRILLIANA HARLEY.

' I pray you, Sr, send downe no silk grogram. I
 ' hope you have reseved the silver candell-stike.

' Your father, I thanke God, is much better then he
 ' was. I pray you, Sr, present my best love to my
 ' sister Wacke.

' Desem. 4, 1629.'

*' To my deare husband Sr Robert Harley, Knight, at his
house in Aldermanbery.*

' MY DEAREST SR,—Your men came to Bromton on
 ' thursday last. I thanke God that you have your
 ' helth. I hope the Lord will give us bothe faith to
 ' waite upon him ; and I trust that in his mercy he will
 ' give a good end to your biusnes. It pleases God that
 ' I continue ill with my coold, but it is, as they say,

R. H.

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' a nwe disceas : it trubelles me much, more becaus of
' my being with childe ; but I hope the Lord will deale
' in mercy with me ; and, deare Sir, let me have your
' prayers, for I have need of them. Doctor Barker is
' nowe with me. I thanke God, the childeren are all
' well, and Need and Robine are very glad of theire
' boose, and Ned is much discontented that you come
' not downe. I beeg your bllsing for them all, be-
' ceaching the Allmighty to presarve you, and to give
' you a joyeful and happy meeting with 'your most
' faithfull affectinat wife,
BRIL. HARLEY.

' I pray present my humbell duty to my father. This
' day theare came a man from Ragley to feetche my
' cosen Hunkes to her mother, whoo is very sike.

' BROMTON, the 8th of May 1630.'

The letters to Sir Robert are not very numerous, and all in a very similar strain. Those to her son are more expansive and chatty, and as she wrote to him at least once a week throughout the three or four years of his absence, they fill a volume. She seems to have been a gentle, affectionate creature, rather low-spirited, with constant ill-health and many children.

Another very submissive wife to a far less kind husband was Elizabeth, wife of Sir Henry Cary, afterwards Lord Falkland, the same who has already made her appearance in these pages as the little bookworm Elizabeth Tanfield.¹ The daughter who was her biographer describes, as has already been quoted, how carefully she taught her children to love and honour their father, and thus speaks of her constant anxiety to please him : ' He was very absolute, and though she ' had a strong will she had learned to make it obey ' his.' She gave proof of the strength of hers in conquering her natural fears, generally the hardest

¹ *The Lady Falkland, her Life.*

of tasks. 'And being most fearful of a horse, both before and after, she did (he loving hunting, and desiring to have her a good horsewoman) for many a year ride so much and so desperately as if she had no fear but much delight in it; and so she had to see him pleased, and did really make herself love it as long as that lasted; but after (as before) she neither had the courage nor the skill to sit upon a horse. Dressing was all her life a torture to her; yet because he would have it so, she willingly supported it all the while she lived with him in her younger days, even to tediousness; but all that ever she could do towards it, was to have those about her that could do it well, and to take order that it should be done, and then endure the trouble; for though she was very careful it should be so, she was not able to attend to it at all, nor ever was her mind the least engaged in it, but her women were fain to walk round the room after her (which was her custom) while she was seriously thinking on some other business, and pin on her things and braid her hair; and while she writ or read, to curl her hair and dress her head.

'It did sufficiently appear how alone for his will she did undergo the trouble by the extraordinary great carelessness she had of herself after he was angry with her; from which time she never went out of plain black, frieze or coarse stuff or cloth.'

At this time also she took to walking for economy (which she would not do before to vex her husband or older sons), so left off wearing chopines, 'which she had ever wore, being very low, and a long time very fat.'

It speaks volumes for the genuine disinterestedness of her conversion to the Roman Catholic faith, that for that cause, and that alone, she was willing to brave her husband's bitterest displeasure, well knowing all

that it would cost her. Both self-interest and personal conviction made Lord Falkland furious with her, and he tried to stir up the king to put in force against her the laws against Recusants, which Charles, who loved his Catholic wife and had many loyal Catholic subjects, would fain have suffered to lie idle in the statute-book. Thus urged, and no doubt aware that to show any favour to converts was at that moment dangerously impolitic, the king issued an order that she should be given into her mother's custody, probably not aware that, would she have received her, the mother was the most cruel gaoler the poor daughter could have had. This was Lady Tanfield's letter on the subject:—

'BES,—I will not exsept of you, and if by any
'exterordenary devis he cold compel you, you shall
'fynde the worst of it. For my part you may lyve
'wher you ples.'

Exiled from her husband's house and without any means of support, since her father, from whom she had such large expectations, being an only child, passed her over in his will, she was reduced to the utmost penury. One faithful servant, Bessie Poulter by name, loyally followed her fortunes, though it was often difficult to find bread for mistress and maid. She was far too proud as well as too anxious for her husband's reputation to let her Catholic friends know to what straits she was reduced; 'yet, not to let her faithful
'servant suffer in it, she sent her to my Lord of
'Ormonde's to meals but with a charge to conceal
'her case; and she to give her lady what help she
'could, and yet obey her, did from the table privately
'take and put into a handkerchief some pieces of pie-
'crust or bread and butter or other such thing, which
'bringing home to her, were all she had to live on
'some days.'

She refused to make any complaint or application on her own behalf that might injure or annoy her

husband, and struggled on living with Bessie in a mean little house near London. It is good to know that her loving patience was at last rewarded by the restoration of Lord Falkland's affection. He must have been touched by her fidelity, for a little while before his death he was arranging for her to live with him again, and having taken a house in the country was actually designing a chapel for her and a place for her priests to live in. The knowledge of his intention was all the comfort vouchsafed to her; her Indian summer the dear creature was never to know. While these plans were being made he met with an accident while out shooting in attendance on the king at Theobalds, or Tibbalds, as it was then called, and broke his leg. He was carried into a lodge and the king's surgeon immediately sent for. The doctor, however, seems to have been more intent on the state of his patient's soul than on that of his body; for the wound, mismanaged, gangrened, and the leg had to be amputated. This must have been unskilfully done, for hæmorrhage came on, and the doctors being 'at tables' were long before they came. When they did arrive, they remarked there was nothing to be done, and having some suspicion that his heart was inclining to his wife's faith, they pestered him for assurances that he died a Protestant. 'But he turned his head away, begging that they would not disturb his silent 'meditations.' His wife had been summoned, and he died with his hand in hers.

Another pair, whom not only differences in religious views, but hot and hasty tempers might easily have divided, were Endymion Porter, Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles I., and his handsome, high-spirited wife. He married very young, having fallen in love with Olivia Boteler, the beautiful young cousin of his friend and patron the great Duke of Buckingham.

His duties at court in attendance on Charles, then Prince of Wales, took him away from his wife for a great part of every week, and to this circumstance we owe a delightful series of domestic letters made public a few years ago in a most interesting volume. These letters were preserved in a singular manner. From his having been in such close attendance on the king and known to be much in his confidence, as well as from the circumstance of his wife having joined the Church of Rome and being a favourite with the queen and the Catholic party, he, although an Anglican, was suspected of complicity in all manner of imaginary Popish plots, and when his house at Woodhall was sacked, his letters were carried off as important booty. They remained for more than a couple of centuries buried in the State Paper Office, and when unearthed proved to be nothing more dangerous than the ordinary everyday letters of a very affectionate though not faultless husband, to an adored but sometimes uncommonly provoking wife. Very few of hers have been preserved, not having had the luck to be suspected as treasonable documents.

From Endymion's frequent mention of Friday, it appears that he got a day off at the end of the week, possibly from Friday to Monday, to enjoy his wife's society. These are a few of the letters, culled here and there, with Mrs. Townshend's kind permission, to show the terms on which one of these 'malignant' courtiers was with his wife.

'To my dear wife, Olive Porter, these.

'MY SWEET OLIVE,—I can attain to no content
'till I be made happy in the sight of thy pleasing
'countenance. Therefore do not again imagine that
'I will make the time longer than necessity may force
'me, but rather shorten it with all the hopes and

'desires these two days can afford. Friday is the
 'good one that will increase mine, by seeing myself
 'owner of so much goodness and virtue as is in thee.
 'Be thou still so religious that thy prayers may pre-
 'serve me from dangers, then shall I have two good
 'angels to keep me from the inconvenience my bad
 'one would draw me in; and so shall you also be
 'sure to enjoy the fruits of it in making me your
 'true loving husband, ENDYMION PORTER.'

There are many in the same strain addressed to 'My
 dearest Love,' 'My dear Heart,' 'My only Love.'
 He writes to her very tenderly on the birth of their
 eldest boy. In the postscript of one letter is a refer-
 ence to the christening: 'On Wednesday your young
 gentleman will be Georgified: Pray God bless it.'
 Later on we hear of little George's teething. In
 another: 'God bless thy child, and make him a Saint
 'George, and let not your prayers be wanting for
 'your true friend and loving husband.'

It was, no doubt, a little trying for Olivia to have
 Endymion, who was handsome, friendly, and sociable,
 so much away from her, and she occasionally seems
 to have upbraided him for attentions which she con-
 sidered excessive to pretty women of his acquaintance,
 and she had evidently written to him some sharp
 animadversions on a proposed visit to Saxham, the
 house of Sir John Croft, near Newmarket. Sir John
 had three lovely and witty daughters, one of whom,
 Cicely, married Sir Thomas Killigrew, a Cornishman,
 another Gentleman of the Bedchamber. King James
 was extremely fond of visiting there, and on one occa-
 sion was entertained with a gorgeous masque such as
 he loved. To Olive's reproaches Endymion replies in
 a letter written in evident low spirits, ending, 'I will
 'never forget to be thy true loving husband, that
 'will not go to Saxum, Endymion Porter.'

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There is a very affectionate letter written after a visit to Aston, whither he had gone alone.

'To my dear wife, Olive Porter.

'Do not think it any neglect in me my not coming
'to see you since my departure, for as I hope to be
'saved, there is nothing in the world so pleasing as
'thy sight, nor a greater affliction for me than thine
'absence. I was at Aston where I had the happiness to
'see thy picture, and that did somewhat please me, but
'when I found it wanted that pretty discourse which thy
'sweet company doth afford I kist it with a great deal
'of devotion, and with many wishes for the original,
'there I left it. Now I am coming nearer towards
'you, but I cannot as yet have as great a blessing as
'these lines shall have, to be seen by you, but when
'the King comes to Windsor I will hazard the loss
'of all my friends, rather than be a day longer from
'you. In the meantime let our souls kiss and my
'faith and true love shall never fail to assure thee
'that though fortune hath not given you a rich and
'powerful man, yet God hath bestowed on you one
'that will live and die your true loving husband,

ENDYMION PORTER.'

Soon he had to travel into Spain in attendance on the prince. Just before sailing he writes to his wife :—

'I would have you send Charles and the Spaniard
'along with the Prince's servants that come by sea.
'They are to be allowed as my men to come in the ship,
'and let them bring me one dozen of shirts, and little
'George his picture, and yours in the gold case that
'is at Gerbier's, and half a dozen pairs of silk stockings,
'three black and three coloured, and your chain of
'diamonds, and let me entreat you to make much of
'yourself that I may hear of your health, which news
'will somewhat mitigate the pain of this absence.'

It was a pity that after this warm-hearted letter Olive should have had her mind poisoned by some silly gossip which reached her from France. Evidently she must have written with some sharpness, to which he thus replies :—

‘MY DEAR OLIVE,—Since my coming into Spain I have received four letters from you, and the first two with so much kindness in them as I thought my love rewarded ; but the two last are so full of mistrusts and falsehoods, that I rather fear you have changed your affection, than that you have any sure grounds for what you accuse me of in them, for as I hope for mercy at God’s hands I neither kist nor touched any woman since I left you, and for the innkeeper’s daughter at Boulogne, I was so far from kissing her, that as I hope to be saved I cannot remember that I saw any such woman. No, Olive, I am not a dissembler, for I assure you that the grief which I suffered at the parting with you gave me no leave to entertain any such base thoughts, but rather lasted in me like a consumption, increasing daily more and more.’ Further on in the same letter he adds,—‘Good Olive, let me receive no more quarrelling letters from you, for I desire but your love, it being the only thing that affords me pleasure in this vile world. Send me word how the children do, and whether Charles be black or fair, and who he is like ; but I am sure the nurse will swear that he hath my eyes or nose, and you may perchance be angry and say you never saw anything so like some brother of yours as he is. I would to God I could hear thee discourse, I would never come to Boulogne to kiss my host’s daughter although you would entreat me.’

He sends her plenty of news, and now and then presents for those at home :—

‘I have sent here three purses ; if you like them not for yourself you may send them to Lady Boteler, and

‘ to Mall, and to the Lady Justice. I took out the toy
 ‘ of gold and little rubies, which was in the purse, and
 ‘ send it apart with the purses, and filled the purse
 ‘ which was for you full of perfumes.

‘ I would have you give my mother forty-five pounds
 ‘ as a token from me, so there will remain four hundred
 ‘ for yourself, which may serve you to spend till I come
 ‘ home, which as yet I cannot tell you seriously when it
 ‘ will be. I have written to my mother that I have sent
 ‘ her that money, therefore I pray you have a care to
 ‘ deliver it to her as soon as you shall receive it. I
 ‘ would have you make Ned [his younger brother] a
 ‘ suit of clothes, or else give him one of mine, which you
 ‘ shall think, and let him go to Mr. St. Antoine, where
 ‘ if he do not well, I may justly forsake him, and let
 ‘ him never hope for anything from me. This is my
 ‘ desire, and I hope you will see it fulfilled.’

Mr. St. Antoine was considered the best master of
 horsemanship of the day. On another occasion En-
 dymion writes :—‘ I sent you by Dick Grimes a chain of
 ‘ gold which is of the prettiest making that ever I saw.
 ‘ I pray you wear it, and let nobody know how kind I
 ‘ am to you lest they laugh at me for my fondness. By
 ‘ Killigree I sent you a feather, but I fear I shall trouble
 ‘ you with tokens as I do with letters. Yet I would
 ‘ willingly have nobody come without some small re-
 ‘ membrance to you, which makes me send you this
 ‘ poor token now.’

The letters extend over many years. Some ten years
 later a more serious quarrel than the one about the inn-
 keeper’s daughter seems to have arisen, in which his
 brother endeavoured to mediate. These are the letters
 exchanged :—

‘ OLIVE,—I writt unto you a letter by this gentleman
 ‘ which it seems you take unkindly. As I hope for
 ‘ salvation I know no cause for it, but sure you are apt
 ‘ to mistake me, and are fearful that I should oblige you

‘overmuch to esteem me ; wherein though you shew but
 ‘little love, yet ’tis a sign of a good conscience. God
 ‘continue it in you, and send me grace to amend my
 ‘life as I will my manners, for I will trouble you no
 ‘more with my letters, nor with any design of mine, yet
 ‘I will not despair of you as you do of me, for I hope
 ‘that age and good consideration will make you know
 ‘I am your best friend,

ENDYMION PORTER.

‘Commend me to the children, and send this enclosed
 ‘to D’Avenant with all speed.’

Her answer is very penitent :—

‘SWEETHEART,—My brother tells me you are very
 ‘angry with me still. I did not think you could have
 ‘been so cruel to me to have stayed so long away, and
 ‘not to forgive that which you know was spoke in a
 ‘passion. I know not how to beg your pardon, because
 ‘I have broken my word with you before ; but if your
 ‘good nature will forgive me, come home to her that
 ‘will ever be your loving and obedient wife,

OLIVE PORTER.’

Peace was entirely restored between the two. The affectionate letter which he wrote her on the outbreak of the war shall be given in its place.

We must now turn to the correspondence of another attached pair whose sweet and happy life together was sadly cut short. Lady Sunderland spent but a few years with her young husband at Althorp. Duty called him from her side, and he hastened to offer his loyal service to the king, leaving her with her two babies, and expecting the birth of a third, in her mother’s care at Penshurst. He sent constant letters whenever opportunity offered. From the trenches before Gloucester he wrote :—

' MY DEAREST HART,—Just as I was coming out of
 ' the trenches on Wednesday, I received your letter of
 ' the 20th of this instant, which gave me so much
 ' satisfaction that it put all the inconveniences of the
 ' siege out of my thoughts. At that instant if I had
 ' followed my own inclinations, I had returned an
 ' answer to yours ; writing to you, and hearing from
 ' you being the most pleasant entertainment that I am
 ' capable of in any place ; but especially here, where,
 ' but when I am in the Trenches (which place is seldom
 ' without my company) I am more solitary than ever I
 ' was in my life. This country being very full of little
 ' private cottages, in one of which I am quartered, where
 ' my Lord Falkland last night did me the honour to
 ' sup, Mr. Chillingworth is now here with me, in Sir
 ' Nicholas Selwin's place, who has been this week at
 ' Oxford. Our little Engineer comes not hither so
 ' much out of kindness to me as for his own con-
 ' veniency, my quarter being three or four miles nearer
 ' the leaguer than my Lord of Devonshire's, with whom
 ' he staid till he was commanded to make ready his
 ' engines with all possible speed. It is not to be
 ' imagined with what diligence and satisfaction (I mean
 ' to himself) he executes this command ; for my part I
 ' think it not unwisely done of him to change his pro-
 ' fession, and I think you would have been of my mind
 ' if you had heard him dispute last night with my Lord
 ' of Falkland in favour of Socinianism, wherein he was
 ' by his Lordship so often confounded, that really it
 ' appears he has much more reason for his engines
 ' than for his opinions.

' I put off writing till last night, out of hopes that
 ' something here would have happened worthy your
 ' knowledge, more than what I writt to you the day
 ' before, and you see what good company made me
 ' defer it last night, at which time I was newly come
 ' from our leaguer. . . . Many of the soldiers are con-

' fident we shall have the town within this four days
 ' which I extreamly long for, not that I am weary of
 ' the siege. For really, tho' we suffer many incon-
 ' veniences, yet I am not ill-pleased at this variety, so
 ' directly opposite to one another as the being in the
 ' Trenches with so much good company, together with
 ' the noise and tintamarra of guns and drums, the
 ' horrid spectacle and hideous cries of dead and hurt
 ' men, is to the solitariness of my quarter, together
 ' with all the marks of peace, which often brings into
 ' my thoughts (notwithstanding your mother's opinion
 ' of me) how infinitely more happy I should esteem
 ' myself quietly to enjoy your company at Althorpe,
 ' than to be troubled with the noises, and engaged with
 ' the actions of the Court which I shall ever endeavour
 ' to avoid. . . . I shall endeavour to provide you better
 ' lodgings at Oxford, and will be careful to furnishe
 ' them according to your desires, which I forbear yet to
 ' do, because it is not yet certain that we shall not take
 ' in Coventry and Northampton on our way to London.
 ' . . . When we were at Bristol Sir William [Crofts]
 ' was there, but I hear he is now lately gone to Here-
 ' ford, for which I envy him and all others that can go to
 ' their own houses ; but I hope ere long you will let me
 ' have your company and Popet's, the thought of which
 ' to me is most pleasant, and passionately desired by
 ' Yours, &c.

' August 25th, from before Gloucester.'

His last letter was filled with details of the doings of
 the army, much of it in cipher, but he concludes :—
 ' Before I go hence I hope somebody will come from
 ' you, howsoever I shall have a letter here for you. I
 ' have taken the best care about my economical affaires.
 ' I am afraid I shall not be able to get you a better house,
 ' everybody thinking me mad for speaking about it.
 ' Pray bless Popet for me, and tell her I would have writ

' to her but that upon mature deliberation I found it to
 ' be uncivil to returne an answer to a Lady in another
 ' character than her owne which I am not yet learned
 ' enough to do. I cannot by walking about my
 ' chamber, call anything to mind to set downe here,
 ' and really I have made you no small compliment in
 ' writing thus much ; for I have so great a cold that I
 ' do nothing but sneeze, and mine eyes do nothing but
 ' water all the while that I am in this posture of hang-
 ' ing downe my head. I beseech you to present his
 ' service to my Lady, who is most passionately and
 ' perfectly yours,
 SUNDERLAND.

' OXFORD, September the 16th, 1643.'

The meeting with his wife and little girl, so longed
 for, was never to take place. Four days later he fell at
 Newbury, leading a heroic charge. He lived for some
 while after receiving the fatal shot, 'and his holy
 ' thoughts went as harbingers of his soul to Heaven,
 ' whereof he had a glimpse before he died.'

Very pathetic is a letter in which Mr. Sudbury, tutor
 in the family, to whom the terrible task of breaking
 the news had been entrusted, relates to Lord Leicester
 how it had been received :—

' MY LORD,—The sad newes, which by your Lord-
 ' ship's direction was first to be imparted to me, was by
 ' some indiscretion of him that gave me notice of the
 ' footman's desire to speak with me, suspected by
 ' diverse in the house before I could returne from
 ' him. I found my Lady Sunderland in soe great an
 ' apprehension that some ill accident had befallen some
 ' of her friends, that it was not possible for me to sup-
 ' press it from her soe long as till I had delivered your
 ' Lordship's letters to my Lady. Her Ladyship was
 ' soe full of expectation, that at my returne from the
 ' footman she would not suffer me to goe to my Lady
 ' till I would tell her what it was that made a footman

' from your Lordship come after soe unusual a manner
 ' as to send for me, and not come himself with his
 ' letters. I told her Ladyship that I had letters, but that
 ' I had not opened them, but I heard the footman say
 ' my Lord of Falkland was slaine. This would not
 ' satisfy her Ladyship, in soe much that after some
 ' discourse of the miseries of these times, and how
 ' much it concerned all who had friends in these wars
 ' to be ever armed against the worst newes they could
 ' apprehend, I was forced to let her know that my Lord
 ' was also hurt. This put her into a great passion of
 ' griefe, and soon after into some fits of the mother. Her
 ' griefe I perceived was the greater because she feared
 ' I had not told her all, which she did importune me to,
 ' and I had noe way to divert her from it but by enter-
 ' taining her with such discourse as was more proper
 ' for a divine than for a relator of newes.

' All this while my Lady was in her own chamber,
 ' expecting my returne with the greatest passion that I
 ' ever saw in any body, and notwithstanding all I
 ' could say to her, through the extremity of her sorrow
 ' she fell into a swoone. But we soone recovered her
 ' out of that, and made her Ladyship understand how
 ' much she was concerned to put on all possible courage
 ' and resolution, and to goe and comfort my Lady
 ' Sunderland, whose griefe would be much increased
 ' to heare that her Ladyship was soe much afflicted,
 ' and she would receive noe consolations from any
 ' other that would have soe much power to pacify her,
 ' as those which her Ladyship might afford her.
 ' This I urged and pressed upon her as much as I
 ' could, till she had overcome her owne passion, and
 ' then I waited on her to my Lady Sunderland's
 ' chamber, where, falling on her neck, she spoke such
 ' comfortable words to her, and in soe affectionate a
 ' manner as I am confident it was not possible for any
 ' divine or orator with all their study and premeditation,

' to have been able in soe short a time to have charmed
 ' soe great a griefe soe well. After this, her Ladyship
 ' told her out of your Lordship's letter, how honourably
 ' and how piously her lord had left this world, having
 ' often charged the enemy before the fatal shott befel
 ' him, and then with how pious ejaculations he resigned
 ' his soule into the hands of God, with how great
 ' satisfaction of conscience he had entered upon this
 ' action, and how free from all self-respects. I shall
 ' not need to tell your Lordship that neither of their
 ' Ladyships took much rest that night. But this I can
 ' now affirm of them both, that it hath pleased God to
 ' give them patience, and I hope it will not be long
 ' before He sends them comfort likewise.'

Lord Leicester's letter to his daughter, full of religious
 consolations and encouragements to bear up for her
 children's sake, and as the only service she could do
 him whom she had lost, is too long to give more than
 a few passages from ¹:—

' And your reason will assure you, that besides the
 ' vanity of bemoaning that which hath no remedy, you
 ' offend him whom you loved, if you hurt that person
 ' whom he loved. Remember how apprehensive he
 ' was of your dangers, and how sorry for anything
 ' which troubled you: imagine that he sees how you
 ' afflict and hurt yourself; you will then believe, that
 ' though he looks upon it without any perturbation, for
 ' that cannot be admitted, by that blessed condition
 ' wherein he is, yet he may censure you, and think you
 ' forgetful of the friendship that was between you, if
 ' you pursue not his desires in being careful of yourself,
 ' who was so dear unto him. . . . I know you lived
 ' happily, and so as nobody but yourself could measure
 ' the contentment of it. I rejoiced at it, and did thank
 ' God for making me one of the means to procure it for
 ' you. That is now past, and I will not flatter you so

¹ *Elegant Epistles.*

‘ much as to say, I think you can ever be so happy in
 ‘ this life again : but this comfort you owe me, that I
 ‘ may see you bear this change and your misfortunes
 ‘ patiently. . . . I doubt not but your eyes are full of
 ‘ tears, and not the emptier for those they shed. God
 ‘ comfort you, and let us join in prayer to Him, that
 ‘ He will be pleased to give His grace to you, to your
 ‘ mother, and to myself, that all of us may resign and
 ‘ submit ourselves cheerfully to His pleasure. So
 ‘ nothing shall be able to make us unhappy in this
 ‘ life, nor hinder us from being happy in that which
 ‘ is eternal ; . . . that you may find the comforts best
 ‘ and most necessary for you, is and shall ever be the
 ‘ constant prayer of your father that loves you dearly.

‘ OXFORD, 10th October 1643.’

Lady Sunderland’s youngest child, Henry, was born
 a fortnight after his father’s death, and died at the age
 of five and a half, just after the murder of the king.
 By her petition her father was joined with her in the
 guardianship of her children, and she remained for
 seven years in the home of her girlhood. The baby
 was the pet and plaything of his grandfather, who
 makes this sad entry in his journal :—‘The sweet
 ‘ little boy, Harry Spencer, my grandchilde, five yeares
 ‘ old from October last, died at Leicester House.’

CHAPTER XIV

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY

IN the seventeenth century a man's family meant, not his children merely, but all his household from the chaplain or private secretary down to the scullion, from my lady's waiting gentlewoman to the goose-girl; and for the welfare of all these, spiritual and moral as well as material, the master held himself responsible, as a commander for his soldiers, as a father for his children. He ruled them, at least the lower grade among them, as children used to be ruled, by the rod. Personal chastisement at the hands of master or mistress was quite common, and involved no degradation on either side. Mrs. Pepys was by no means singular in bestowing cuffs and slaps upon saucy or disobedient waiting-maids, and we may be sure such a hot-tempered lady as Mrs. Porter often allowed her servants to feel the weight of her hand. Even George Herbert, gentle as he was, in his rules for a country parson's household, recommends that the servant be ruled by the rod, the child by love. 'But,' says he, 'an old good servant boards a child.' Yet—or shall we rather say therefore?—faithfulness and long service were the rule rather than the exception. Much was expected of servants, much was found; for discipline and humility tend rather to attachment than to rebellion, and it is not till the evil days of the war that 'the servant difficulty' developed.

A trusty Servant's portrait would you see,
 This emblematic figure well survey.
 The porker's snout—not nice in diet shows ;
 The padlock shut—no secrets he'll disclose :
 Patient the ass—his master's wrath will bear :
 Swiftmess in errand the stag's feet declare :
 Loaded his left hand—apt to labour saith :
 The vest—his neatness : open hand—his faith :
 Girt with his sword, his shield upon his arm,
 Himself and master he'll protect from harm.

This description of the ideal servant of our forefathers is the English rendering of the Latin inscription beside the Trusty Servant painted on the wall of the kitchen at Winchester College. Both lines and figure belong to the previous century, having been originally painted, according to Mr. Adams, in the time of Christopher Johnson about 1560, as the verses were found in a MS. book of that date with others known without a doubt to be his. The same writer also says that a picture nearly resembling it was frequently painted on the walls of houses in France about the same period. In the *Computus Book* of the year 1637 an item of thirteen shillings is charged for 'Pictori pingenti servum et carmina.'¹

The dress was that still worn in the seventeenth century, and had probably been worn for a century or more preceding. The fashion in servants' dress changed very slowly, as we may see by comparing the drawing of a maid-servant in the illustrated edition of Green's *Short History of the English People* with the illustrations in children's books of the early part of the last century : the same short gown, large apron, tippet, and gypsy hat tied down over the cap. The footman's livery, as depicted, consisted of a bright blue cloth tunic or skirted coat, frogged, knee-breeches and white stockings. The stockings bring to mind the character of a footman written by Mr. James Howell to a friend. There

¹ *Wykehamica*, Adams.

IPPICHEM SERVI SI VIS SPERARE PROBATI
 QUOSUS ES, HANC OCULOS PASCAT IMAGOTTOS
 PARTIUM OS QUORUMQUE CIBO JERUNIA SEDAT
 HANC SERA CONSILII NEGLECTAT ARCTA PREMITE,
 DAT PATIENTEM ASINUS DOMINIS JURANTIBUS AUREM
 CURVUS HABET CEBERES IRE REDIRE, PEDES
 A VA DOGET MULTUM TOT REBUS ONUSTA LABOREM
 ESTIS MUNDITTEM, DEXTERA, APERTA FIDEM,
 ACCINCTUS GLADIO, CLYPEO MUNITUS & INDE
 ET SI, VEL DOMINUM, QUO TUFATUR HABEE



THE TRUSTY SERVANT

Copyright: W. T. Green, Winchester.



is a rather painfully suggestive hint as to a plentiful allowance of these—a footman in those days, it must be remembered, answering to his name, and being expected to run on errands and to attend his master on foot whether he rode in a coach or on horseback.

‘SIR,—You writ me lately for a footman, and I think this bearer will fit you: I know he can run well, for he hath run away twice from me, but he knew the way back again; yet, though he hath a running head as well as running heels (and who will expect a footman to be a stayed man?) I would not part with him were I not to go post to the North. There be some things in him that answer for his waggeries: he will come when you call him, go when you bid him, and shut the door after him; he is faithful and stout, and a lover of his master. He is a great enemy to all dogs, if they bark at him in his running; for I have seen him confront a huge mastiff, and knock him down. When you go a country journey, or have him run with you a-hunting, you must spirit him with liquor; you must allow him also something extraordinary for socks, else you must not have him wait at your table; when his grease melts in running hard, it is subject to fall into his toes. I send him to you but for trial, if he be not for your turn, turn him over to me again when I come back. . . .

‘I pray present my most humble service to my good Lady; and at my return from the North I will be bold to kiss her hands and yours: so, I am your most obliged servitor,
J. H.

‘LONDON, May 25, 1628.’¹

Mr. Rawdon, a wine merchant,² when he came from the Canary Islands brought with him a ‘blacamore

¹ Howell's *Familiar Letters*.

² *Life of Marmaduke Rawdon*.

boy' who used to run on one side of his coach when he travelled, and on the other a little Spanish footboy called John Tosta. This Tosta he called 'a wittie little knave.' 'He was very forward to speak English, 'and one day, seeinge a ladie stand, the rest beinge 'sett, nott knowing the name of a chaire, he askt hir 'if she would nott have a sitt downe, and soe brought 'hir a chaire.' One story of him shows the odd customs for servants' sleeping accommodation. 'When they 'came to Dartmouth, he havinge in his own cuntry 'nott beinge used to lie in a bed, but turned with the 'rest of the gromes and foote-boyes into the straw-loft 'over the stable, thought the weather was a little to cold 'to be served soe in England, soe goinge into the 'chambers where the maids were making the beds, he 'espied little trundel beds under the greate beds, which 'he understood were for gentlemen's men ; soe fearinge 'he should goe to his old trade of the straw-loft, he 'said to his maister, Sir, thir are a sorte of little beds 'under the greate beds in this howse, which they say 'are for sarvants ; may nott I lie in one of thosse ? 'Yes, saith his maister, you may, thir is one of thosse 'little beds provided for you ; with which he was very 'well pleased.'

Twenty years later the difficulty of getting servants for English families abroad had become acute. They did not like foreign ways and French cookery, and refused to expatriate themselves. Sir Ralph Verney's despairing letters on the subject are amusing. He writes to his wife: 'I know noe English maids will ever be content ' (or stay a week) to fare as these servants fare ; . . . 'for my part, since this time twelvemonth, I have not 'had one bit of Roste Meate to dinner, and now of 'late I rost but one night in a weeke for suppers.'

The difficulty was enhanced for the Verneys by their reluctance to employ Roman Catholic servants. 'It is hard to find one of our Religion,' he says, but

presently mentions one whom he thinks, 'with all her faults,' they had better take. 'Her two sisters are but 'Ramping girles, but truly she is a civill wench and 'plays well of the lute, she is well cladd and well bredd, 'but raw to serve, and full of the itch.' Most of us, I think, would rather have waived the Protestant religion and dispensed with the lute.

Even the faithful Luce, who was so attached to her mistress, was almost persuaded by her own family to remain in England when she had accompanied Lady Verney thither, and Ralph writes: 'You say chamber 'maides will have 4 or 5 pounds wages and neither 'wash nor starch; that is to say they will doo nothing 'but dress you, for I doo not value their needle work at 'a groat a moneth.' A maid whom they had taken out with them to Blois turned out a treasure and took good care of her master and the children while Mary was away. 'Besse now speakes French enough to 'buy any thing, and uppon this occasion I asked her 'if she had any thoughts of returning home, to which 'she answered, she had noe thoughts of parting, and 'that if we stayed halfe a dozen yeares abroad wee 'might assure ourselves of her.' As a reward he presented her with a pair of trimmed gloves costing £1, 5s. Luce Shepherd after all remained and accompanied her mistress back to France, becoming the mainstay of the bereaved family after Mary's death.

In one of Lady Brilliana Harley's letters to her husband there is a servant's character much more like what we should require in the present day:—

'I thinke you have doun a very good worke, in 'recommending Mary Wood to my Lady Veere, to 'home I hope shee will doo acceptable sarvis. I am 'toold of a gentellwoman by Docter Barker. She was 'bread with my old Lady Manering. She, they say, is 'religious and discreet, and very handsome in dooinge 'of any thinge; her name is Buckle, a Sharpshere

‘ woman : if you like of it, I would thinke of having of
 ‘ her ; for I have nobody aboute me, of any judgment,
 ‘ to doo any thinge.’

Mr. Howell, the same who wrote so quaint a character with a footman, sends one of a cook to Lady Cottington.

‘ *To my noble Lady, the Lady Cot.*

‘ MADAM,—You spoke to me for a cook who had
 ‘ seen the world abroad, and I think the bearer hereof
 ‘ will fit your Ladyship’s turn. He can marinate fish
 ‘ and gellies ; he is excellent for a pickant sauce, and
 ‘ the raugou : besides, Madam, he is passing good
 ‘ for an ollia. He will tell your Ladyship, that the
 ‘ reverend matron the olla podrida hath intellectuals
 ‘ and senses ; mutton, beef, and bacon, are to her, as
 ‘ the will, understanding, and memory are to the soul.
 ‘ Cabbage, turnips, archichocks, potatoes and dates, are
 ‘ her five senses, and pepper the common sense : she
 ‘ must have marrow to keep life in her, and some birds
 ‘ to make her light ; by all means she must go adorned
 ‘ with chains of sauceages. He is also good at larding
 ‘ of meat after the mode of France. Madam, you may
 ‘ make proof of him, and if your Ladyship find him too
 ‘ saucy or wasteful, you may return him from whence
 ‘ you had him. So, I rest, Madam,—Your Ladyship’s
 ‘ most humble servitor,
 J. H.

‘ WESTMINSTER, June 2, 1630.’

That important functionary, the cook, was in great households almost always a man. A graphic sketch is given of him by Bishop Earle.

‘ Colericke he is, not by Nature so much as his Art,
 ‘ and it is a shrewd temptation that the chopping knife
 ‘ is so neare. His weapons often offensive are a messe
 ‘ of hot broth and scalding water, and woe be to him

‘ that comes in his way. In the kitchen he will
 ‘ domineere and rule the Roast in speight of his
 ‘ Master, and Curses in the very Dialect of his
 ‘ Calling. . . .

‘ His cunning is not small in Architecture, for he
 ‘ builds strange Fabricks in Paste, Towres and Castles
 ‘ which are offered to the assault of valiant Teeth, and
 ‘ like Darius his Pallace, in one Banquet demolisht.
 ‘ . . . His best Facultie is at the Dresser, where he
 ‘ seems to have great skill in the Tactikes, ranging his
 ‘ Dishes in order militarie; and placing with great
 ‘ discretion in the fore-front Meates more strong and
 ‘ hardie, and the more cold and cowardly in the rear;
 ‘ as quaking Tarts and quivering Custards, and such
 ‘ Milksop Dishes. . . . But now the second Course is
 ‘ gone up and he downe in the Cellar, where he drinks
 ‘ and sleeps till 4 o’clock in the afternoon and then returns
 ‘ again to his Regiment.’¹ In those days there were but
 two regular meals; dinner at eleven or twelve, supper
 at five or six.]

The oversight of such large households of men and maids was no sinecure, and though in the master’s absence much was left to the steward, all was regulated by the head of the house himself. Lord Cork, busy man as he was, occupied with great affairs, settling townships in Ireland, and importing manufactures in the hope of dragging prosperity into that most distressful country, found time to take the most precise order for the management of his enormous household. He was a man who liked to keep the control of the smallest matters in his own hands. In his diary, in which every expense down to the most minute is carefully entered, there is a set of rules for the servants drawn up when he removed from Ireland to the new house he had bought in Dorsetshire.²

¹ Earle’s *Microcosmography*.

² *Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick*.

*'A Form for ye Government of ye Earl of Cork's
Family at Stalbridge.*

'1. Firste all ye servants excepte such as are officers,
'or are otherwise employed, shall meete every morn-
'ing before dinner and every night after supper at
'Prayers.

'2. That there be lodgings fitting for all ye Earl of
'Cork's servants to lye in ye house.

'3. That it shall be lawful for ye Steward to examine
'any subordinate Servant of ye whole Familye con-
'cerning any Complaint or Misdemeanour committed,
'and to dismiss and put away any inferior Servant
'that shall live dissolutelie and disorderlie, either in ye
'House or abroad, without ye especial command of ye
'Earl of Cork to the contrarie.

'4. That there be a certen number of ye gents
'appoynted to sitt at ye Steward's Table, ye lyke at ye
'Wayters' Table, and ye reste to sitt in ye Hall, at ye
'longe Table.

'5. That there be a Clerke of ye Kytchen, to take
'care of such Provision as is brought into ye house,
'and to have an espetal eye to ye severall Tables that
'are kept either above staires, or in ye Kytchin, and
'other places.

'6. That all ye Women Servants under ye degree
'of Chamber-maydes be certenlie knowne by their
'names to ye Steward, and not altered and changed
'uppon everye occasion without ye Consent of ye
'Steward, and no Schorers to be admitted in ye
'Howse.

'7. That ye Officers every Fridaye night bringe in
'their bills unto ye Steward, whereby he may collecte
'what hath been spente, and what remaynes weaklie in
'ye Howse.—THOMAS CROSS, his orders for ye keeping
'of ye Howse.'

The Earl of Leicester was another man of high

position who spent much of his time in the country and gave a good deal of personal oversight to the affairs of his large household, and he and Lady Leicester regarded their servants quite as friends. In the exceedingly touching account of her deathbed we read that she had many of them summoned to her room and took a kindly leave of them, sending messages to those whom she could not see, as well as leaving many bequests to them. Dame Margaret Verney also remembered her servants in her will. After five pounds for the poor of Middle Claydon, she bequeathes,—‘To Betty Coleman £10 to please her, and pray take some care to see her pleased with it. . . . ‘If Cooke is with me give her £3 and sum of my ‘worse gowns, and give my man according as he is.’ It is satisfactory to know that all her old servants stayed on with her daughters through the distressful times of the war, and Betty Coleman’s name reappears in the letters later on when there was strife between the sisters as to the amount of ladies-maiding each was entitled to.

In spite of the beatings and cuffings, there seems to have been no such distinct class division as grew up later. The servant’s interests were bound up with those of the household to which he belonged; he was in truth, as well as in name, one of the family. Then through a large household the gradations were so fine and so numerous, whoever served was called servant, be he esquire, private secretary, land steward, or serving-man. Instead of one class in the parlour, and another absolutely distinct—as though of another race—in the kitchen, there were degrees, and no great chasm between one and the next. In the *Life of Marmaduke Rawdon*, the four ‘servants’ whom he took out to the Canaries with him are thus described:—‘He then ‘imbarking himself with his fower sarvents, vizt. Mr. ‘Marmaduke Harrison, a Yorkshire gentleman with

‘ whom he was acquainted in his youth, who was stuard
 ‘ of his provisions aboard the ship, and afterwards stuard
 ‘ of his howse in the Canaries, the seacond was Thomas
 ‘ Gill, his cash keeper, whom he brought with him from
 ‘ the Canarys; the third was John Wade, a youth of
 ‘ Dover, who being a good accountant and writinge a
 ‘ good hand, he thir tooke to be his sarvant; the fowerth
 ‘ was his trumpeter, whom he had hired for that voyage,
 ‘ whosse dewtie it was to sound when his dinner and
 ‘ supper was brought up, att anie time when he was
 ‘ disposed to be merry and drink healths aboard, also
 ‘ when he understood he was arisinge or goinge to bed,
 ‘ also whensoever he went ashore or came aboard during
 ‘ that voyage.’

His own experiences when in his uncle’s house at
 Hodsdon were of being put to menial offices for his
 good. ‘ Mr. Rawdon, the first yeare he came to his
 ‘ uncle, before he went beyond the seas, for all his
 ‘ unckle had allwayes a noble respect for him, yett to
 ‘ breed him with more humility, he caused him to
 ‘ waite upon him at table, and to dine with the sar-
 ‘ vants, in which interim thir comes up to his unckle’s
 ‘ howse one Mr. John Cooke, a yonge gentleman, son
 ‘ to Dr. Cooke, Bishop of Hereford, which bishop was
 ‘ a nere kinsman to Sir Marmaduke’s lady; and he
 ‘ came up to be put forth an aprentice, soe till a maister
 ‘ was provided for him, he staid thir, was bedfellow
 ‘ with Mr. Rawdon, but satt att table with his unckle,
 ‘ and soe consequently Mr. Rawdon waitinge upon the
 ‘ table might give him a trencher, wine, or beere or
 ‘ what he might call for; butt, in conclusion Mr. Cooke
 ‘ was putt forth a prentice, and Mr. Rawdon was sent
 ‘ beyond the seas.’ Later the positions were reversed;
 for the rich wine-merchant, going on board a vessel
 which came to Teneriffe to treat of disposing of some
 goods, found his former comrade toiling at the oar as
 a common sailor.

The superior sort of servants were as well educated as their masters, and wrote letters at least as well, if not better, spelt and expressed than those of their mistresses. The letters of Luce Shepherd when Mrs. Eure's little girls were entrusted to her care at Blois may stand beside those of her master's sisters and gain by the comparison. On the journey out she writes:—

'They are very well and love french potage, especially Miss Margreat.' Later she sends an account of little Miss Mary, who was delicate, that 'she is always 'mery and in good humour according to custom. . . . 'As for Miss Margreat she is, thankes be to God, a 'very helthy and wholsum child, and in my opinion 'will make a hansum woman. . . . She is in much 'esteeme with the french ladyes. But Miss Margreat 'doth not lerne any exercise so soon as her sister doth; 'and yet she taketh as much or more paines. Miss 'Mary hath a very quick witte and very endustrious, 'and capable to lerne anything, and if it please God 'shee be perfectly cured, it will be the greatest hapi- 'nes ever I had in the world. Mr. John nor Miss 'Margreat never have any chilblains neither do they 'ware fur gloves, but Miss Mary wareth furr gloves, 'not that shee hath had any chiblains this yeare one 'her hands att all, but shee hath chilblains one her 'feet, but noe great matters.'

Another interesting servant's letter is from one of the superior servants at Woodhall to Mr. Richard Harvey, steward in the Porter household.

'HONEST MR. HARVEY,—I am very glad to hear of 'your good health and of your coming to town, and 'more will I be when it is my fortune to see you, that 'I may give you thanks for so many Courtesys and 'good Counsel as I have Received at your hands. 'Truly we were here in expectation to see my noble 'Mr. and Lady some days of this week, but now I see 'ourselves frustrated. The bay nagg that you writt of

‘ shall be taken in and well kept and breathed against
 ‘ my Mr. is pleased to send for it. John Aldridge the
 ‘ Keeper desireth my Mr. and Lady to know that if
 ‘ they will have some does to be killed that it must be
 ‘ within this 7 or 8 days at the furthest, because this
 ‘ wet weather will make them fall away. Both Mr.
 ‘ Thos. and Mr. James are in very good health, God
 ‘ be Thanked, and Miss Mary continues still her
 ‘ quartan ague, and is very desirous to go to London
 ‘ if my Lady will be pleased. She gives you many
 ‘ Thanks for your Kind Commendations and returns
 ‘ you her kind love and service, as I do and the rest
 ‘ of our Company, and wishing you all health and
 ‘ happiness, Rest for Ever,—Your humble servant,

FRAN. DORVAN.

‘ Pray do me the favour to present my best services
 ‘ to Mrs. Dorothy.

‘ WOODHALL, October 22, 1638.’¹

Mr. Porter himself writes to this same confidential steward as ‘My verie loving friend, Mr. Richard Harvie,’ with innumerable commissions to do for him, great and small—a watch to be repaired for the king or a pair of riding-breeches to be ordered ‘with the seams curiously sewed.’

In great households the chaplain was a person of some importance, and was frequently also tutor to the children. His seems to have been a somewhat anomalous position, for we find George Herbert, in his *Country Parson*, warning the chaplain in a great house against being ‘too submissive and base to keep up with the Lord and Lady of the house,’ and bidding him to ‘preserve a boldness with them and all, even ‘so far as to reprove to their very face when occasion ‘calls, but seasonably and discreetly.’ Their confidential position sometimes lent itself to abuse, as we

¹ *Letters of Mr. Endymion Porter.*

may gather from Anne Murray's description of her visit to Naworth Castle :—

'As soone as his [Sir Charles Howard's] health would allow of travaile, wee tooke journey and came to N. Castle, where I was so obleigingly entertained by Sir Charles and his lady, and with so much respect from the whole family, that I could not but think my selfe very hapy in so good a societty, for they had an excellent governed family, having great affection for one another; all there servants civill and orderly; had an excellent preacher for there chaplaine, who preached twice every Sunday in ye chapell and dayly prayers morning and evening. Hee was a man of good life, good conversation, and had in such veneration by all as if hee had beene there tutelar Angell.'

Anne had cause later to change her opinion of this 'tutelar angell.' There were living in the house two young girls, cousins of Sir Charles, who having been 'bred up papists' were being instructed by the chaplain in the Protestant religion, and Anne discovered that he was taking advantage of his position to make love to the elder of the two. Moreover he tried in the most discreditable way to make mischief between her and her hostess Lady Howard, by insinuating that she was in love with Sir Charles, a trick which only failed because the two ladies, having been confidential friends from girlhood, came to an understanding and compared the falsehoods he had told to each.

The mention of stewards is very frequent in the correspondence of the time. The name of Will Roades continually appears in the Claydon letters, and in the memoir of Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick, there are several letters from a faithful steward, Wilson by name, who distinguished himself when Lees, in the absence of the master, was descended upon by a party of royalists under Lord Goring, by successfully hiding the greater part of the arms of which they were in quest. Chettle,

who is so often mentioned in Lord Cork's diary, appears to have been rather secretary and agent, and under him was the house steward, Thomas Cross, to whom the oversight of the house servants was committed.

Fortunate were such fathers as Sir Edmund Verney, who, when absent on his court duties, could leave everything in the hands of so excellent a deputy as his conscientious and careful eldest son.¹ We have already seen how Ralph was entrusted with the arrangements for sending the brother, not so much his junior, to Oxford. Indeed, he seems to have been an instance of an old head on young shoulders; careful, methodical, in many ways older than Sir Edmund himself, and quite a second father to all his young sisters.

Many interesting little details of the management of the land and of the gardens may be gleaned from the valuable correspondence between this father and son. Amongst Sir Edmund's minute directions we read: 'The Gardner shall pleach noe hedge this year. . . . ' If you finde him fidle about his woarke, agree with ' him by the greate, for trewly I will no longer indure ' his day's woarke; it is intollerable to bear with his ' knavery.' 'By the great,' it should be explained, means by the piece instead of by the day. Evidently human nature in the working-man had to be reckoned with then as now.

Sir Edmund took a deep interest in his stables. The horses figure largely in his letters. 'I am not sorry ' the gray nagge is sould though I should have been ' glad to have had more for him, but I will not part ' with the white geldinge, unless I could have 35^l for ' him.' In another letter: 'I am sorry to hear your ' horses thrive as ill as mine. I would send as many ' cart horses as I could to the fenns, there they would ' gather flesh at an easy charge.'

¹ *Verney Memoirs.*

There is a good deal in the various letters about the letting of farms, and Lady Verney says that, allowance being made for the change in the value of money, they let at far better rental than they do now.

‘Send to goodman Grace,’ writes Sir Edmund, ‘and ‘ if hee will give 20 shillings the acre for little Napson, ‘ or 35 in grass, let him have it’; and in the next letter:—‘I would take 19 shillings the acre for little ‘ Napson, but I think you may get more for it, nor ‘ under 20 shillings for great Napson I will not take. ‘ Bid Roades have a care for the timber of the ould ‘ barn att the Inn and lett him laye the ould thatch ‘ where it may make muck or els uppon the great ‘ Napson meadow, if hee thinck it fitt. Mr. Wells has ‘ writt to mee to take Knowle Hill and Bignell’s mead ‘ for one year att £143 rent, which I am well content ‘ hee should have it, unless you can be sure that Roger ‘ Daly will for that and Mayes house give £145 and ‘ take it for some longer tyme.

‘If Lea will deale for the cloase for twelve yeares I ‘ will ditch and quick-sett it, and mownd it well, but ‘ then hee shall be tied to mayntaine itt, soe that his ‘ cattle may not spoyle the quick, or els hee will every ‘ yeare carry away my hedges and make mee bringe ‘ newe.’

Sir Edmund’s second son Tom was less satisfactory, and gave a great deal of trouble in his setting-out in life, returning continually upon his father’s hands. He was evidently a rolling-stone, with extravagant tastes, and no pronounced talent for any line in life. The colonies were beginning to afford openings for young men, and Sir Edmund turned his eyes towards Virginia, which was being fostered by the Ferrar family, Nicholas, before he retired from the world, being deeply engaged in forwarding its interests. Having endeavoured to contract a secret marriage at the age of nineteen with a person of whom his parents could not approve, Tom

was shipped off thither; but a colonial life required more industry and perseverance than he possessed, and he was soon back again. Barbadoes next was tried, and there is a good deal of interesting correspondence about the outfit necessary, and a curious letter in which he relates his experiences there in a somewhat sanctimonious tone, evidently with a view to ingratiate himself and get fresh supplies, for he was for ever in debt and difficulties, and for ever applying to his father or elder brother to extricate him.

Openings for younger sons were fairly numerous. Sometimes, following the already antique fashion, they were placed in the house of some great man as page or esquire, to learn the ways of courtiers, and obtain later some diplomatic employment, secretaryship, or the like, or some mission abroad. If a lad was not fitted for army, navy, law, or Church, trade was considered quite suitable for the son of a man of good position, and a gentleman with many sons was glad to apprentice one or two to draper, silk-mercier, or goldsmith. The career of James Howell is a very fair type of many. He was one of a family of fifteen, son of a well-connected but not wealthy father in Wales, and was early sent to school and then to Oxford. On leaving the university he obtained an appointment as manager of a glass factory in Broad Street, Lord Pembroke and Sir Robert Mansell having obtained a monopoly for making glass with pit coal, which was just coming into general use, instead of wood. Finding himself over-young for this post, he offered himself as agent abroad, as the firm found it necessary to send a representative to Venice. Having travelled through France and Belgium to Italy, and seen something of the world, he was on his return made tutor to Lord Savage's sons at Long Melford. Subsequently, after various appointments at home and abroad, he obtained the post of Clerk of the Privy Council to King Charles I. A letter of his to his father

about the placing of his two younger brothers, shows the estimation in which trade was held :—

‘SIR,—Our two younger brothers which you sent
‘hither are disposed of: my brother Doctor hath
‘placed the elder of the two with Mr. Hawes, a mercer
‘in Cheapside, and he took much pains in it; and I
‘had placed my brother Ned with Mr. Barrington, a
‘silkman in the same street; but afterwards for some
‘inconveniencies, I removed him to one Mr. Smith at
‘the Flower-de-Luce in Lombard Street, a mercer also.
‘Their masters are both of them very well to pass, and
‘of good repute: I think it will prove some advantage
‘to them hereafter, to be both of one trade, because
‘when they are out of their time they may join stocks
‘together; so that I hope, Sir, they are as well placed
‘as any two youths in London, but you must not use
‘to send them such large tokens in money, for that
‘may corrupt them. When I went to bind my brother
‘Ned apprentice in Drappers-Hall, casting my eyes
‘upon the chimney-piece of the great room, I spied
‘the picture of an antient gentleman, and underneath
‘Thomas Howell. I asked the clerk about him, and
‘he told me that he had been a Spanish merchant in
‘Henry VIII.’s time, and coming home rich, and dying
‘a batchellor, he gave that hall to the company of
‘Drapers, with other things, so that he is accounted
‘one of their chiefest benefactors. I told the clerk,
‘that one of the sons of Thomas Howell came now
‘thither to be bound; he answered, that if he be a
‘right Howell, he may have when he is free, 300
‘pounds to help to set up, and no interest for five
‘years. It may be hereafter we may make use of this.
‘He told me also, that any maid that can prove her
‘father to be a true Howell, may come and demand
‘fifty pounds towards her portion, of the said Hall. I
‘am to go post towards York to-morrow, to my charge,

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‘ but hope, God willing, to be here again next term :
 ‘ so with my love to my brother Howell, and my sister
 ‘ his wife, I rest—Your dutiful son, J. H.

‘ LONDON, Sept. 30, 1629.’¹

Country gentlemen who had no Court appointments to take them to town, made few journeys, the grand tour once accomplished, but settled down quietly to the management of their estates. In Clarendon’s *Life* he says :—‘ The Wisdom and Frugality of that Time being
 ‘ such that few Gentlemen made Journies to London,
 ‘ or any other expensive Journies, but upon important
 ‘ Business, and their Wives never ; by which Providence
 ‘ they enjoyed and improved their Estates in the Country
 ‘ and kept good Hospitality in their Houses, brought
 ‘ up their Children well, and were belov’d by their
 ‘ Neighbours ; and in this rank, and with this Reputa-
 ‘ tion, this Gentleman (Henry Hyde, the writer’s father)
 ‘ lived till he was seventy Years of Age, his younger
 ‘ Brother the Chief Justice dying some Years before
 ‘ him, and his elder Brother outliving him. The great
 ‘ Affection between the four Brothers, and towards their
 ‘ Sisters, of whom all enjoyed Plenty and Contented-
 ‘ ness, was very notorious throughout the Country,
 ‘ and of Credit to them all.’

Lord Clarendon always speaks of his father with a delightful reverence and affection. After he had taken up his residence at the Temple, he continued to spend some months every summer at his father’s house at Pirton, near Salisbury. He used to read aloud to the old man, as we gather from his graphic account of receiving the news of the murder of the Duke of Buckingham. Relating it as he does throughout in the third person, he says :—

‘ He arriv’d a Day or Two before Bartholomew Day.

¹ Howell’s *Familiar Letters*.

' He was often wont to say that He was reading to his
 ' Father in Camden's *Annals*, and that particular Place,
 ' in which it is said, "Johannes Feltonus, qui Bullam
 ' "Pontificiam valvis Palatii Episcopi Londinensis affix-
 ' "erat jam deprehensus, cum fugere nollet, Factum
 ' "confessus quod tamen crimen agnoscere noluit, &c.,"
 ' when a Person of the Neighbourhood knocked at the
 ' Door, and being called in, told his Father that a Post
 ' was then passed through the Village to Charleton,
 ' the House of the Earl of Berkshire, to inform the
 ' Earl that the Duke of Buckingham was killed the
 ' Day before (being the 24th of August, Bartholomew
 ' Day, in the year 1628) by one John Felton, which
 ' dismal Accident happening in the Court made a great
 ' Change in the State, produced a sudden Disbanding
 ' of all Armies, and a due Observance of and Obedience
 ' to the Laws ; so that there being no more Mutations
 ' in view (which usually affect the Spirits of young
 ' Men, at least hold them some Time at Gaze), Mr.
 ' Hyde returned again to his Studies in the Middle
 ' Temple, having it still in his Resolution to dedicate
 ' himself to the Profession of the Law, without de-
 ' clining the Politer Learning, to which his Humour
 ' and Conversation kept him always very indulgent.'

The relation between this father and son, like that
 between Sir Edmund Verney and his eldest son, seems
 to have been one of great confidence and affection.
 His own words have already been quoted, how, after
 the heart-breaking sorrow he endured in losing his
 adored young wife, nothing but 'his entire Duty and
 Reverence towards his Father' kept him from utterly
 giving way to a morbid melancholy and 'transporting
 himself beyond the sea.'

Bishop Earle's portrait of 'A Good Old Man' will fitly
 conclude this sketch of the master of the house in his
 family :—

‘He has some old stories still of his own seeing to
‘confirm what he says, and makes them better in the
‘telling; yet he is not troublesome neither with the
‘same tale again, but remembers with them how oft
‘he hath told it them. His old sayings and morals
‘seem proper to his beard; and the poetry of Cato
‘does well out of his mouth, and he speaks it as if he
‘were the author. He is not apt to put the boy on
‘a younger man, nor the fool on a boy, but can dis-
‘tinguish gravity from a sour look; and the less testy
‘he is, the more regarded. You must pardon him if
‘he likes his own times better than these, because those
‘things are follies to him now that were wisdom then;
‘yet he makes us of that opinion too when we see him,
‘and conjecture those times by so good a relick. He
‘is a man capable of a dearness with the youngest
‘men, yet he not youthfuller for them, but they older
‘for him; and no man credits more his acquaintance.
‘He goes away at last too soon whensoever, with all
‘men’s sorrow but his own; and his memory is fresh
‘when it is twice as old.’

CHAPTER XV

THE HOUSEWIFE

IF the master of the house was paramount, indoors the mistress ruled a kingdom within a kingdom; amongst her maids, in kitchen, store-room, still-room, she held active sway, and her office was no sinecure, for it was expected of her not merely to order what should be done, but to understand thoroughly how to do it. A modern housekeeper's duties are usually comprised in ten minutes' conversation every morning with the cook—longer if there is to be a dinner-party, paying the weekly books, or writing out the monthly order for the Stores; if she is unusually active she harries the housemaid, or goes into the kitchen to make a cake which won't get baked in the middle. Besides this, of course, she attends Cookery Demonstrations and takes notes. Her ancestress never went to a demonstration class, but she had an intimate and practical knowledge, not only of the simple arts of cooking, but of the more recondite mysteries of distilling, pickling, and preserving.

Then there was the ordering of provisions and the care of stores; a far more onerous business when tinned meat or vegetables, tablet soup, or condensed milk were unknown, and in the country shops were afar and carriers slow. Everything had to be preserved for home consumption and carefully stored. There was the smoking and curing of hams and bacon, the salting of fish, the arranging of apples and roots in lofts or long

garrets under the roof, and these must be frequently seen to that they might last the winter through, and the apples must be sorted, the keeping ones put behind those that must be used more quickly ; the depredations of rats and mice, too, had to be guarded against. There were many delicate arts practised of preserving fruits, either candied or in syrup,—flowers too, for we read in one letter of ‘sirrop of violets,’ and in some old cookery books there are recipes for a conserve of rose-leaves, probably imported from the East ; the distilling of perfumes and essences, the drying of herbs for the kitchen, or of lavender and pot-pourri for the sweetening of linen. This latter custom is often mentioned ; Venator, in *The Compleat Angler*, desires to sleep at a cottage to which he took a fancy, for he is certain the sheets would smell of lavender. Evelyn’s *Kalendarium Hortense* is full of the mention of such sweet-smelling things as were used to lay in drawers and presses.

A more serious matter was the understanding of the medicinal use of herbs, and the careful preparation of cordials and physic for all common complaints, or indeed for many uncommon ; for the doctor was not always attainable in a hurry, and the mistress of a country house was usually physician in ordinary not only to her own household but also to the poor of the neighbouring village. In an old book of recipes in my own family which can be traced back at least a hundred and twenty years, and probably contains recipes handed down from long before, there is a prescription for the plague, one for putrid fever, and another for the Evil. Some knowledge of surgery also was essential ; at the very least, the binding of arteries, the dressing of wounds, and the setting of broken bones. Mrs. Hutchinson¹ was very skilful in all such matters, and during the siege of Nottingham lent her aid not only to the wounded on her own side but to those of the

¹ *Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson.*

enemy who fell into their hands, playing the part of surgeon very ably. She followed her mother's example, for she says of her: 'All the time she dwelt in the Tower, if any were sick she made them broths and restoratives with her own hands, visited and took care of them, and provided them all necessaries; if any were afflicted she comforted them, so that they felt not the inconveniences of a prison who were in that place.' She had learned a good deal of medical skill and knowledge from Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Ruthin, who, 'being prisoners in the Tower, and addicting themselves to Chemistry, she suffered them to make their rare experiments at her cost, partly to comfort and divert the poor prisoners, and partly to gain the knowledge of their experiments, and the medicines to help such poor people as were not able to seek physicians.'

While staying with Lady Dunfermline at Fyvie, Anne Murray tended the wounded as she describes:— 'Itt would bee too tedious to relate here how I spent ye time I was at Fyvie wch was neare two yeares; butt itt was so agreably that all my life I never was so long together so truly contented; for the noble family I was in dayly increased my obligation to them, and the Lord was pleased to blesse what I gave to the helpe of the sicke and wounded persons that came to mee, part of them from Kinross; and some English soldiers came to try my charity, wch I did not deny to them, though they had itt nott without exhorting them to repentt there sin of rebellion and become loyall. The variety of distempered persons that came to mee was nott only a devertisementt, butt a helpe to instruct mee how to submit under my owne croses, by seeing how patient they were under thers, and yett some of them intollerable by wanting a sence of faith wch is ye greatest suport under afflictions.'¹

¹ *Autobiography of Anne, Lady Halkett.*

A detailed description of their various diseases is too horrid for quotation.

George Herbert, in *The Country Parson*, recommends that if the parson should consider it advisable to be married, he should carefully choose for a wife one who understands the healing art, or, if not, that she should learn it of some religious neighbour, for she ought to have skill to cure and heal all wounds and sores with her own hands.

It will be seen that the cares of the house-mother were many and various; moreover, like Solomon's virtuous woman, 'she layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.' She saw well to the ways of her house, and if she did not exactly clothe her family in scarlet, she saw to it that every member was suitably clad according to his degree. The spinning both of flax thread and wool was done by the lady of the house herself, her maids, and her waiting gentlewomen; the fabric was usually woven in the nearest village in a cottage loom such as that worked by Silas Marnier, but the garments and house linen were all fashioned at home, and sewn, it is needless to say, by hand; finished too with a dainty stitchery that requires a magnifying-glass, in these degenerate days, for it even to be seen and appreciated. Only very best dresses for state or gala occasions were put out to be made, and those were done by a tailor; the woman dressmaker, unless it were a seamstress, to come and sew in the house by the day, was as yet unknown.

To aid her in her multifarious cares the mistress had usually a faithful henchwoman, or second in command, in the person of her waiting gentlewoman, who was not so much like the modern lady's maid as what we now call a companion, being generally a lady of the same class as the chaplain or secretary. Jane Wright, who

filled this office to Dorothy Osborne, was sister-in-law to the parson of the parish. She would usually help in the housekeeping, make the preserves—Jane evidently did this, by her messages to Sir William Temple about his favourite kinds of jam: she spun or embroidered, walked out with her ladyship, read aloud, and probably performed such little offices as washing the lapdog and filling the beau-pots with flowers. She was not too proud to accept her lady's left-off sacques or stomachers, nor to give personal service when needed. For there was one thing no woman of quality could do for herself, and that was to 'dress her head.' Even Mary Verney, making bread, doing housework, enduring privations with heroic cheerfulness, absolutely must have a maid to do her hair. In the beginning of the century, when the Elizabethan style was in vogue, it may well have been impossible, but it looks easy enough in the simple fashion brought in by Queen Henrietta Maria, with little curls upon the brow, bunches of longer ringlets behind the ears, and the back hair merely coiled round; but perhaps it was considered inconsistent with the dignity of a lady of position to be able to do it for herself.

There is some amusing correspondence on the subject in the Verney Letters; the girls were so very tenacious of their rights in the matter of lady's maiding. Aunt Isham went down to Claydon to try and settle the quarrel, and writes:—'I did spake to Pegge, as her 'mayde might sarve both her and Pen, but she will not 'let it be so by no means. . . . I told her now their 'father and mother was dead, they should be a helper 'one to the other, but all would not doe. If she will 'be content to take my godchild (Betty) holy to her, 'all but washing of her, then Nan Fudd will have 'more time to help Pen, and you need not be at any 'more charges for a mayd for Pen.' On the same vexed question Pen herself writes to her brother:—

‘ I am to entreat a favour, which is if you can lett Nan
 ‘ fud have soe much time as to come my hed for I do
 ‘ heare that bess colman cannot doe it, and if I have
 ‘ not won which can com a hed I doe not know what to
 ‘ doe by reason that my hed is soe tender, and to smoth
 ‘ sum of my upper lining by reason that bess colman
 ‘ cannot doe them, but I hope in time to bring hur to
 ‘ it. My sister Margearett will teake my sister Betty to
 ‘ hur, and hur made shall dres hur and heare hur hur
 ‘ booke and teache hur hur worke.’¹

The amount of religious observance habitually followed in the household must have absorbed a good deal of time. There was, first, morning and evening service in church or in the private chapel, at which not only the master and mistress and their children, but all the servants who were not otherwise engaged, were expected to attend; daily family prayer as well for the benefit of those who could not get to church; and such religious mistresses as Lettice, Lady Falkland, gave their servants also an hour every day of Bible-reading and instruction in the Catechism. The parson's wife was, according to George Herbert, to train up her children and maids in the fear of God, with prayers and catechisings and all religious duties. Anne Murray, as will be remembered, mentions that until the Parliament put down the Prayer Book Offices and week-day worship, she habitually went to church every morning at five in the summer and six in the winter, and again to five o'clock Evensong. Church service was not always so early, however. In the Earl of Cork's regulations prayers took place before dinner and supper, which would probably mean about eleven and five o'clock; and Lord Clarendon mentions in his *Life* that during the time he lived in Jersey he and Lord Colepepper went to church every morning at eleven.

In any case the day began early, at five or six, and

¹ *Verney Memoirs.*

much could be done between that hour and the twelve o'clock dinner. There were only two regular meals, and hours seem to have been very much like those kept in provincial France in our own day. There was no regular spread breakfast; tea was a rare and expensive luxury, coffee only just coming in, and chocolate is, I believe, not mentioned till quite the middle of the century. Ralph Verney writes that he has heard of the new drink and tries to get some for Mary, then wasting in her last illness; some years later, Lady Fanshawe received a present of chocolate and sugar from the English merchants of Seville, 'with twelve fine sarcenet napkins laced thereunto belonging, with a very large silver pot to make it in, and twelve very fine cups to drink it out of, filigree, with covers of the same, with two very large salvers to set them upon, of silver.'¹ One of the earliest mentions of coffee is in Evelyn's Diary under the year 1637:—'There came in my time to the Coll: one Nathaniel Conopios out of Greece, from Cyrill the Patriarch of Constantinople, who returning many years after was made (as I understand) Bishop of Smyrna. He was the first I ever saw drink coffee, which custom came not into England till 30 years after.' Anthony Wood,² however, not more than a dozen years later, in 1649, says: 'This year Jacob, a Jew, opened a Coffey house at the Angel in the parish of St. Peter in the East Oxon, and there it was by some who delighted in novelties, drank. When he left Oxon he sold it in Old Southampton Buildings in Holborne neare London, and was living there in 1671.' People took a manchet of bread (that is, a little white roll) and a cup of sack or a glass of fruit syrup if they wanted it, and even that was considered rather a degenerate proceeding, much as old-fashioned people used a little while ago to look upon afternoon tea. As to beginning the day with a solid meal before either

¹ Lady Fanshawe's *Memoirs*.

² *Athena Oxonienses*.

work or worship had been accomplished, our forefathers would never have dreamed of such a thing.

The king, who was a very abstemious man, set the example of taking nothing before dinner; and Sir Thomas Herbert, who was in constant attendance on him during his captivity, attributed his perfect health during all that trying time to the simplicity of his habits, 'to his quiet disposition, to his unparalleled 'patience, to his exercise, walking daily in the gallery 'or privy garden, to his abstemiousness at meat, eating 'but few dishes, drinking but twice a day at dinner and 'supper, once beer, once wine and water mixt, only 'after Fish a glass of French wine, the beverage he 'himself mix'd at the cupboard, so he would have it: 'he very seldom eat or drank before dinner nor between 'meals.'¹

After dinner would come a leisure time for most people: in summer, no doubt, passed chiefly in the garden or paradise; the men would play bowls or smoke, the women would sit in an arbour or walk in the pleached alleys, and often there would be music with lute or guitar. If friends came there might be a 'repast' of fruit and cakes with syllabub or syrup, partaken of in the summer or 'banketting' house. In winter, or on wet days, much progress must have been made with the elaborate tapestries or samplers that have come down to us.

Whether the busy mother would have time to partake of these recreations, or of the dancing, games, and music that often filled up the evening for the young folks, may be doubted; she more often, and perhaps her elder daughter, would have to betake herself to the still-room after a brief repose, especially in summer and autumn when so much had to be done. It was certainly not an idle life that she led.

If we pity our forefathers for wanting some of the

¹ *Memoirs of the Last Days of King Charles*, by Thomas Herbert.

luxuries to which we have become accustomed, we may envy them for having everything home-made and absolutely free from adulteration. No watered milk nor separated cream, no margerine butter nor glucose jam, nor alum bread, nor egg-powder lowered their health nor took off the relish of their food. They had hams and bacons with the delicious flavour of wood-smoke, properly pickled, too, instead of tasting like imperfectly salted pork. In the same old book in which is the prescription for the plague, already mentioned, there is an excellent recipe for curing hams, beef, or tongues. They are to be rubbed with salt and saltpetre and left for twenty-four hours. The pickle is made of stale strong beer, brown sugar, and bay-salt. This is poured over them boiling hot with a wooden ladle, and well rubbed in, and they must be turned and rubbed every day for a fortnight or three weeks, then hung a fortnight in a chimney over wood-smoke, and black pepper sprinkled on the bone. These chimneys still linger in country places, though rarely used, and few nowadays know the delicious scent of the smoke as it curls up blue amongst the hams and sides of bacon. To-day we are in too great a hurry, and the home-brewed ale is not to be had, so the hams are just salted and rubbed over with something the manufacturers call 'bottled smoke.'

Wood fires were still the usual thing, though coals were already coming into use, especially in the towns or near the pits; carriage in those days was too costly to have it sent into the country. Lady Sussex when in town writes to Ralph Verney, who did all her commissions for her:—'The felo was heare this day with a 'lode a coles; i thinking your sarvant had agreed 'with Falcon sent thether for a chaldron and a halfe 'and he sent them, but my sarvant tell mee the are 'very bad coles. . . . I am glad your man hath agreed 'in another plas for twenty shillings. Most of these

'feloes that cary coles lives nine or ten miles off at 'Bushey.' Charcoal was also used, for we read in the Herbert *Memoirs* that two baskets of charcoal used to be placed at night in Mr. Herbert's room for the use of His Majesty's bed-chamber. For lights, wax candles were customary for the well-to-do, and tallow dips for the poor or for kitchen use ; the preparation of both these was another home industry. The king had always a wax light in a large silver bason set on a stool by his bedside at night with his two watches and a silver bell.

Food
 [Besides cordials and medicinal decoctions there were home-made wines—grape, currant, orange, or ginger wine, as well as the more homely elderberry or cowslip. Mead in these days is almost a lost art, but it was a great feature then. Lady Brilliana Harley's letters are full of references to it, and it figures largely in the Christmas hampers which people in those days were so fond of sending. Some of these Christmas presents must have been a valuable aid to a housekeeper. Fancy receiving 'Four collars of brawn, two dozen hog's 'puddings, half white and half black, and a fat young 'swan,' which came up by the waggoner from Wiltshire, followed a week later by 'a small rundlet of metheglin,' from Sir William Calley, 'with love and service to good old Mrs. Porter.' Sir James Whitelocke in his *Liber Famelicus* gives a list of all the presents he received, Christmas 1613, in which appear two doe and three halves, a red deer pie, a fat swan, several collars of brawn, eighteen puddings, and a 'sugar lofe,'—a delicacy at that time much thought of. Amongst later presents he notes marchpane, which seems to have been a kind of macaroon 'made of 'pastry or biscuit with almond and sugar on a bottom 'of wafer.' He also frequently received mead or metheglin.

Amongst the quaint old recipes preserved in

'The Closet of the Eminently Learned Sir Kenelm Digby knt. Opened,' is one entitled Sir Thomas Gower's Metheglin. Five gallons of honey were to be poured into forty of small ale, and while still warm to be stirred exceedingly well 'with a clean arm till they be perfectly incorporated.' That touch about the clean arm is painfully suggestive.

Sir Kenelm's book is full of invalid cookery, as he was continually trying fresh experiments to nourish his wife in her decline. Snail soup was one of the things with which he sought to restore her, and the great edible snail, such as is eaten in France, is said to be still found in large quantities in the neighbourhood of Gothurst, having been imported by him for the purpose. The following would be more attractive to a modern invalid :—

'*Flommery Caudle*.—To make good Wheaten Flommery you must soak the best wheaten bran in water for 3 or 4 days, and then strain out the milky water from it, and boil it up to a gelly, seasoning it with sugar and orange-flower water. Now mix ale and wine and put into the mixture a few spoonfuls of the flommery. After stirring it all up there will be found remaining in the caudle some lumps of the congealed flommery, which are not ungrateful.' This he describes as 'a pleasant and wholesome caudle.'

'*Pressis Nourissant for Invalids*.—Only very slightly roast half a leg of mutton, a piece of veal, and a capon, and while still partially raw, squeeze all their juice in a press with screws; add the juice of an orange and just take the chill off. This juice has cured persons suffering from consumption.'

Alas, poor Venetia! neither this juice nor the snail soup were of any avail.

'*Oatmeal Pap*.—A little oatmeal should be boiled in milk then the milk should be strained, some butter and yolk of eggs should be beaten with it, and as a

‘flavouring a little orange-flower water and amber-grease.’

Water gruel, he says, ought to be boiled till it rises ‘in great ebullition in great galloping waters,’ when the upper surface ‘hath no gross visible oatmeal in it, it should be skimmed off, and it will be found much better than the part which remaineth below of the oatmeal.’ Yet, he carelessly adds, ‘even that will make good water gruel for the servants’! What would ours say to that? To the superior decoction, nutmeg, an egg, some butter, and some sugar are to be added, and a little red-rose water.

Another invalid recipe was obtained from a ‘Jesuite that came from China,’ who said that the Chinese ‘beat up the yolks of two eggs with fine sugar and then pour a pint of tea upon them, stirring them well.’ This preparation ‘presently discusseth and satisfieth all rawness and indigence of the stomach, flyeth suddenly over the whole body into the veins, and strengtheneth exceedingly.’ The same Jesuit instructed Sir Kenelm that tea should not stand longer than you can say the Miserere very leisurely, and then be poured upon the sugar in the cups.

A good many domestic recipes are given by Evelyn in his *Acetaria*, or discourse upon sallets, which he describes as ‘crude and fresh herbs to be eaten with some acetous juice, oyle, salt, etc., to give them a grateful gust and vehicle.’ It is astonishing what a variety the gardens of that day contained, and how well their virtues and properties were understood. He gives full descriptions of all garden herbs and vegetables as well as ‘sallets.’

‘*The Composition of a Sallet.*—All should fall into their places like the notes in music, in which there should be nothing harsh or grating: and tho’ admitting some discords (to distinguish and illustrate the rest) striking in the more sprightly and sometimes gentler notes reconcile all dissonances and melt them

'into an agreeable Composition.' Our author then diverges at some length to refer to classical examples, to Milton's representation of Eve 'dressing of a sallet for her Angelicall Guest.' He takes up the thread again with 'the discreet choice and mixture of the 'Oxoleon, so as neither the Prodigal, Niggard, nor 'Inspid should preside. The drying and cleaning lightly in a cloth is touched upon, and the mustard, it is insisted, should be the best Tewksberry. At length he reaches 'Seventhly, eggs boiled moderately hard, 'part to be mingl'd and mash'd with the oyl etc., part 'cut into quarters and eat with the herb. Eighthly, 'that the knife be of silver, and by no means of steel. 'Ninthly, the dish should be of porcelain or of the 'Holland Delfft ware. Lastly, the sallet gatherer 'should be provided with a light and neatly made 'Withy Dutch basket, divided into several partitions.'

In another place he notes that 'the roots of the red 'beet pared into thin circles and slices are by the French 'and Italians contrived into curious figures to adorn 'their Sallets.'

Of garlic he observes, ''tis not for ladies' palats nor those who court them.'

'Spinach boiled to a pult without other water than 'its own moisture, is a most excellent Condiment with 'Butter, Vinegar or Lime for almost all sorts of boyl'd 'Flesh, and may accompany a sick man's diet. It is 'profitable for the aged.'

There are several suggestions how to treat 'Artichaux.' 'The heads being slit in quarters, eaten raw with oyl, a 'little Vinegar, Salt and Pepper, gratefully recommend 'a glass of Wine; Dr. Muffet says at the end of Meals. 'Or while tender and small, fried in fresh Butter crisp 'with Persley. The bottoms are also baked in Pies 'with Marrow, Dates, and other rich Ingredients.'

Pickled broom-buds seems rather an odd idea, also pickled cowslips; but this latter recipe is rather fasci-

nating. They must be 'pick't very clean; to each ' Pound of Flowers allow about a lb of Loaf Sugar, and ' a pt of White Wine Vinegar, which boil to a Syrup ' and cover it scalding hot. Thus you may pickle ' Clove Gilly-flowers, Elder and other Flowers which ' being eaten make a very agreeable Sallet.'

Other novelties are Carrot Pudding and Herb Tart, which some readers may like to try. For Carrot Pudding take half as much of the crust of manchet bread as of grated carrot, with half a pint of fresh cream, half a pound of butter and six new-laid eggs, half a pound of sugar and a little salt, grated nutmeg and beaten spice.

' Herb Tart.—Boil fresh Cream or Milk with a little ' grated Bread or Naples Biscuit to thicken it, a pretty ' quantity of Chervile, Spinach, Beete, or what Herb ' you please being first parboil'd and chop'd. Then ' add Macaroon or Almond beaten to a Paste, a little ' sweet Butter, the Yolk of 5 Eggs, 3 of the whites ' rejected. To these add some Corinths plump'd in ' milk or boil'd therein, Sugar, Spice at discretion, and ' stirring it altogether over the Fire, bake it in the ' Tart-pan.'

Instructions are also given in the same book for herb-tea, cowslip wine, vinegar, and liqueurs. The publication of the book was some years later than our half-century, but Mr. Evelyn says he had these recipes from lady friends and they were usually traditional in families, and we may be sure that most, if not all of them, had been long in use. Cookery books were carefully treasured and handed down: Dame Margaret Verney bequeathed hers expressly by will to certain of her daughters.

In an old ms. book written out by one Lucy Harris in 1816, is a recipe for bread pudding, 'Out of a Book written in 1677.' 'Take a penny white loaf, chip it ' and halve it, take out the crumb leaving the shell

‘ whole, put to the crumb a little milk, sugar, nutmeg, and currants, and one egg. Stir it well, put it into the shell with a few slices of butter, tie it up close in a cloth, and boil it an hour and a half. Butter it.’

Besides medicines and cordials, in the still-room were also prepared perfumes and essences, washes for preserving the hair and complexion, elder-flower water for sunburn, rosemary to cleanse the hair, or such occult preparations as the ‘paste for making white the hands’ which Anne Lee imparted to the Verney sisters as such a precious secret.

In the midst of such fully occupied days, the mother of a large family would still find time to write to absent husband or son, long leisurely epistles, and to cultivate her own mind. Lady Brilliana Harley seems to have been a great reader, and frequently comments on books in her letters to her son. The poet Abraham Cowley traced his first love for poetry to the *Faery Queen* which he found in the window of his mother’s room; probably in one of those charming little narrow bookshelves, just big enough to hold a few pet volumes, which may still be seen in the window recesses of old houses. Most likely the taste which made him appreciate it was inherited from her. And hers was not the fashionable taste of a dame of high degree; her husband was only a grocer in St. Dunstan’s. Another excellent middle-class mother whose virtues are remembered by an affectionate son, was Mrs. Wallington, wife of a turner in Eastcheap, whose portrait will be familiar to all readers of Green’s *Short History*: it shall be quoted for the benefit of those who may not recall it. ‘She was a pattern of sobriety unto many, very seldom seen abroad except at church; when others recreated themselves at holidays and other times, she would take her needle-work and say, “Here is my recreation.” . . . God had given her a pregnant wit and an excellent memory. She was

'very ripe and perfect in all stories of the Bible, likewise in all the stories of the Martyrs, and could readily turn to them; she was also perfect and well seen in the English Chronicles, and in the descents of the Kings of England. She lived in holy wedlock with her husband twenty years, wanting but four days.'

James Whitelocke, who was the son of a merchant, makes grateful and affectionate mention of his mother in his *Liber Famelicus*. Being early left a widow with four sons, she married again; very unhappily as it turned out, but her own misfortunes did not make her neglect the education of her children. She 'set her heart on bringing them up in as good a sort as any gentleman in England would do, as singing, dancing, playing on the lute and other instruments, the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French tongues, and to write fair.' She lived to near eighty. 'She went away even with old age as a candle that goeth out,' says her son. 'There preached at her funerall doctor John Done, the parson that had been my acquaintance when he was at Christ Church in Oxford.'

In a little-known book called *Mundus Muliebris*, John Evelyn in his old age looks back fondly to the 'good old ways' of his youth, and contrasts them with the new fashions of the Restoration. An extract from it will give a good idea of the old-fashioned dame belonging to the country squirearchy. He is speaking of the fitting out of a bride, and comparing the things she required with those that her grandmother would have thought sufficient.

'Good housewifery and all Oeconomical virtues were then in reputation. . . . The presents which were made when all was concluded were a Ring, a Necklace of Pearls and perhaps another faire Jewell, the Bona Paraphernalia of her prudent Mother, whose nuptial Kirtle, Gown and Petticoat lasted as many

‘ years as the happy couple lived together, and were
‘ at last bequeathed with a purse of old gold Rose-
‘ nobles, Spur-royals, and Spankers as an House-Loom
‘ to her Grand-Daughter. They had Cupboards of
‘ ancient useful Plate, whole Chests of Damask for
‘ the Table and store of fine Holland Sheets (white as
‘ the driven Snow) and fragrant of Rose and Lavender
‘ for the Bed ; and the sturdy oaken Bed and Furniture
‘ of the House lasted one whole Century ; the Shovel-
‘ board and other long Tables both in Hall and Parlour
‘ were as fix’d as the Freehold ; nothing was moveable
‘ save the Joynt-stools, the Black Jacks, silver Tankards
‘ and Bowls ; and though many things fell out between
‘ the cup and the lip when Nappy Ale, March Bere,
‘ Metheglin, Malmsey, and old Sherry got the ascend-
‘ ant among the blew-coats and Badges, they sung Old
‘ Symon and Cheviot Chace and danced Brave Arthur,
‘ and were able to draw a bow that made the proud
‘ Monsieur tremble at the Gray-Goose Feather : ’Twas
‘ then Ancient Hospitality was kept up in Town and
‘ Country, the Poor were relieved bountifully, and
‘ Charity was as warm as the Kitchen where the Fire
‘ was perpetual.

‘ In those happy days Surefoot, the grave and steady
‘ mare, carried the good Knight and his courteous Lady
‘ behind him to Church and to visit the neighbourhood
‘ without so many Hell-Carts, ratling Coaches and a
‘ Crewe of damme Lacqueys, which a grave Livery
‘ Servant or two supplied who rid before and made
‘ way for his Worship.’ . . .

The young ladies of this Golden Age, we read, ‘ put
‘ their hands to the Spindle, nor disdained they the
‘ Needle, were obsequious and helpful to their Parents
‘ . . . did not read so many Romances, see so many
‘ Plays and smutty Farces. Honest Gleek, Ruff and
‘ Honours diverted the Ladies at Christmas. Whole-
‘ some plain Dyet and Kitching Physick preserved

' them in good Health, and there were no Hysterical
' Fits. . . . They could touch the Lute and Virginals
' or sing "Like to the Damask Rose." They
' danced the Canarys, Spanish Pavane, and Sellen-
' ger's Round upon Sippets; with as much Grace and
' Loveliness as any Isaac Monsieur or Italian of
' them all can teach with his Fop-call and Apish
' Postures.'

Truly John Evelyn was *Laudator temporis acti*; yet we cannot doubt there was a charm long vanished about those old simple days and simple ways.

CHAPTER XVI

NEEDLEWORK

WHEN we regard the beautiful examples of the embroidery of the seventeenth century which time has spared, and consider the many and various avocations of the ladies of that day, we marvel how they found leisure to pursue an art so elaborate. For their needlework was no hasty outlining of a slap-dash design, nor filling in of one begun at the fancy-shop with 'materials to finish' all ready to hand; no crazy patchwork nor scrap of crochet that could just be snatched up at odd minutes. No; it was the laborious practising of an art with a conscientious industry that puts us to the blush. True, their tasks varied with the changing seasons: the labours of the still-room were not always so onerous as they were in summer and autumn; moreover their days were a good deal longer than ours, as it was not then the custom to spend half a summer morning in bed. Then there were, of course, long winter afternoons, for our ancestresses dined at twelve, and were by no means so much given to out-door exercise as we are, so there would be several hours before dusk, seldom invaded by visitors, in the country at least, during which deeply interesting needle-pictures might grow apace. Still, when we reflect on the daily household cares, the daily practices of religion, we are fain to confess that they must have made good use of their time to have left such monuments of their skill and patience as have been handed down in many families.

As learning began with the horn-book, so needlework with the sampler, unless, indeed, the hemming of plain frills or sewing a white seam had precedence. Perhaps some readers who have had old-fashioned nurses may remember the square of crash or coarse canvas whereon they learned to figure the letters of the alphabet and numerals in cross-stitch for the marking of linen, together with a little square house at the top, a Noah's ark tree on each side, and perhaps a couple of stags or lions, and a pair of wooden-looking doves, the whole enclosed in a border of key pattern or conventional flowers. We might, perhaps, expect to find samplers getting cruder and more elementary as we go further back, but the very contrary is the case. Both industry and eyesight seem to have deteriorated with the passage of time. Early samplers are of an exquisite fineness of material and also of stitch, of which there is an infinite variety, and far greater taste is displayed both in form of ornament and in colouring, but gradually they become coarser and more garish, till by the middle of the nineteenth century they arrive at the horrors of mere cross-stitch in Berlin wool on coarse canvas, and finally disappear unlamented.

According to Mr. Marcus Huish,¹ whose exhaustive treatise on old English tapestry is a perfect treasure-house of information, samplers of the date we are considering are remarkably scarce. Whether the Civil War swept them away together with horn-books and many other things thought valueless, it is difficult to say. Undoubtedly little girls of that day must have worked them, references to needlework lessons are so frequent, and they surely practised their stitches in the traditional manner, as there are many extant of the time of Elizabeth and of subsequent years, and it is not likely that the art was dropped and taken up again. Shakespeare refers to it in the familiar passage in which

¹ *Samplers and Tapestry Embroideries*, by Marcus Huish, LL.B.

Helena, reminding Hermia of their early friendship, says—

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion.

The exquisite specimens belonging to Mrs. Head, and figured so admirably in the book just referred to, are, however, by no means the work of a child, but rather that of a practised hand, storing up beautiful designs wherever she could meet with them so as to have them by her for use in elaborate pieces of tapestry, both for the sake of the subjects and for the stitches. For the number of stitches to be mastered was considerable, and some must have been of great difficulty to set evenly. The simplest were cross-stitch, tent-stitch, long and short stitch, crewel and feather-stitch. Taylor's poem on 'The Needle's Excellency' enumerates an immense variety of fancy stitches, and Rees's *Encyclopædia* reckons up many more. Spanish stitch, tent on the finger, tent on the frame, Irish, fore, gold, twist, fern, broad, rosemary, or chip stitch; raised work, Geneva work, cut or laid work; back-stitch, queen's, satin, finny, chain, fisher's, bow, cross, needlework-purl, virgin's device, open cut-work, thorough stitch, rock-work, net-work, and tent-work,—'All of which 'are swete manners of work wrought by the needle 'with silk of all natures, purls, wyres, and weft or 'foreign breed'(braid).

The square bordered sampler appears to have been a later variety: these are chiefly long strips of linen crash with sections of patterns following each other without any order. The regularly arranged alphabet does not appear on early examples, but sentences and mottoes were often worked, sometimes whole poems, for one of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour wrote a sonnet on her royal mistress's death, and worked it

in red silk upon a sampler. It was also customary to work or paint proverbs, moral sentences, or scraps of verse on tapestry hangings called painted cloths. In Puritan days the didactic verses became a great feature of the sampler.

The chief contents of the sampler of Stuart times were, first, ornamental designs of great beauty, probably copied from the Oriental goods so largely imported and so much valued; flowers from nature imitated in a more or less conventional manner from the real ones, roses inclining most to formality of treatment, while carnations, honeysuckle, and strawberry, both in fruit and in flower, and love-in-a-mist were given more according to nature. Next come animals, the lion and the stag being the favourites, and birds of a curious three-cornered shape.

From these beginnings the art of the needle branched out into two principal lines, the decorative and the pictorial, the latter coming very much into fashion during the first half of the century. If that period is poor in samplers, it is conspicuously rich in tapestry pictures, of which many most interesting illustrations are given in Mr. Huish's invaluable book. It looks as if, after combining flowers, birds, and animals in a subject approaching to a picture, some daring worker had made the bold step of introducing the human figure and some human action, thereby sacrificing decorative beauty to pictorial interest. This has always been the bane of English art, the English mind instinctively leaning to the interest of the subject rather than to the beauty of form and colour. However, if these tapestry pictures are not beautiful, they are most quaint and interesting, and no doubt gave keen pleasure to the designer—there is such evident zest in the introduction of odd little unimportant details, such as curly wigs, pearl necklaces made of tiny beads, woolly lambs, lap-dogs, etc.



PANEL OF WHITE SATIN EMBROIDERED IN SILK—SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

South Kensington Museum



Very likely the first impulse to the creation of these wonderful pictures may have been the desire to emulate the woven tapestries which, under the patronage of King James, were becoming very fashionable. He had given 'the making of three baronets' to Sir Francis Crane to set up a factory at Mortlake. The Archbishop of York gave £2500 for four pieces of arras made there, representing the four seasons, and in 1649 a set of the five senses from Oatlands Park was sold for only £270. The Raphael cartoons were copied there, and no doubt some of the storied hangings and panels from Corfe Castle were from the same place. An immense piece of tapestry, worked in cross-stitch in worsted upon canvas, formed the wall-hangings of an old house in Hatton Gardens. It is a picture containing several life-sized figures in the style of the Mortlake designs, but the hand-work has a rougher and certainly a richer effect.

In the smaller style of picture there is a very fascinating piece at South Kensington, of which an illustration is given. It is a panel of white satin elaborately embroidered, depicting Charles I. seated under a tent with the queen and her attendants advancing on the right hand; in the foreground were wild animals in raised work, probably emblematic of a millennial condition which was unhappily not realised. Through wear and tear an interesting point is displayed: the tiger having split a little shows the stuffing of ends of frayed silk over which he had been worked to give him roundness of form. Royal pageants were very favourite subjects, giving such scope for embroidered garments. Scenes from Old Testament history were also much in favour, especially Hagar and Ishmael, the finding of Moses, and Susannah and the elders. The working of the hair or of woolly animals like sheep is very curious: sometimes real hair was used, but more often they were worked in silks in a close knotted stitch like little curls. The faces were sometimes painted on

smooth silk and *appliqué* on to the fabric, but usually they were done entirely with the needle in a fine satin stitch.

Occasionally these pictures were worked for decorative purposes as cushions, screens, or caskets. A wonderfully well-preserved one of the Judgment of Paris forms the lid of a casket in the possession of Mr. Marcus Huish, and is given in his book. This is dated about 1630, and is marvellously clear and fresh in colouring. This period was the zenith of the wrought picture. It soon began to decline, having grown realistic till it had become a toy rather than an art, and under Charles II. it was further degraded by being done in beads, after which it speedily fell into disrepute. Industry, moreover, in the lax days of the Restoration, not improbably went a little out of fashion.

More lovely, if less quaint and characteristic, are the exquisite pieces of decorative work which have come down to us from the early part of the century. For these the workers had evidently gone for inspiration to the designs of Oriental embroideries. In most of them, while the characteristic features of the flowers and birds introduced are retained, they are kept entirely subordinate to the general design, and there is no attempt at being realistic. One very perfect specimen is a coverlet in the possession of Mr. H. Lucas, in which vines and roses are twined together and surrounded with a border of carnations, pansies, and sunflowers. The colouring is most harmoniously blended. How much we should like to know whether the 'greate wroughte sheete' which Ralph Verney playfully twitted his wife with having had so long in hand was something of this kind. Most likely; a tapestry picture would hardly have been on so large a scale. Did sweet Anne Murray, who had been so carefully trained in all sorts of needlework and never permitted to be idle, employ her clever fingers in fashioning such pinks and roses? Or did these ladies



CAVALIER HAT

South Kensington Museum.



**EMBROIDERED GLOVES FROM THE
ISHAM COLLECTION**

South Kensington Museum.



**LINEN NIGHTCAP FROM THE
ISHAM COLLECTION**

South Kensington Museum.



devote their skill to producing laborious and curious pictures, either loyal or religious?

Unlike Mrs. Hutchinson, whose passion for books made her averse to her needle, Lady Falkland, book-worm as she was, was, it may be remembered, 'skilful and curious in working,' though, as her daughter quaintly adds, no one who knew her would ever have believed she knew how to hold a needle unless they had seen it. Nevertheless she not only worked with her own hands but set her maids to work on elaborate pieces of tapestry, teaching and directing all herself. But here again we are left to imagination as to subjects, and are not told whether it was the decorative, the pictorial, or the useful to which she leaned. Good Mrs. Wallington, whose son has left such an affectionate portrait of her, preferred, as he said, her needle as a recreation to any gadding about, and he adds: 'She 'was of fine invention for drawing works and other 'choice works, and many a fine and neat piece of work 'hath she soon despatched, she would so apply to it; 'besides a very good judgment in setting out works in 'colours either for birds or flowers.'

Another who displayed notable ingenuity with her needle, at any rate in her younger days, was Mary Boyle. Lady Clayton, if she spoilt her a little, trained her well in this respect, and her fond father in his diary makes frequent mention of the little gifts worked for him by her own childish fingers for Christmas or the New Year. Nightcaps beautifully embroidered are specified, and laced handkerchiefs. These may have been hem-stitched with a border of drawn thread of which they had in that day many elaborate patterns, or perhaps trimmed round with needle-point. Then there were garters with roses, for garters were then always worn in sight and adorned with dainty devices; or a purse in knotted silk wrought with silver thread. In her later life we hear little of needlework; perhaps she

thought it a vanity, when all the time that she could spare from reading to or amusing her gouty lord was spent in religious reading and meditation, or else in driving hither and thither to hear noted preachers. It is hard to say why, but the Cavalier dames seem to have been far more devoted to the needle than the Puritan ladies, who somewhat despised it.

A singular Puritan custom of embroidering texts upon articles of apparel is referred to in Jasper Mayne's *City Match* in 1639—

Nay, sir, she is a Puritan at her needle too :
 She works religious petticoats ; for flowers
 She'll make Church histories ; besides,
 My smock-sleeves have such holy embroideries
 And are so learned, that I fear in time
 All my apparel will be quoted by
 Some pure instructor.

Minor arts of needlework occasionally crop up in the Verney letters. Sir Ralph's great friend, Lady Sussex, who was always giving him intricate little shopping commissions when he was in town on his parliamentary duties, is on one occasion making a 'swite-bag' (scent-bag), and is apparently hung up for lack of narrow ribbon and lace to finish it. She sends minute directions:—

'It you would ples to imploye somebody to chuse
 'me out a lase that hath but very litell silver in itt and
 'not above a spangle or two in a peke i thinke would
 'do will : i would not have too hevvy a lase : aboute the
 'breth of a threpeny ribinge very litell broder will bee
 'enofe ; and desier Mrs. Verney i pray you to chuse
 'me out some ribinge to make stringes ; six yards will
 'bee enofe ; some shadoede sattine ribbinge will be the
 'best of forpeny breth and i would fane have some very
 'littell eginge lase as slite as may bee to ege the
 'stringes and but littill silver in itt ; ten yardes will be
 'enofe. . . .'

Probably Sir Ralph transacted this important matter himself; he was great at doing commissions for all his friends and relations, consequently his letters are full of such quaint details as give them a special interest now.

Nothing seems to have been too large and nothing too small for the industry of our forebears. Bed-curtains, window curtains, hangings, cushions, footstools were all richly adorned, while miniature needle pictures were used to decorate caskets and the covers of books. Several such caskets, with mythological subjects, are given in the illustrations to Mr. Marcus Huish's book, and a very lovely one was presented by Charles I. to the Collet sisters after his visit to Little Gidding, in token of the pleasure he had had in their industry and the beautiful workmanship of their books. These books they not only covered with embroidery, but bound with their own hands. The casket is fitted with little drawers, and the fronts of the drawers, as well as the outside, are covered with silk daintily worked with flowers in satin stitch. Satin stitch or crewel, or long and short stitch, were usually employed for flowers, the more elaborate stitches, such as knotted, purl, plush, or bird's-eye, being reserved for pictures.

Among the most fascinating varieties of fancy-work was the drawn thread-work, of which very lovely examples are extant in old samplers.¹ It was of two kinds: that in which the threads one way were drawn out and the cross-threads woven or knotted into a pattern, and that in which the material was cut away round the pattern, the edges overcast, and either united with bars or filled in with lace stitches. An exquisite sampler of this kind of work belongs to Mrs. C. F. Millett, and is dated 1649, bearing the initials S. I. D. It is a regular sampler worked in rows. The top row is a figure subject, the little people being completely

¹ *Samplers and Tapestry Embroideries.*

cut round and attached to the edge by finely button-holed bars ; the next row contains the worker's monogram, a mermaid, and a tree, while the following rows are very lovely conventional patterns of varying widths. It is strange to think that some of the most elaborate of these pieces of work must have been executed during the sad years 1648-49 ;—one wonders what sorrowful thoughts may have been sewed into them. Shakespeare well knew a woman's mind and how she puts her thoughts into her work when he wrote—

Fair Philomel, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sewed her mind.

In many samplers drawn-thread patterns are combined with the usual alphabet and cross-stitch patterns. This is the case in one of the early seventeenth century belonging to the Rev. Canon Bliss. The third and simpler type of open-work, beloved by our mothers and grandmothers, is also found in samplers of this period : the little eyelet-holes pierced with a stiletto and oversewn or button-holed, which in combination with short flat satin stitch made very pretty floriated designs for the ornamenting of under-linen.

In the fascination of these various kinds of fancy work we must not lose sight of all the exquisite stitchery put into plain work. All under-clothes in those days, as well as most dresses, were made at home, and those ladies whose needles could depict kings and queens, lions and tigers, roses and lilies with such surprising skill, did not disdain to stitch the wrist-bands of shirts for their husbands and sons, nor tiny garments for their babies, with such sewing as no machine could rival for regularity, and so fine that modern eyes can hardly see the stitches. I wonder how many people notice the delicacy of the fine sewing on the shirt in which Charles I. went to his death, its even hem-stitching

and pearl-like feather-work. It is this, far more than adornments of bone-lace or point-lace edgings, which draw our astonished admiration. And it was not only royalty which had its linen thus carefully made ; other people's shirts may not be put into exhibitions, and, of course, have rarely been preserved ; but whatever white seams have come down to us from those days are not unworthy of the fingers which worked the story of Abraham and Ishmael, or adorned the great wrought sheets with garlands of honeysuckle or iris.

The implements used in this industry were probably in the main very similar to our own. Thimbles they certainly had, as we remember James Dillon presenting thimbles to Doll Leake and Mary Verney ; scissors too, of course, and most likely stiletos. The tambour needle must also have been in use, for tambour work of that period or older has survived. At Tonacombe, in North Cornwall, a house which has been standing since the thirteenth century, are some ancient curtains traditionally known as Sir Francis Drake's bed-curtains, which appear to have been worked with the tambour needle, in shades of dark blue on a ground of whitish holland. Some curious little tools, the like of which we do not possess, are represented in *Old English Samplers and Tapestries*: they are something like thimbles, made in thin wood, with two rows of holes pierced round the base, and are supposed to have been used for moulds for knotted work, perhaps for purses such as Mary Boyle's. There were also long spools with divisions like a number of reels put together, on which silks of different colours were wound.

Pattern-books do not seem to have been extant. The sources were pictures, which were followed with great ingenuity and often needless literalness ; Oriental embroideries ; the samplers of friends, from which every lady as she had opportunity would make collections

in her own ; and the flower-garden, which offered an infinity of lovely subjects—for every girl was taught to draw and paint flowers, and would either trace the outline on the linen or silk of the foundation, or if skilful enough would depict them with her needle immediately, arranging the forms as she went along, to suit the space and the design in her mind's eye.

In these latter days we are at least learning to appreciate, if we yet hardly rival, the needlework of our ancestresses. Schools of art-needlework are spreading a discriminating taste for the beautiful work of an earlier day, though it is to be feared the hurry of modern life will never allow the practice of it to become as general as it was in those quiet homes in which a woman found her needle her chief recreation.

CHAPTER XVII

DRESS AND FASHION

DRESS plays so important a part among the minor things of life that it is a satisfaction to be able to picture exactly the appearance of the people whose home life we have been considering, and for this period we are especially fortunate. Not only was it the very zenith of portrait-painting in England, so that every person of fashion has left one or more portraits showing him (or her) in his habit as he lived, but the favourite painter Vandyck rendered dress with a singular understanding and appreciation not only of its pictorial quality, but of its value as an indication of character.

There surely never was a time when dress was so beautiful and so expressive of a dignified mode as during the reigns of the first James and Charles. Midway between the sumptuous arrogance of the Elizabethan era and the lax and pseudo-classical style which the Restoration brought over from the French Court, it has pre-eminently the qualities of beauty, modesty, and restraint. The gorgeous brocaded robes, showing quilted and beaded under-skirts, the long hard bodices stiffened with whalebone and encrusted with embroidery and gold lace, the huge outstanding ruffs of the Van Somers portraits, have in Vandyck developed into the sober loveliness of velvet, satin, pearls, and point-lace. The curled lovelocks have not yet become exaggerated into the frizzled periwig, nor has

the lace kerchief slipped wholly off the shoulders and bosoms of the ladies, as it does with Sir Peter Lely's or Sir Godfrey Kneller's Court beauties.

One characteristic of the times is that the dress of the men is no less beautiful than that of the women, and considerably richer, while it is as yet almost devoid of the foppery and frivolity which later brought about a reaction to hopeless ugliness. The dark or richly coloured cloth or black velvet doublet and hose, the short cloak, the small close ruff of King James's time or deep lace collar and cuffs that succeeded it, the high-crowned hat with its wrought gold or diamond hat-band, or the broad-brimmed soft beaver with drooping feather, the long silk stockings gartered high with roses or knots of ribbon, the buckled shoes, the long loose embroidered Spanish leather gloves, all set off the points of a handsome man or carried off the disadvantages of a plain one. Contrasting a gallery of Vandyck's portraits with any portrait collection of modern times, it may well appear that beauty was commoner then than now, especially among men; yet no doubt much may be set down to the greater seemliness of the fashions of that day.

Nor was it only among the idle Court gallants that richness of attire prevailed: merchants went quite as handsomely arrayed, and the memoirs of Mr. Marmaduke Rawdon, already referred to, are full of mention of fine clothes. In one passage his preference for the best is set forth.

‘When Mr. Rawdon went up first from Hodsdon to London he was to be new clothed after the English fashion, which was then blacke clothes lind with plush for black suites, and for collerd clooths a tabie-dublett, cloth breches, and the clooke lind with the same tabbie of the dublett. Itt hapned one Mr. Flower, his unckle's taylor, had taiken measure of him for his clooths, but had forgot to ask what price

' he would have his cloth plush and tabbie of; soe
' he chanced to come to his unckle's howse in Water
' Lane when his unckle, Captaine Forster, Mr. Swin-
' arton, Mr. Thomas Rawdon, and he were at dinner ;
' soe his unckle, hearinge he was in the yarde, ordered
' him to be brought in to know what he would. He
' said he only came to speake with Mr. Duke Rawdon,
' for soe he cald him, to know of what price he would
' have his plush-clothe and tabbie a yarde. They told
' him he was thir to answer for himselfe; soe he an-
' swered Mr. Flower that he was a stranger in England
' to the prises of those commodities, but that he should
' buy for him the best of each sorte that he could get
' for mony, att which his unckle smilinge said, "I
' "commend you, nephew; winn gold and weare
' "gold."

Some years later, when he was on his way from
England to Teneriffe, he appears still more sumptuous.
' Being accompanied with severall English marchants,
' severall Spanish captaines and collonnells with other
' grave Dons to the number of about 40, most of them
' with thir gold chains about thir neckes, he tooke horse
' att his own howse in the cittie of Lalaguna, where
' they went in much order through the cittie, Mr.
' Rawdon riding the last, except sarvants, in the
' middle betwixt a Spanish collonnell and Captaine
' Henry Isham, then chiefe of the English nation
' thir, and the first gentleman that ever made use of
' a coach in those ilands. Those gentlemen accom-
' panied him to the port of Orotava, being fiteene
' miles. By the way Mr. Rawdon had ordered a treat-
' ment to be provided of rosted hens, cold Portugall
' gamons of bacon, English neat's tongues, and other
' provisions, with exelent wines with which they did
' refresh themselves. The apparell he rid in, with his
' chaine of gold and hatband was vallued in a thousand
' Spanish duccatts, being tow hundreth and seventie and

' five pounds sterlin. His hattband was of esmeralds
' set in gold ; his suite was of fine cloth trimd with a
' small silke and gold fringe ; the buttons of the suite
' were of fine gold, goldsmith worke ; his rapier and
' dagger richly hatcht with gold. In this manner he
' came to the port of Orotava, where he rested that night.'

The dress of the women was simpler but quite as charming. The tortured hair of Queen Elizabeth's day, which still appears in the Van Somers portraits, gave place later to the little natural-looking curls which Queen Henrietta Maria brought into fashion ; a few small tendrils upon the forehead with a soft-looking mass of slightly longer ringlets behind the ears, and sometimes quite a long one resting on the shoulder, the back hair coiled into a simple knot. This seems to have been the manner in which nearly all the ladies of Charles's reign wore their hair. Mary, Lady Verney, is represented so, so too are lovely Lettice, Lady Falkland, and handsome, dark-haired Mrs. Porter. Young Lady Verney wears pale blue satin and pearls in her portrait, Lady Falkland black velvet and point-lace. As to Mrs. Porter, being the wife of a man of great artistic taste and the great friend of the court painter, she is represented many times over in a great variety of handsome and becoming garments. Jewels were few and good: a gold chain, a pearl necklace, a diamond brooch, contented the aspirations of the most fashionable women. Mrs. Porter indeed was the lucky possessor of a diamond necklace, which she lent her husband when he went into Spain, to wear as a hatband. She evidently had more trinkets than most women. A goldsmith's bill has been preserved among the Porter papers, which included gold ear-rings that cost twelve pounds, two headpieces at seventeen pounds, and a 'cullett' for a hatband setting that cost a pound.¹

¹ *Letters of Mr. Endymion Porter*, by Mrs. Townshend.

This lady's tailor's bills, many of which have survived, cast a good deal of light on the otherwise obscure question of the cost of dress in her day, as, contrary to the usual custom, she does not seem to have had much made at home. In most cases she seems to have supplied the materials, so that only making, buttons, linings, etc., are charged, but other bills show the cost of the various stuffs. Making a dress cost one pound two shillings, and six holland coats cost a guinea to make, including 'tape and fustian to them.' Materials cost a great deal more than they do now, considering the change in the value of money. Black satin was fourteen shillings the yard, black taffety sarcenet nine shillings, while black velvet was to be had for only eight-and-eightpence. But in those days not only were materials so good that a handsome dress would last a lifetime, but fashions changed so slowly that a valuable dress might be bequeathed to a daughter or grand-daughter, and not look singular. The will of Margaret, Lady Verney, makes mention not only of jewels but of body-linen, which was made of thread of her own spinning, and was a precious possession good enough to last more than one life. The document, which only refers to personal effects, as her money was in settlement, is addressed to her eldest son, who was her executor:—'Give 'to your wiffe my diamond clapses, sheepe head and 'the rest of my odd diamonds and my sable muffe 'and six of my new greate smockes. . . . I dessier 'your father that he will not let anie of my House- 'hold linnen bee soulde, but that itt may goe toe you 'and your elldiste sonn and I hope to his sonn toe, 'only sum of my brodeste of my own makinge give 'toe your sisters. . . . There are 4 verry fine smokes 'in your father's little linnen tronke and one of my four 'breadthe Hollande sheetes for your own gerle Pegge.'¹

CONSERVING OF
CLOTHING

SMOCKS
LOOSE
OVERALL

¹ Verney Letters.

To return to Mrs. Porter: one of her dressmaker's bills amounted to twenty-two pounds, twelve and elevenpence, towards which she only seems to have paid one pound. Whether Endymion subsequently settled it, or whether the outbreak of the war left it for ever unpaid, history does not relate. On the subject of everyday dress Mrs. Townshend observes: 'Ladies seem usually to have worn some sort of short jacket with a stomacher or waistcoat, which generally matched the gown in colour. Mrs. Porter and Marie, her eldest girl, both had cloth of silver waistcoats, and Mrs. Porter had a "tabby rose coulered pettycoat and waistcoate," and also one of black and of "sky colored satin." The petticoats were sometimes trimmed with "gold and silver parchment"—evidently parchment lace—and sometimes with bone lace. A petticoat and stomacher of incarnadine satin were "lased with two broad silver lases about." There were also a petticoat and "hougerlin" of black "pudesaw," and a waistcoat of "aurora colored satin." The bodices seem to have been stiffened in the fashion of Queen Elizabeth's days, for there is an entry of half-a-crown for "fustian to lay between the stiffening and the outside." Sometimes the bodices were cut low and laced across the stomacher, and were then called stays. "A black moehaire sut" had stays to match, and a "zebelah coulered satin sut" was made with satin stays. Zebelah is obviously Isabella colour, a shade of tan. A pair of red baize sleeves were covered with sarsenet, and there were an unlimited number of pockets at one and sixpence each.' The custom of letting pockets into the seam of the dress was not introduced till many years later. In the eighteenth century they were made in the petticoat and a placket left open to get at them, but in Mrs. Porter's day they were entirely detached, and either carried in the hand or fastened to the waist by a ribbon.

References to dress and its cost are sprinkled plenti-

fully through the Earl of Cork's voluminous diaries. In one place he notes, 'I paid for cutting my wife's purple vellet gown *vli.*' He took great pride in seeing his daughters finely arrayed, especially his favourite Mary, and before she came to England to make her *début*, he despatched his daughter-in-law's tailor to Cork, laden with taffeta, plush, silver bone lace spangled, and divers other rich materials to fit her out suitably. Moreover, to her was given 'the feather of diamonds and rubies that was my wife's.' While she was still a little girl in Lady Clayton's care, there was an entry of white dimity to make gowns for her and her little sister. In 1638 she begins to have her own dress allowance. 'Wm. Chettle delivered to my son Dongarvan *xxvli.* for my daughter Marie, her quarter of a year's allowance beginning on All hollerdaye laste when I begin to allow her one hundred pownd a year to fynde herself.'

The monthly or weekly issue of fashion-books was undreamed of and unneeded in a day when fashion hardly changed in the passing of a quarter of a century, but the fashion-plate was not unknown. A delightful collection was issued in 1640 by Hollar, with a Latin title: '*Ornatus Muliebris Anglicanus.* The severall Habits of Englishwomen, from the Nobilitie to the Country Woman, as they are in these times. 1640.' On the title-page there is an advertisement of 'A Sett of Dresses & Habits of Foreign Ladies & Women done by the same Hand & about the same Time but smaller, consisting of 48 Prints very neat. Price 4d.'

From these plates we learn how very little Vanduyck idealised the costume of his sitters. The hair is dressed in the mode of Henrietta Maria, but sometimes combed plainly back from the forehead without the becoming little rings on the brow. The skirts are put into the waist in full pleats, and are usually trimmed up the front; they are long enough to rest a little on the ground, but without train. The large lace collar or muslin fichu

is an invariable finish, and a brooch, ear-rings, and a pearl necklace are almost always worn by a woman of quality. The large full sleeves always end in a deep frill of lace, but the straight sleeve was sometimes finished with linen cuffs edged with lace coming high up the arm. Sometimes a jacket-body with basques was worn, but more often the stays laced over the front, as described in Mrs. Porter's wardrobe. In the latter case a jewelled girdle might be worn, but young girls oftener wore a ribbon round the waist, finished with a small bow to match a similar one in the hair. One lady is represented with a feather at the side of her head, and one with flowers placed against the coil of back hair, just as may be seen in early Victorian fashion-plates. Gloves were always very long and loose, much more elegant than the tight-fitting, tight-buttoned ones of to-day. Those of the ladies do not seem to have been embroidered, but men's gloves were beautifully ornamented. Fans were generally of feathers, with a long handle, but one folding fan is depicted—they were probably a novelty. For out of doors an enormous muff seems to have been *de rigueur*, even when the weather was so warm that a lace tippet over the shoulders was sufficient. A shawl was sometimes worn, or a fur pelerine, and a hood and mask covering only the upper part of the face. For summer, a veil thrown over the head and face, and a pair of long gloves, seem to have been considered sufficient. The skirts being so long and full had, of course, to be held up for walking, and there is a quaint back view of a lady holding up hers with both hands to show an embroidered petticoat. She wears a wide-brimmed hat with a little cord and tassels.

A Puritan lady is represented with a deep-pleated ruff, a bodice laced over a white chemisette, and a skirt very full but shorter, showing her toes. She wears the same large hat and carries a muff. A somewhat similar



A LADY OF FASHION

From Hollar's 'Ornatus Muliebris Anglicanus.'

picture, with the addition of a long white apron, would seem to represent an upper servant. Another servant of a less dignity has a long-eared cap under her hat, and a linen tippet tied with a bow; she carries a small muff. Another has a pair of scissors hanging to her girdle, and two wear caps and have their gowns opening in front over a white petticoat. A country woman or servant going a-marketing is represented in a coif with a kerchief over her bosom, and wears clogs. On her arm is a basket with artichokes and carrots.

A later volume, with the title *Theatrum Mulierum*, was published in 1643. Fashions had not changed much in the three years. The noble lady, or Mulier Generosa, is just as before, but a merchant's wife now appears in a big untrimmed hat, an embroidered petticoat well displayed, and high-heeled shoes with roses. Her daughter wears her hair in a circle of plaits at the back of her head, with bunches of ringlets over the ears, the top combed back. She has a plain fichu, a long apron, a reticule at her side, and is putting on long gloves. These ladies probably belonged to the middling ranks, who kept their shops in London. Had Mr. Marmaduke Rawdon ever taken to himself a wife, we may be sure his womankind would have gone more splendidly arrayed. In Fairholt's *History of Costume* we read that 'The Merchant usually wore a long open gown with hanging sleeves, scull-cap and less frippery.' The citizen's wife wears a cloth skirt kilted high, high heels and a big hat, the daughter a plain linen fichu with scalloped edge, plain cuffs, an apron and a coif worked round the border. A country woman is given in a skirt edged with rows of braid, a dark jacket with basques, wide hat over a coif, long apron, and a covered basket on her arm. The plates of foreign costume show how much even people in society in those days kept to their local fashions. Evelyn in his diary notices the same thing, describing the dress worn by Italians and

Spaniards as quite distinct from that worn by his own countrymen. French fashions were at that time more followed in England, having been brought in by the French queen.

She, however, had not introduced any extravagances, but rather set the fashion of simplicity in dress, as did the king in simplicity of living. In all her many portraits, from the charming bride-like pearl-white satin with rose-coloured bows to the black dress and heavy black lace veil of her widowhood, she is never depicted in anything more sumptuous than what was worn, not only by the ladies of her court, but by the country dames. It was not till after the Restoration that extravagance in dress was identified with the royalist party and plainness with the Puritans. The idea of severity and plainness in apparel was gradually gaining ground amongst the middle class, but until the Commonwealth the leaders and their wives were as well dressed on the one side as on the other. Mrs. Hutchinson frequently refers to her husband's excellent taste in dress. In a passage already quoted she mentions his attention to the becoming, and his not grudging reasonable expense. And later, on the occasion of the funeral of Ireton, she describes his appearing in a 'scarlet cloak, very richly laced, such as he usually wore.' Cromwell, indeed, set the fashion of an extremely plain, not to say negligent apparel, but such men as Algernon Sidney, Ralph Verney, Warwick, Essex, and a host of others, are represented in the customary velvet and point-lace of the day, with curled lovelocks. In truth, the term 'Roundhead,' which is often supposed to denote the fashion affected by a party, rather took its rise from the fact that the Puritan forces were chiefly recruited from the middle and lower ranks, especially the London apprentices, who always wore their hair cropped in obedience to a sumptuary custom. Colonel Hutchinson's silky curls or Ralph Verney's are quite as long as



SUMMER WALKING DRESS

From Hollar's 'Ornatus Miltæbris Anglicanus.'



those of Suckling or Killigrew, and much longer than Lord Falkland's shaggy black wisps.

Extravagances, of course, there were, as the satirists have left on record.¹ Under James I. we learn that tight-laced whalebone stays were worn by men, and breeches were padded out; so too were stockings, and a comical story is related of a young gentleman who, in company, caught the calf of his leg upon a nail, whereupon instead of blood the bran came running out as if he had been a doll. Dekker in his *Gul's Horn-book* says sarcastically, referring to former times: 'There was then neither the Spanish slop, nor the skipper's galligaskins; the Danish sleeving, sagging down like a Welsh wallet, the Italian's close strosser, nor the French standing collar; your treble-quadruple-dedalian ruffs, nor your stiff-necked rabatos.' Henry Fitzgeffery in his *Notes from Blackfryars*, describing the visitors to that resort in 1617, has something to say on the same mixture of fashions from all parts of the world, and thus describes a spruce coxcomb—

That never walkes without his looking-glasse
In a tobacco box or diall set,
That he may privately confer with it,
How his band jumpeth with his pecadilly,
Whether his band stringes ballance equally,
Which way his feather wags.
. . . He'll have an attractive lase
And whalebone bodies for the better grace.

The garter at that day was a sash tied in a large bow at the side of the leg, and the shoes were adorned with roses. Ear-rings also were worn by the men. Peacham in his *Worth of a Penny* upbraids his countrymen for following the French fashions, and declares the English are called 'the apes of Europe,' while the Dutch or Spaniards have kept to their own fashions

¹ *History of Costume in England*, by Fairholt.

for two or three hundred years. 'I see no reason why ' a Frenchman should not imitate our fashions as well ' as we his.'

Mourning in those days was a very serious business, and lasted for an immense time. Lady Fanshawe in her will requested that her son Sir Richard and her three daughters should wear it for three years after her decease, excepting either of them married in the meantime. Sir Kenelm Digby, who had been very fond of fine clothes, never wore anything after the death of his wife but a suit of black cloth with a plain linen collar, a long cloak of black, and a slouch hat.

It was the custom to send mourning to all relations and intimate friends, which must have been a serious expense. On the death of Dame Margaret Verney, Lady Sussex very considerably declined it, since she was living in retirement at Gorhambury and seeing no one.¹ She herself spent £400 on her husband's funeral in order to express her 'love and valy of him.' Widows wore a long veil of black entirely over the head, like those of nuns, and unless they married again, as they frequently did, continued to wear it till the end of their lives. Not dress only, but the entire surroundings of the bereaved, were black. The Verneys were the proud possessors of a black bed which figured in all their family bereavements, and was lent to their friends in affliction. On hearing of the demise of Lord Sussex, Ralph at once despatched it to the widow, and it is rather amusing to read soon after, when she writes to announce her approaching marriage to her third husband, the Earl of Warwick: 'The blacke ' bed and haninges your ante never sent for; if you ' would have me deliver them anywher i will or kepe ' them with my one which you desier i will do.' Doubtless the black bed was rather in the way of wedding festivities. The custom of draping room and

¹ *Verney Memoirs.*



PURITAN LADY'S WALKING DRESS

From Hollar's 'Ornatus Muliebris Anglicanus.'



bed with black was so trying to one young widow that it made her quite ill, and her sister apologises for having laid a white coverlet over her.

Black carriages were also required, not for the funeral only but for use for a year or so after a death, and even saddles had to be covered with black. Sir Ralph Verney himself, when he was left a widower, was obliged to dispense with the black bed, for he was travelling on the continent. He did what he could, however, and his methodical lists for his outfit include 'Two black 'taffety night-cloathes, with the black night-capps, and 'black comb and brush and two black sweet-bags to 'it, and the slippers of black velvet.' He also took 'a black leather needle-case with a greate gold bodkin, 'Papers of Pinns, Blew thread, Shirt-buttons, Cap-strings and tape.' There was also 'Muske for powder, ciprus powder and a Puffe.' These little things seem to have been better obtained in England than in France, for in Mary's lifetime, when she went home, Ralph charged her to get in London 'pinns, oris powder and such matters; for they are nought here.' Tooth-brushes were a new and costly luxury. In 1649 Ralph is asked to inquire in Paris for 'the little brushes for 'making cleane of the teeth, most covered with sylver 'and some with gold and sylver twyste together with 'some Petits Bouettes to put them in.'

Lady Sussex, whose commissions have already cropped up once or twice, had no scruple in sending her good friend Ralph Verney about the town, running her errands and matching her patterns. Pinned to a scrap of paper on which he had jotted down her endless instructions is a bit of sky-blue satin, 'as bright as ever,' says the author of the *Verney Memoirs*, which was to be matched for a little coat for her godson. She was very fond of making presents, and during the sitting of the Short Parliament she writes to her friend: 'You have now the searious afares of parli-

'ment in consydearation, won should not bee so
'unsivell to troble you with littell matters, but i will
'adventer it. My dessier is to by mee as much
'sattin of which of the couler you lyke best, as will
'make a cote for a child, about fore year olde, but
'do not send it doun yet.' Again in 1642 she bids
him 'by my prity godson a very hansom sattin cote
'and get it made, . . . and then send me the bill of
'all; i must give it him holy.' In another letter, 'i
'must troble you to get me a hansome mofe bought,
' . . . a fasyonable mofe for one as tale as your wife.'

Another time she writes: 'My thenkes to you for
'my sattine: it cam very will: some of it i employ
'for the backes of chers, the rest i intende for cortines;
'when the chinse stofes com in, if you see any prity ons
'remember me i pray you for to or three peses. . . .
'i am very sory i did not consider of the figgerde
'sattine when i was at chelsey for truly though the
'prise be unresonable i hade rather give it then by any
'of the figgerde sattines that are to be hade hear;
'thorty shillings the yarde the axe, and the color
'lookes lyke dort to that i have.'

While in Paris, Mary Verney received commissions
from her friend Anne Lee, for even in the midst of
war and tumult social functions went on, and Lady
Warwick gave parties. Anne writes: 'Madam, I
'heare you are at pares; you will be trim in all the
'new fashones, I will make no new cloues till you
'direct mee, and if you could without any incon-
'venience by mee any prity coulerd stoffe to make
'mee a peticote, 4 bredes of satin is enofe; I never
'put in more then 5 yard. . . . But I heare they
'ware now in France coulerd sleses and stomicheres
'therefore ther must be something alowed for that;
'but not by no means if it cannot be without any in-
'convenience to you, pray let me know and I will
'buy mee one heere: I would not have one to cost to

'much; 4 or 5 pound and pray let mee know how to send the money; and deare Madam bestoe mee 30 shillings in anie prety thing for my head to sote mee out a litell.' Mrs. Isham also writes to know about the fashions, and begs 'Cosan Verney' to send her word 'if wee bottone petticoates and wastcoats wheare they must be botend.'

Presents from Paris to the stay-at-homes were as much thought of then as now, and Mary Verney writes from London: 'Not anything will be so wellcom as gorgetts, and eyther cutt or painted callicoës to wear under them or what is most in fashion; and black or collered cales for the head; or little collered peny or toe peny ribonings, and som black patches, or som prety bobs but ye pearle ones are grown very old fashion now.' Wooden combs are also mentioned, but they could be had as cheap in London.

The mention of patches shows that these were already coming into fashion in Paris, which then still more than now led the van. Periwigs were certainly coming in, for Ralph Verney was very particular about the make-up of his. He enclosed a pattern lock of his hair with his order for one, and said: 'Let it be well curled in great rings and not frizzled, and see that he makes it handsomely and fashionably, and with two locks and let them be tied with black ribbon, . . . and let not the wig part behind, charge him to curl it on both sides towards the face.' The cost of this magnificent chevelure was twelve livres.

The use of rouge had become common among the lower orders, for in the *Worth of a Peny* it says: 'For a peny a chambermaid may buy as much red ochre as will serve seven years for the painting of her cheeks.' In the previous century, a German visitor to England remarked: 'Women are charming and mighty pretty for they do not falsify, paint or bedaub themselves as they do in Italy.' The custom, how-

ever, did not become general amongst women of the better class and of good taste before the time of the Commonwealth, though by the Restoration it was rampant. Vandyck's sitters owed their bloom to no paint-brush but his, and we read of no rouge or hare's-foot amongst the Verney commissions.

Watches were by this time becoming quite common. Lady Brilliana Harley lends hers to her son at Oxford till his father should give him a watch of his own. The king had several, one very richly enamelled and encrusted with jewels, which we hear of Mr. Endymion Porter sending to get repaired for him. During his captivity he had two in constant use, one gold, the other silver, which were always placed at night on a stool beside his bed. One of these was a repeater, and, from Mr. Herbert calling it sometimes a watch and sometimes a clock, was probably a large one like a little clock, rather to be placed on a stand than to wear, of which a specimen is shown in the case of watches at the South Kensington Museum. This he gave to Mr. Herbert before his execution. Some were quite little, especially French ones, and the cases were often of crystal or of silver. The English were usually somewhat larger, but a very tiny one in silver bears the inscription, 'Henry Grendon at ye Exchange fecit.' Another small silver watch is of an oval shape, and inscribed 'Barnes at Dorcest.,' and dated 1600. The oval form was beginning to go out of fashion, but when first introduced watches were of this shape, and called Nuremberg eggs. A very large English one was made by Thomas Taylor in Holborn, of gold, richly chased. That of which an illustration is given was of gold, and of solid dimensions suited to the solid character of its owner. It bears the inscription, 'John Pym, his watch, 1628.'

Fashionable people were just as much given to crazes for some particular fancy as they are now, and a rage



WATCH, WITH OUTER CASE, WHICH BELONGED TO JOHN PYM

South Kensington Museum.



for seals set in at one time, which Dorothy Osborne mentions in several letters. She appears to have caught the infection from her friend Lady Diana Rich, for she writes to Sir William Temple that the sight of Lady Diana's collection had quite set her a-longing for some too. 'Such as are oldest and oddest are most prized,' she says, and later: 'I have sent into Italy for seals: 'tis to be hoped by the time mine come over they may be of fashion again, for 'tis a humour that your old acquaintance Mr. Smith and his lady [Sacharissa] have brought up; they say she wears twenty strung upon a ribbon like the nuts boys play withal. The oddness of the figures makes the beauty of these things.'

I linger perhaps too long over these trifles, but after all it is such that help more than anything else to set the men and women of the time before us, not only in their dignity and grace, but also in their little follies and foibles.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOUSE AND HOME

So dire was the destruction that swept across the country in the wake of the Rebellion that it is difficult to find traces of the homes our forefathers lived in. Great houses capable of being used as strongholds, having stood sieges, were 'slighted,' that is mutilated and defaced, by order of the parliament; many that escaped this fate fell into decay because their owners were too much impoverished after the war to keep them up; others again have been destroyed by fire, or pulled down in order to be replaced by modern structures in accordance with fashionable taste, or so altered and added to, to suit changing requirements, as to be hardly recognisable. Some indeed, buried in the country, or in a quiet country town that has fallen out of the ranks in the race of progress, remain to give us an idea of the homes of Stuart days. I call to mind an old grey homely-looking house on the north coast of Cornwall, not on the cliff, but sheltering from the rough winds at the head of a combe: our forebears never cared to look on the 'horrid' waves; they preferred a nook where they could gather some greenness about them. The windows, deep-set and mullioned, draped with tambour work of the time of Elizabeth, look into a walled green court with a sundial in it, fringed round with tree fuchsias and escallonias; the gabled roofs are steep and full of crooks and angles, covered with the rough slate of the country, which takes tender broken tones of grey lighted with golden lichens.

Inside, the rooms are broad and spacious; at the end of the hall is a small gallery for musicians, just over the hatch into the buttery, and there is a huge chimney of the olden time, though now, alas, the dogs are replaced by a modern grate. Upstairs, the low wide chambers open into each other with broad heavy doors, and under the roof is a wilderness of garrets, apple-lofts, root-chambers. Behind is a farmyard, with rambling out-buildings in a more or less dilapidated condition, and the foundations may be traced of many more which, long unused, have been suffered to fall into decay. This was no castle or great man's stronghold, simply the ordinary home of a country gentleman which, thanks to its isolated position, has stood almost unaltered since the thirteenth century.

In most very old country houses may still be found carpenter's bench, blacksmith's forge, and the old pots and paraphernalia of a house-painter, for all ordinary repairs were done at home. Besides the customary surroundings of stable, dairy, fowl-house, dove-cot, pig-stye, there was often a slaughter-house, brewery, malt-house, and sometimes even a mill. There were of course stew-ponds for fish, and, where there was a large park, a decoy for wild-fowl. For a house in the country was always capable of provisioning itself with very little aid from outside; even the country parson had to rely upon his own resources: as Herbert says, 'the fare is plain and common but wholesome; what he hath is little but very good; it consisteth most of mutton, beef and veal. If he add anything for a stranger or a great day, his garden or orchard supplies it, or his barn and yard.'

Those houses which still remain in old-fashioned country towns were more like country houses than town ones, for though they might front upon the street, there was always a large garden with out-houses behind. A laundry too was an invariable feature of a well-found

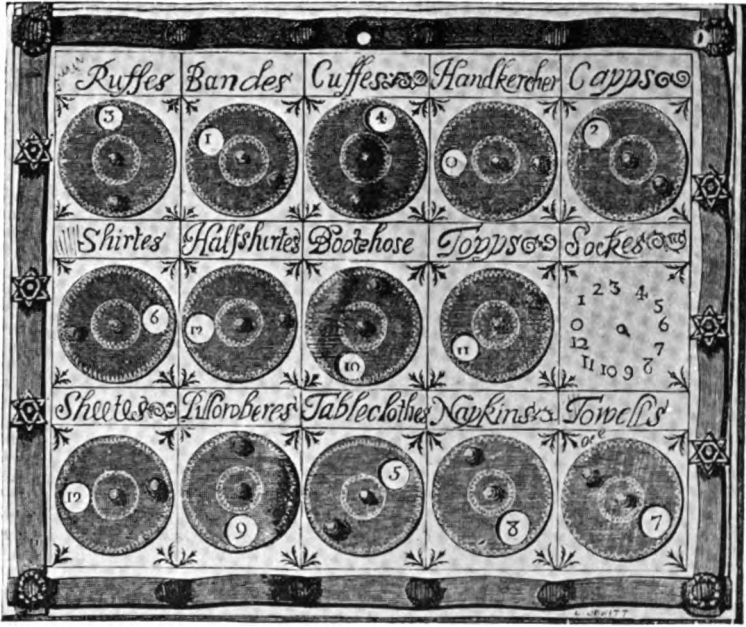
house. Washing was always done at home, and people had such large supplies of linen that they used to let it accumulate and have an enormous wash, for which huge coppers were needed. A curious old washing tally has been preserved at Haddon Hall, and is described in Tuer's *History of the Horn Book*. It is glazed with horn and brass-bound, but without a handle, and the system on which it is arranged is most ingenious. The names of the various articles, as sheets, pillow-béres, kerchiefs, smocks, etc., are written against circles in which, by turning a button, the numbers could be made to appear. It must have saved a good deal of trouble, and was useful where the laundrymaid was no scholar. No doubt she and the housekeeper went through it together at the conclusion of a big wash.

Judging by those Tudor and Jacobean homes which war, time, and the restorer have spared, the characteristics would seem to have been a certain largeness, breadth, repose, together with a high standard of comfort. If beauty was perhaps not consciously aimed at by way of ornament, it was none the less secured by the observance of an essential fitness of means to ends, with the result that the building itself came to be the worthy expression of dignified living. ~~Very beautiful these old houses must have been with their fair surroundings of garden and orchard close, and very beautiful as well as comfortable~~ must have been the furniture and fittings, the wainscotting, the hangings, the carved oak, the cushions and carpets, the silver and old china and cut glass, to judge by what has survived.

Mr. Howell, in his *Familiar Letters*, gives a delightful description of a great house in his day :—

'To Daniel Caldwell, Esq., from the Lord Savage's House in Long Melford.

'MY DEAR DAN,—Though considering my former condition of life, I may now be called a countryman,



WASHING-TALLY IN HORN FROM HADDON HALL

By permission of His Grace the Duke of Rutland.



' yet you cannot call me a rustic (as you would imply
' in your letter) as long as I live in so civil and noble
' a family, as long as I lodge in so virtuous and regular
' a house as any I believe in the land, both for oecono-
' mical government, and the choice company ; for I
' never saw yet such a dainty race of children in all my
' life together ; I never saw yet such an orderly and
' punctual attendance of servants, nor a great house so
' neatly kept : here one shall see no dog, nor a cat, nor
' cage to cause any nastiness within the body of the
' house : the kitchen and gutters and other offices of
' noise and drudgery are at the fag-end ; there is a
' back-gate for beggars and the meaner sort of swains
' to come in at ; the stables butt upon the park, which
' for a chearful rising ground, for groves and browsings
' for deer, for rivulets of water, may compare with any
' of its bigness in the whole land ; it is opposite to the
' front of the great house, whence from the gallery one
' may see much of the game when they are hunting.
' Now for the gardening and costly choice flowers, for
' ponds, for stately large walks green and gravelly, for
' orchards and choice fruits of all sorts, there are few
' the like in England : here you have your bon chrestien
' pear and bergamot in perfection, your muscadel grapes
' in such plenty, that there are some bottles of wine sent
' every year to the King ; and one Mr. Daniel, a worthy
' gentleman hard by, who hath been long abroad, makes
' good store in his vintage. Truly this house of Long-
' Melford, though it be not so great, yet it is so well
' compacted and contrived with such dainty conveni-
' ences every way, that if you saw the landskip of it,
' you would be mightily taken with it, and it would
' serve for a choice pattern to build and contrive a
' house by. If you come this summer to your manor
' of Sheriff in Essex, you will not be far off hence : if
' your occasions will permit it will be worth your coming
' hither, though it be only to see him, who would think

‘ it a short journey to go from St. David’s head to
 ‘ Dover cliffs to see and serve you, were there occasion :
 ‘ if you would know who the same is, it is yours,

J. H.

‘ May 20, 1621.’

Of great houses there is, of course, much more extant than of the smaller. The Earl of Cork gives many interesting details of the houses he lived in ; he loved bricks and mortar, and busied himself greatly with the alterations and improvements he set on foot at Stalbridge which he bought of Lord Bristol. A terrace and grand portico were to be added similar to those at Sherborne Castle, Lord Bristol’s own place near, and some of the stonemasons who had been employed there were to carry out the work. The adornments of the interior are also recorded in his diary :—‘ I have agreed
 ‘ with Christopher Watts, freemason and carver, who
 ‘ dwells in Horse Street, Bristol, to make me a very fair
 ‘ chimney, also for my parlour, which is to reach up
 ‘ close to the ceiling, with my coat of arms complete,
 ‘ with crest, helmet, coronet, supporters, mantling and
 ‘ foot-pace, which he is to set up and finish all at his
 ‘ own charges, fair and graceful in all respects, and
 ‘ for that chimney I am to pay £10, and I am to find
 ‘ carriage also. He is also to make twelve figures each
 ‘ three foot high, to set upon my staircase, for which he
 ‘ demands 20s. apiece, and I offer him 13s. 4d. And
 ‘ he is presently to cut one of them with the figure of
 ‘ Pallas with a shield, One with a coat with a coronet
 ‘ is to be cut for a trial.’¹

Fireplaces were not only things of beauty and pride but nooks of comfort. The miserable old fashion of the fire in the middle of the hall, the smoke escaping as best it could through a hole in the roof, had by this time quite given way to the broad deep chimney, with

¹ *Lismore Papers*. Grosart.



EXTERIOR OF IGHTHAM MOTE

By permission of J. Colyer Ferguson, Esq.

Copyright: C. Essenhigh Corke, F.R.P.S



oaken settles inside, and dogs of wrought iron or brass to support the logs on the hearth. At the back of many of these great chimneys was a hiding-place called a 'priest's hole,' which had been the refuge of many in the preceding generation when the Jesuits were hunted down like wolves. Many of these were put to use again in the Civil War. Several are mentioned in Mr. Allen Fea's *Historic Hiding-Places*, and I myself know one in Hampshire, in a lone cottage hidden among the downs at Cheriton near Alresford, where, according to tradition, Charles I. took refuge on his way from Hampton Court to Titchfield, when probably Waller's troops were scouring the downs.

To return to peaceful homes and peaceful ways. Glass windows had by the reign of James I. come into general use; mentioned as a luxury in the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More, they had gradually been adopted in every home of any pretension. Moreover, people had learned to keep themselves warm with carpets, rugs, and curtains, while walls were now always wainscotted or hung with tapestry. Leather carpets such as those mentioned by Sir Ralph Verney must, one would think, have been rather cold comfort. After Sir Edmund's death in 1645 Ralph, writing to his brother from Blois, suggests that an inventory be made of all the contents of Claydon, and from this much may be gathered, though, as he says, 'since the beginning of the Civil Wars, the best goods have been removed from ye right places to bee more saifly laied upp, and noates must be taken of what by my order are stored upp, lent, sould, or given away.'¹ He goes through the contents of different rooms, as he remembers them, very carefully; the things in 'ye studdy over ye greate porch,' which had been Sir Edmund's closet, are enumerated, but do not seem to have included many books. Most of the rooms seem to have had an inner dressing-room without separate access, an

¹ *Verney Papers*. Camden Society.

arrangement still often met with in old houses. There is special mention of 'the odd things in the roome my Mother keept herself, the iron closet, the little roome betweene her bed's head and the backstairs, the little and great fripperies (these were hanging closets for gowns) your owne greene wrought velvet furniture, the looking-glasses (there should be at least four), leather carpets for the drawinge and dininge roomes, the stooles with nailes guilt, the great cabanet like yours, the tapestry, the great branch candle-stick, all such wrought work as my Mother had from London and was not finished, the booke of martirs and other bookes in the withdrawinge-roome, the preserving-room, the spicery with furnaces and brewing vessels, plat left for the children's use, all the lockes that are loose in the closet.'

Locks in those days it appears were not fastened to the doors, but were screwed on when wanted, or were padlocks to go in a hasp; there is a mention of these loose locks in an account rendered for the board of one of the Commoners at Winchester College about this date.

A very good idea may be gained of the rich and luxurious furniture of a wealthy house from the inventory of the contents of Corfe Castle before the siege. It was made by an old servant of the family who had lived in the castle, at the request of Sir Ralph Bankes, son of the noble lady who had distinguished herself in its defence. At the Restoration he was elected Member of Parliament for Corfe, and, building a new house at Kinson Lacey to replace his ruined home, was anxious to trace out and recover if possible as much of the old furniture and hangings as had come into the market. The list is entitled:—

'A Peticular of the goods viewed by me att Colonell Bingham's house.'¹

¹ Hutchins's *History of Dorset*.—*Corfe Castle*: G. Bankes.

Among the most interesting items are :—

‘ One piece of ordinary hangings for the door of the gallery.

‘ Two pieces of ffine tapestry for ye Gallery, one piece to hang behind my La: Bed.

‘ One piece for the lower end of the Great Chamber ; one piece over the chimney in the Great Chamber.

‘ Two large sattin wrought window cushions ; one cushion of crimson velvett for a window.

‘ A suite of Green leather Gilted hangings ; one suite of blew silke damaske hangings.

‘ A silke quilt Carpett for ye table in the withdrawing-room.

‘ A rich ebony Cabbinett with gilded fixtures ; two mantles in red silke damaske, & a white silke damaske with two silver bindings.’

There was also good store of Turkey and Persian carpets, down pillows, feather beds, Indian quilts, fine linen, and many books and papers.

Many articles were scattered up and down amongst the houses in the neighbourhood, though a good proportion seem to have found their way to Bingham’s Melcombe, and several had been carried up to London to be sold, as appears in the report of another person employed to make inquiry, who writes :—

‘ Stone, the broker in Barbican, had at his house, a suite of forest worke tapestry hangings ; a green cloth bed, embroyder’d with tent stitch slips of flowers, and lined with Isabella coloured sarsanett. Also he said he had sold to a fine lord a tapestry sute of hangings of ye history of Astrea and Celadon, wch I think he said he had two or 300 pounds for.

‘ He had also a Trunke with a black wroughte work’d bed, and ye other furniture, besides cushions and other things.

‘ All these things I saw ; and ye bed my Master treated with him to buy, and he askt as dear for it as he paid.

‘ Also he said he had sold a hangings for a roome, of
 ‘ rich watched damaske, all which he said he bought of
 ‘ Colonel Bingham, and I think he said he bought to
 ‘ the value of 1000 pounds worth of goods of him.’

There is also a memorandum endorsed in Lady
 Bankes's own hand, entitled—‘The goods lost in the
 castle out of the Wardrop’ :—

‘ 7 or 8 suits of fine tapestry hangings.

‘ A suit of watchet damask hangings.

‘ A suit of green plush hangings.

‘ A suit of pentado hangings, and curtains, & quilt.

‘ A furniture for a bed, & carpet, & quilt of green
 ‘ cloth embroyder'd with work.

‘ A white dimity bed and canopy, with the whole
 ‘ furniture wrought with black.

• ‘ Four Turkey carpets with a white ground, 2 of them
 ‘ very long.

• ‘ 8 other Turkey & Persian carpets, some long, some
 ‘ less sizes.

‘ A wrought quilt, white and yellow.

‘ A suit of scarlet and gilt leather hangings.

‘ Several trunkes of linnen, diaper, and damask and
 ‘ holland sheets, marked, the diaper and damask with
 ‘ MB, the other linnen I $\frac{M}{B}$.

‘ Several trunkes with flaxen sheets and table linnen
 ‘ marked.

‘ A very large ebony cabinet.

‘ A very large trunke inlay'd all over with Mother of
 ‘ pearle.

‘ A trunke with all sorts of fine child-bed linnen, as
 ‘ sheets and pillow-cases & mantles.

• ‘ One of crimson plushe, with two fair silver and gold
 ‘ laces.

‘ One crimson damaske mantle laced, and divers
 ‘ others.

‘ Some crimson damask curtains, and long cushions
 ‘ for a couch.

'6 very fine and long down beds, with bolsters, & pilowes, & blancketts.

'Several trunkes of wearing clothes and wearing linnen.

'Many bookes and papers, at ye value of 1300 pounds, all new, and with many other things not mention'd.

'The goods which were about the Castle :—

'A large suit of crimson velvet chairs, stooles, couch embroyder'd, long cushions of crimson velvet.

'Turkey carpets for the tables.

'2 furnitures for beds, one purple, the other crimson, with counter-points, carpets, stooles, chairs.

'One suit, 8 pieces of superfine dorcas, 12 foot deep, the story of Astrea and Celadon.

'A second suit of tapestry 12 foot deep.

'A third suit, 8 pieces tapestry, the story of Constantine.

'A fourth, fifth, and sixth suit, 12 foot deep.

'In a trunk, with the letter q,—

'One suit of hangings, of rich watchet damask, lined with blew cloth, 9 pieces, and one carpet.

'In a trunk marked with the letter O,—

'A furniture of a bed of french green cloth embroyder'd; 6 curtains and valences, with changeable taffity, teaster head-cloth and fringe, all of the same taffity; 2 carpets of cloth embroyder'd, and Indian quilt of white wrought with yellow to the bed.

'6 large down and 5 feather beds with bolsters.

'4 paires of down pilowes and quilts.

'5 paires of fine long blancketts.

'Fine linnen particularly enumerated, in boxes numbered and lettered from A to the letter O.

'All these things before mentioned in particular, with many others not so well remembered, were layd up together in one room in packes and trunkes, and brought away first to the Isle of Wight and then to London, and most of the bed-hangings and other

' things sold to brokers, where some of them have been
 ' seen. There were besides lost in the Castle all that
 ' which was in use about the Castle: a suit of crimson
 ' velvet in the parlour; above 20 good feather beds and
 ' bolsters, pilowes, blanckets, rugs, and furniture to
 ' them all; new and good hangings in several
 ' chambers; household linnen, new and good; all
 ' other necessaries of pewter, brasse, iron, tables,
 ' stooles, and all else belonging to a house; with many
 ' armes in the magazine and hall of Sr Jo: Bankes
 ' owne, all there, to the value of above 400 pounds,
 ' pilledg'd by the souldiers.'

These items may serve to give some idea of the variety of things considered necessary for the comfort of a well-furnished house of the period, and of the methodical care with which they were all numbered and ordered. The effect must have been exceedingly beautiful: the grey old walls hidden with storied tapestries and hangings of rich colour, the deep windows filled with cushions of wrought satin or crimson velvet, the carved bedsteads and chairs of antique pattern, the ebony cabinets, tables covered with Turkey or Persian 'carpets.' Then the comfort must have been considerable: with such feather beds, down pillows, and curtains to draw round the 'teaster'—no wonder our forefathers could afford to snap their fingers at draughts and ill-fitting windows.

A somewhat similar inventory, taken of the contents of a more modest home, Forest Hill, where Milton's young wife spent her girlhood, is given in Masson's *Life of Milton*. It, too, contained goodly store of feather beds, cushions, and hangings, but all on a less magnificent scale. It gives a good idea of the size and plenishing of a house of less pretension, just the home of an ordinary country gentleman. There was the hall, the great parlour, the little parlour, the matted chamber, the study or boys' room, as well as several chambers

for family and guests ; in all some fourteen bed and sitting-rooms, besides kitchen, servants' chambers, pastry, bake-house, brew-house, dairy-house, cellar, stilling-house, cheese-press house, and wood-house, as well as stables, barns, yards, etc., round about. The inventory included two coaches, one wain and four carts, and a large store of timber and firewood.

Many pieces of tapestry, wrought carpets, and curtains are mentioned ; one arras-work chair, six thrum chairs, and six wrought stools. It must not be supposed that these were footstools—such things were matters of high state and luxury. Stools were for the younger members of the family to sit on. In the early part of the century it would have been considered as great a liberty for any one below the master of the house or a distinguished guest to seat themselves on a chair, as in our youth it would have been for a child to appropriate the sofa. The stools were rather high, four-legged, and usually cushioned and trimmed round with fringe. Gradually chairs came more and more into use, and in the reign of Charles I. couches and settles were introduced. The chairs belonging to royalty, at any rate, and probably those in all well-furnished houses, were very comfortably cushioned, to judge by those at Knole, where a very precious collection of Jacobean furniture is preserved. They had arms, and were of the cross-legged pattern, sometimes seen in old ecclesiastical chairs, the woodwork very thick and solid compared with the much slighter make which came in with the next century. Older-fashioned chairs of less luxurious make had wooden seats, very broad but shallow, with straight legs, and were in fact just like stools with back and arms added.

Wardrobes, called fripperies, had usually carved doors, sometimes in the beautiful linen pattern which especially belongs to Jacobean work. It was very usual to hang dresses in a light closet or miniature dressing-

room furnished with shelves and pegs, which opened out of the bedroom. Chests of drawers very richly carved or inlaid, and with brass handles, were coming in, though old-fashioned people still used the oak coffer of an earlier day, especially for the storing of linen. The long heavy table or shovel-board still held its place in the hall, but for use in the smaller parlours the oval oak table with folding leaves and a simple design incised on the bevelled edge, which we now call the Cromwellian or gate table, was coming in. Beds were of course four-post, with carved posts, head and foot board, and were often finished above the tester with plumes either of feathers or tasselled worsted. King James's bed at Knole, of which there is an illustration in the *Connoisseur* for September 1902, has two low stools at the foot, as was then customary, probably for convenience of climbing on to the mountain of feathers. Children or servants slept on little trundle-beds that were kept underneath the big ones, as was described in a former chapter. Mr. Herbert passed the last few nights of his attendance on the king on one of these pallet-beds drawn close beside his royal master.

Penshurst, the home of the Sidneys, which must have been a model of refined and beautiful surroundings, never underwent sack and destruction ; so, though no inventory of loss is extant, there remains what is better, much of the setting of the old life standing where it has always stood, only having passed through the gradual change of changed manners, and helping by its very presence to keep up the continuity of old traditions.¹ In one room is still to be seen a 'spinet ' of Spanish workmanship, elaborately ornamented with ' gold medallions of the Cæsars, in another the mandolin ' on which Lady Mary Sidney played.' From the walls the portraits of Dorothy and Lucy, of Algernon and De Lisle, still look down upon their descendants.

¹ *Sacharissa*, by Mrs. Ady.



CORRIDOR IN IGHTHAM MOTE

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Some light is thrown upon their household arrangements by Lord Leicester's memoranda, when the two children of the king, Princess Elizabeth and the little Duke of Gloucester, were placed in his wife's care. 'In June 1649 the Parliament placed the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth with my wife, allowing for them £3000 a year, which was a great accession of means to my wife, in proportion to the charge of these two children, and ten or eleven servants; and considering my expences in fuel, washing, and household stuff, etc., also that I should have less liberty in my own house than I had, and be obliged to attendance that would be troublesome to me, I thought it very reasonable to abate a great part of that £700 a year (Lady Leicester's housekeeping allowance), and so from Midsummer 1649 I resolved to take off £400 a year. This occasioned a huge storm in the house, but I persisted in it.'

It must not be concluded from this that Lady Leicester and her husband were not on excellent terms, but she was a dame of high spirit, and quite able to take her own part on occasion, as became a Percy. How little she was to be intimidated she showed when after a year a report got about that her little charges were treated in her household with too much respect, and Mr. Speaker Lenthall was sent down to inquire into it. He found them at dinner, sitting at a table apart, and on his remonstrating with Lady Leicester, she told him that as long as she lived she would never allow any member of her household to sit at table with the king's children. It was a pity for their own sakes that she had not temporised, for soon after came an order for the removal of 'the man Charles Stuart's children' to Carisbrooke. They had been quietly happy at Penshurst with the motherly countess and her gentle widowed daughter, Lady Sunderland, to whom the little princess clung, and very soon after her

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removal the poor child drooped and pined. She had never got over the shock of her father's death, and within a month she was found dead in her prison, her cheek resting upon the open page of the Bible he had given her. She left a diamond necklace to Lady Leicester in token of her gratitude, and 'sundry other little things to my Lady Sunderland.'

Lady Leicester obtained the loan of furniture and plate from Whitehall for the use of her charges. Bedsteads of crimson and green velvet, fringed with gold and silver, Turkey carpets, velvet folding-stools, high chairs of yellow wrought satin with cushions and footstools to match, silver dishes and plate of all kinds, porringers and caudle-cups, candle-sticks, snuffers, basins and ewers, and a silver warming-pan figure in the list of articles sent for their use.

A very fair idea of the look of the ordinary sitting-room of a well-to-do family at that period may be gathered from an interesting family piece by Emmanuel de Witte, shown at the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House in 1901. It is a portrait of himself and his family, and the room in which they sit may be taken as typical of hundreds of others of his own day and a little earlier both in England and Holland. There is a dado round the room of a greenish blue with a raised gilt pattern, which looks like stamped leather; there are pictures on the walls, one with a curtain hung across it; over the door is a bust on a bracket. The table is covered with a rich-looking Turkey cloth, and on it stands a very handsome china vase with a bouquet of flowers, and there are bits of blue china and pot-pourri jars standing about. It is evidently the home of persons of taste. An open door gives a delightfully suggestive glimpse into a sunny garden,—but of the garden we must treat in another chapter.

CHAPTER XIX

ON GARDENS

THE garden must needs have a chapter to itself, for it was one of the prime interests, the most keenly appreciated pleasures of the life of the seventeenth century, and boasted at that time a literature beside which the popular Surrey gardens and German gardens of our own day are but as amiable trifling. To begin with, Gerard's *Herbal*, published in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, with its exquisite and accurate woodcuts of every flower and herb, was a book which at that day 'no gentleman's library would be without.' Then there were the works of Parkinson and Tradescant, the royal gardeners, and besides these professional writings, two enthusiastic amateurs, one at the beginning and one in the middle of the century, Lord Bacon and John Evelyn, added their quota. Evelyn, indeed, was as practical as any working gardener of them all. The poets, too, have much to say in praise of gardens. Andrew Marvell sings :—

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness.¹

or again :—

What wondrous life is this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;

¹ 'The Fawn.'

The luscious clusters of the vine
 Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;
 The nectarine and curious peach
 Into my hands themselves do reach ;
 Stumbling on melons as I pass,
 Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
 Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
 Casting the body's vest aside,
 My soul into the boughs does glide.¹

But if we let the poets have their say, we might quote endlessly. We will rather see what the practical ordering of gardens was to be. And first let us hear Lord Bacon, first in eminence as in time.

The longest of his essays is the one in which he treats of gardens.² His ideal garden is suited to a princely mansion, and is of the noble extent of not less than thirty acres, which he would divide into three parts: 'a green in the entrance, a heath or desert in the going forth, and the main garden in the midst. The green hath two pleasures: the one, because nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn; the other, because it will give you a fair alley in the midst, by which you may go in front upon a stately hedge which is to enclose the garden. But because the alley will be long, and, in the great heat of the year or day, you ought not to buy the shade of the garden by going in the sun through the green; therefore you are, of either side the green, to plant a covert alley, upon carpenters' work, about twelve foot in height, by which you may go in shade into the garden.'

In his directions for planting the main garden he suggests that 'in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year, in which severally, things of beauty may be then in season. For December and January, and the latter

¹ 'The Dial.'

² Bacon's *Essays*.

‘ part of November, you must take such things as are
‘ green all winter : holly, ivy, bays, juniper ; cypress-
‘ trees ; yew, pines, fir-trees ; rosemary, lavender ; peri-
‘ winkle, the white, the purple, and the blue ; ger-
‘ mander, flag, orange-trees ; lemon-trees and myrtles,
‘ if they be stoved ; and sweet marjoram, warm set.
‘ There followeth for the latter part of January and
‘ February, the mezereon-tree which then blossoms ;
‘ crocus vernus, both the yellow and the grey ; prim-
‘ roses, anemones, the early tulip, the hyacinthus
‘ orientalis, chamairis fritillaria. For March, there
‘ come violets, especially the single blue, which are
‘ the earliest ; the early daffodil, the daisy, the almond-
‘ tree in blossom, the peach-tree in blossom, the cor-
‘ nelian-tree in blossom, the sweetbriar. In April
‘ follow the double white violet, the wallflower, the
‘ stock gilliflower, the cowslip, flower-de-luces, and
‘ lilies of all natures ; rosemary flowers, the tulip, the
‘ double peony, the pale daffodil, the French honey-
‘ suckle, the cherry-tree in blossom, the damascene
‘ and plum-trees in blossom, the white thorn in leaf,
‘ the lilac-tree. In May and June come pinks of all
‘ sorts, especially the blush-pink ; roses of all kinds,
‘ except the musk which comes later ; honeysuckles,
‘ strawberries, bugloss, columbine, the French mari-
‘ gold, flos Africanus, cherry-tree in fruit, ribes, figs in
‘ fruit, rasps, vine-flowers, lavender in flower, the sweet
‘ satyrian with the white flower ; herba mascaria, lilium
‘ convallium, the apple-tree in blossom. In July come
‘ gilliflowers of all varieties, musk-roses, the lime-tree in
‘ blossom, early pears, and plums in fruit, gennittings,
‘ codlings. In August come plums of all sorts in fruit,
‘ pears, apricots, berberries, filberds, musk-melons,
‘ monkshoods of all colours, peaches, melocotones,
‘ nectarines, cornelians, wardens, quinces. In October
‘ and the beginning of November come services, med-
‘ lars, bullaces, roses cut or removed to come late,

'hollyoaks, and such like. These particulars are for 'the climate of London; but my meaning is perceived, 'that you may have *ver perpetuum*, as the place 'affords.'

I confess I am ignorant what were the melocotone, the warden, the cornelian, or the sweet satyrian with the white flower. Authorities are not agreed either as to what our ancestors described as the musk-rose. Keats frequently mentions it, and it seems with him to mean one of the varieties of wild single rose. The 'flower-de-luce and lilies of all natures' spoken of for April are clearly different varieties of iris, which was undoubtedly the fleur-de-lys of France and the giglia of Florence.

With the accession of Charles I. the fashion of gardening received a fresh impetus, for he and the queen were both enthusiastic lovers of gardens. One of the royal gardeners was the Italian Tradescant, who introduced the formal Italian style with its long shaded alleys of cypress or yew, its fountains, grottoes, and statues—a kind of garden in which flowers play but a subsidiary part, appearing in stone vases set along the edge of terraced walks, or on the balustrades of broad flights of steps. A learned and a cultivated person was this Tradescant, and established a museum of curiosities, and his own garden at Lambeth was considered quite a show-place. But the queen loved flowers, and had other gardens and another gardener who understood how to grow and nurse up all the homely old-fashioned sorts in which England at that day was so rich. John Parkinson, in his *Terrestrial Paradise*, showed himself rather the lover of flowers than the landscape gardener, and his book is a wonderful treasury of all the then known varieties. Narrower in its scope than Gerard—for Parkinson confines himself to such flowers as were or might be grown in English gardens—it is even more fascinating in its descriptions, though the plates are

perhaps less exquisitely drawn. His title-page, after the fashion of that day, was lengthy :—

PARADISI IN SOLE
PARADISUS TERRESTRIS

A Garden of all sorts of pleasant flowers which our
English ayre will permit to be nours'd up :

with

A Kitchen Garden of all manner of herbes, rootes & fruites
for meate or sause used with us

&

An Orchard of all sorts of fruit-bearing Trees
and Shrubbes fit for our Land

together

With the right ordering, planting & preserving
of them, & their uses & vertues

Collected by JOHN PARKINSON
Apothecary of London

1629

There is a quaint woodcut of the garden of Eden, with Adam and Eve at work in it, and then comes the dedication :—

' TO

THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAIESTIE.

' MADAME,—Knowing your Maiestie so much de-
' lighted with all the faire Flowers of a Garden, and
' furnished with them as far before others, as you are
' eminent before them ; this my Worke of a Garden,
' long before this intended to be published, and but
' now only finished, seemed as it were, destined, to be
' first offered into your Highnesse hands, as of right

'challenging the propriety of Patronage from all others.
 'Accept, I beseech your Maiestie, this speaking Garden,
 'that may inform you in all the particulars of your store,
 'as well as wants, when you cannot see any of them
 'fresh upon the Ground : And it shall further encourage
 'him to accomplish the remainder ; who in praying that
 'your Highnesse may enjoy the Heavenly Paradise
 'after the many yeares Fruition of this earthly, sub-
 'mitteth to be—Your Maiestie's in all humble devotion,
 JOHN PARKINSON.'

There is a good deal of preamble. In his preface (to the Courteous Reader) he sets forth the history of gardens, beginning at the very beginning with Adam. He opines that 'Paradise was a place (whether you will call it a Garden or Orchard, or both, no doubt of some large extent) wherein Adam was first placed to abide ; that God was the Planter thereof, having furnished it with trees and herbes, as well pleasant to the sight, as good for meate, & that hee being to dress & keepe this place must of necessity know all the things that grew therein, & to what uses they served, or else his labour about them had been in vaine. And though Adam lost the place for transgression, yet hee lost not the naturall knowledge nor use of them.' In the same leisurely fashion he traces the history of gardens and the knowledge of herbs down to his immediate predecessor Gerard, who, like himself, had been an apothecary. His work does not pretend to cover the same ground as Gerard's, which described all known plants, both wild and cultivated ; Parkinson confines himself to those suited to English gardens, and he claims that some had been discovered that were unknown to Gerard.

He divides his work into three parts. 'My Garden of pleasant & delightful Flowers. My next Garden consisteth of Herbes and Rootes, fit to be eaten of

‘ rich & poor as nourishment and food, as sawce or
 ‘ condiment, as sallet or refreshing, for pleasure or
 ‘ profit ; where I do as well play the Gardiner to shew
 ‘ you (in briefe, but not at large) the times and manners
 ‘ of sowing, setting, planting, replanting & the like,
 ‘ . . . as also to shew some of the Kitchen uses,
 ‘ although I confess but very sparingly, not intending
 ‘ a treatise of Cookery, but briefly to give a touch there-
 ‘ of ; & also the Physicall properties, . . . yet not to
 ‘ play the Empericke & give you receipts of medicine
 ‘ for all diseases, but only to shew in some sort the
 ‘ qualities of herbes to quicken the minds of the
 ‘ studious. And lastly an Orchard of all sorts of
 ‘ domesticke or forraine, rare & good fruits, fit for this
 ‘ our Land and Countrey.’

In a fourth part he promises to treat of a Garden of
 Simples.

His book is recommended by a Latin epistle prefixed
 by Sir Theodore Mayerne, the king’s physician, and
 various copies of Latin verse contributed by his medical
 friends. For in those days medicine and botany went
 hand-in-hand: a knowledge of medicine meant primarily
 a knowledge of the properties of herbs, so if an apothecary
 turned gardener, it was rather applying himself to
 another branch of his profession than entering a new
 one.

His portrait shows a rugged, humorous face, with
 deeply furrowed brow, and the narrowed eyes of one
 used to looking closely at small objects. It is the face
 of one who would work with spade and hoe, yet he is
 richly dressed as beseemed the queen’s favourite gar-
 dener, with a wide lace-edged ruff and satin doublet.
 But we linger too long over these preliminaries, and
 the body of the book can be but lightly touched on.

His plans for the laying out of gardens are on a
 much smaller scale than those of the great Chancellor—
 in fact he infers that most of his readers will have to

cut their coat according to their cloth, and be guided in questions of aspect and size by conditions already fixed. He contemplates geometrical beds, and urges that box edging be preferred to thrift, as that has, as it still has, such an annoying habit of dying in patches.

He next proceeds to the enumeration of all varieties, both indigenous and 'outlandish,' into which space would fail to follow him, save to point out peculiarities here and there. 'Carnations and Gilloflowers bee the chiefest flowers of account in all our English gardens,' says he, and instructs the reader carefully how slips should be taken. This confirms the remark of Mr. Marcus Huish in his book on needlework, on the fact that carnations figure so largely in English embroidery. There was also an infinite variety of lilies, crown imperial, Turk's cap, Persian, etc.

Tulips, it seems, came then from Armenia, Candia, Bolonia, and other places as well as from Holland. There were vast numbers of daffodils, amongst which he enumerates the fritillary or chequered daffodil, and 'the strange sea daffodil from the Cape of Good Hope,' which the plate shows to have been what we now call the blue lily. Such quaint old names as moly and asphodel occur, and a spiderwort which John Tradescant had recently introduced from Virginia. The flower-de-luce and all irises, he says, came from Spain, except the narrow-leaved sort which we call Spanish iris, which came from Africa. He has a prettier name for gladwin than stinking flag,—he calls it sea flower-de-luce.

Even then they were bringing in specimens of the Alpine flora, for he mentions that the yellow pasque-flower is to be found 'growing very plentifully at the foote of St. Bernarde's Hill neare unto the Cantons 'of the Switzers.' Geranium with him did not of course mean the stiff scarlet thing with which the modern garden is bedded out, but the stork's-bill or crane's-bill, of which many kinds are enumerated,

spotted or striped. Gerard has a most exquisite drawing of the striped variety which I remember in a great-aunt's garden in my childhood, and have never seen since. 'Dusty Millers' was probably a local name for auriculas, for he calls them beare's ears, purple beare's ears, or murray cowslip. The quaint varieties of cowslip, the hose-in-hose, gallegaskins, franticke or foolish cowslip will recall to many an early acquaintance with this old-world gardener in the pages of *Mary's Meadow*, by Mrs. Ewing. The nomenclature throughout is delightfully graphic. One variety of 'stocke-gilloflower' figures as the 'melancholicke gentleman'; the clematis is virgin's bower. It is odd that the passion-flower was then called the Virginia creeper. *Lilium convallium* appears as Lilly Convally or May Lily.

The list of roses is short but very sweet. 'English white, Carnation rose, English red, Damaske, Double damaske or Province rose, red or white; party-coloured or York and Lancaster (still to be found in some old-fashioned gardens); Chrystall, Dwarfe red, Franckford, Hungarian, Velvet, Rose without thornes; Cinamon, Single yellow, Double yellow, Muske rose, single or double; Spanish muske, Apple rose, Single eglantine or Sweet-briar bush.'

We must not fail to linger among the 'raspes, currans, and apricookes'; but I must quote what he says about strawberries. They are eaten 'as a reare service where unto claret wine, cream or milke is added with sugar as every one liketh. They are good for perturbation of the spirits,'—in which dictum I am sure his readers will heartily agree.

It is interesting to compare this list of flowers with those known to Evelyn, and also Lord Bacon's calendar for the seasons with the *Kalendarium Hortense*. This, of course, was published many years later, but as John Evelyn was living, gardening

and storing up experiences from before the time Parkinson laid down the pen, his work belongs more properly to the period which produced than to that which followed it, in which his precepts were gradually set at nought and superseded. There is very little change in his enumeration of flowers, except that his seem rather the scantier. He alludes to a few novelties. Melons, he says, were rarely cultivated in England 'till Sir George Gardiner came out of Spain, 'I myself remembering when an ordinary melon would 'have been sold for five or six shillings.' In Marvell's day, however, the melon was certainly growing in the open garden, or how else could he have stumbled over it?

Stumbling on melons as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

I incline to fancy that 'Thoughts in a Garden' must have been written earlier than the 'Ode to Cromwell.'

To return to Evelyn's *Kalendar*. He gives, for January, primroses, Oriental jacinth, Levantine narcissus, and tulips. These must, of course, have been grown under glass—he was great at what he calls *Hybernacula*. Neither he nor Bacon allows February her snowdrop, but Evelyn has it for December, and gives to February the yellow violet, a flower we do not see now. In March he has the crown imperial and the grape-flower, and in April he says the *Arbor Judæ* ought to blossom. It hardly does so before May on the shores of the Bosphorus. Frosts in May could not have been so frequent as now, for under this month's operations he directs, 'now bring out your orange-trees boldly.' But, of course, the difference between old style and new, amounting to almost a fortnight, would partly account for this—a fortnight at that time of year makes an enormous difference—just as it also explains the fact that nowadays children can

hardly find suitable flowers for their May-day garlands. His lists for the summer months are almost the same as Bacon's; that for September is very long, and comprises most of our flowers. Under November planting he recommends *Syringa*, which also appears in Parkinson, and with 'Elder or Gelder' seems to have been a favourite for shrubberies—for our forefathers of all things loved scents. In this dreary month he expected meadow saffron to bloom, and in December winter cyclamen, anemones, and black hellebore. It is curious to note that both he and Parkinson write *Laurus Tinus* as two words.

In his '*Acetaria*, or Discourse upon Sallets,' from which I have already culled recipes, he goes more particularly into the herb-garden and what was desirable to plant there for their various useful qualities. For instance, Basil, he tells us, 'is cordial, exhilarating, sovereign for the braine, strengthening the memory, and powerfully chasing away melancholy. Sprigs of it put into wine during the heat of summer give it a marvellous quickness.'

Borage, too, is 'an exhilarating cordial of a pleasant flavour: the tender leaves and the flowers especially, may be eaten in composition: but above all the sprigs in wine, like those of Baum, are of known Vertue to revive the Hypochondriac and cheer the hard Student.'

Of cabbage he speaks contemptuously, as 'affording but a crass and melancholy juice.' Lettuce is soporific, while fennel 'sharpens the sight and recreates the brain.' Rosemary is also good for the memory, sight, and nerves, and 'mustard revives the spirits.'

Evelyn was more of a practical gardener than Lord Bacon, who, having 'taken all Learning for his province,' and added thereto the cares of the Lord Chancellorship, must needs have left the management

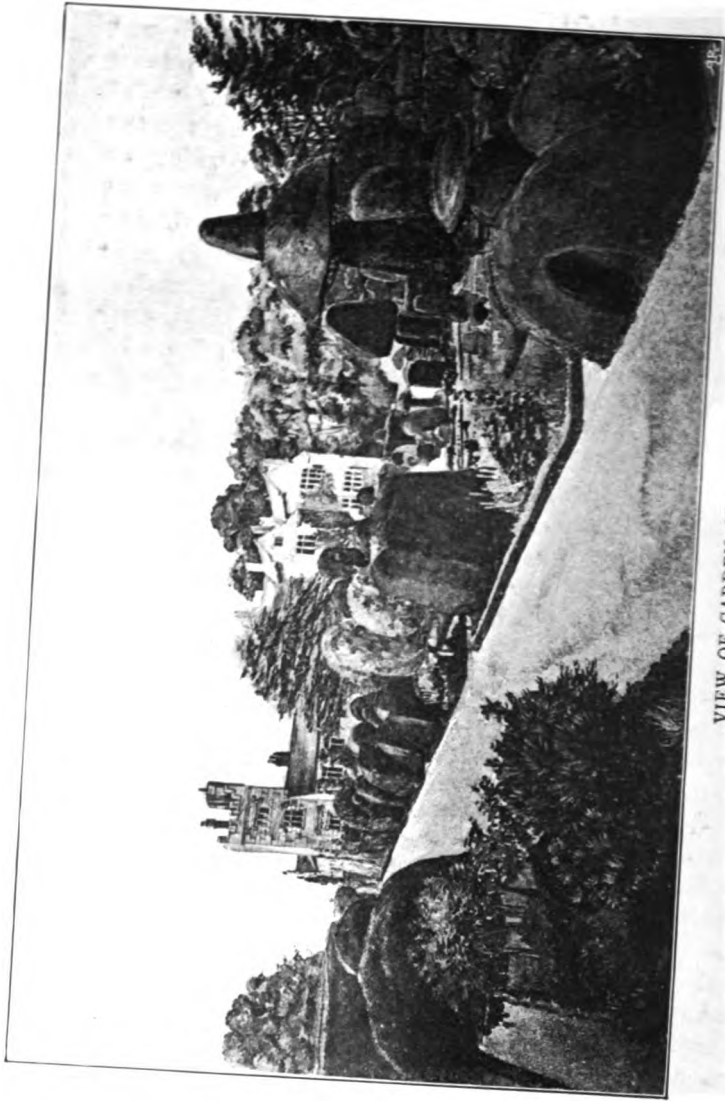
of his hives and the picking of his snails to subordinates. But Evelyn with his ample leisure goes carefully into the care of the bees, directing that in January you must turn up your hives and sprinkle them with a little warm and sweet wort,—‘do it dexterously,’ he adds. In autumn he is particular to note that you should go snailing on the walls under the fruit-trees, but he never mentions slugs: were there none in those happy ‘paradises’?

A paradise or pleasance was quite a common as well as a very appropriate name in earlier days than these: in conventual buildings the garden is generally described under the former term. In his preface, like Parkinson, he makes allusion to the Garden of Eden and the work of the first gardener; classical references also abound, and quotations from the Georgics. The epistle dedicatory is addressed to Cowley, a poet who wrote much in praise of country life, and whose own aspiration was

May I a small house and large garden have.

Himself an amateur, Mr. Evelyn acknowledged gratefully how much he owed to ‘the Mercenary Gard’ner, especially to Mr. Rose, Gard’ner to his Majesty, and Mr. Turner of Wimbleton in Surrey.’ So Surrey was even then famous for its gardens. These men were the successors of our friend John Parkinson and Tradescant, the famous Italian, for ‘his Majesty’ of course meant Charles II. The book was not published until his reign.

Sir Edmund Verney took a great interest in his garden, and when in town inquired much for the welfare of his vines and fig-trees. He often got ornamental trees and shrubs over from Holland, as well as Persian tulips and ranunculuses. He also understood a good deal about woodcraft and forestry. In one letter he mentions with interest a remarkable



VIEW OF GARDEN AT LEVENS

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quicken or service-tree which was growing in Sir John Tradescant's garden at South Lambeth. It was near forty feet high and bore large pear-shaped berries. When Ralph and his wife were in France they sent 'new vegetables and sallots' over to his uncle, Dr. Denton, but he ungratefully declared they were no better than what he had already.

There was a great fashion at this time for topiary, and a skilful professor of the art was sure of constant employment. Lord Bacon, however, was somewhat scornful of it. 'For my part,' says he, 'I like not 'images cut out in juniper or other garden stuff; 'they be for children. Little low hedges, like round 'welts, with some pretty pyramids, I like well; and in 'some places fair columns upon frames of carpenters' 'work.' He preferred walks shaded with arches on which creepers were trained, and adds: 'I would also 'have alleys spacious and fair. As for the making of 'knots, or figures with divers coloured earths, that 'they may lie under the windows of the house on 'that side on which the garden stands, they be but 'toys: you may see as good sights many times in 'tarts.' In spite of this he suggests that embowered alleys be finished off with just such plates of round coloured glass gilt for the sun to play upon as you may see in any German suburban garden, and proposes to put between the arches cages of birds or little figures.

Aviaries he does not approve of, 'except they be 'of that largeness as they may be turfed all over, and 'have living plants and bushes set in them, that 'the birds may have more scope and natural nesting, 'and that no foulness appear on the floor of the 'aviary.

'For fountains, they are a great beauty and refreshment; but pools mar all, and make the garden unwholesome and full of flies and frogs. Fountains

‘ I intend to be of two natures : the one that sprinkleth
 ‘ or spouteth water ; the other a fair receipt of water,
 ‘ of some thirty or forty feet square, but without fish
 ‘ or slime or mud. . . . The main point is that the
 ‘ water be in perpetual motion, fed by a water higher
 ‘ than the pool, and delivered into it by fair spouts,
 ‘ and then discharged away underground, by some
 ‘ equality of bores, that it stay little ; and for fine
 ‘ devices, of arching water without spilling, and
 ‘ making it rise in several forms (of feathers, drink-
 ‘ ing glasses, canopies, and the like), they be pretty
 ‘ things to look on, but nothing to health and sweet-
 ‘ ness.’

In spite of Lord Bacon’s strictures, the fashion of clipped or pleached hedges, alleys, or figures grew apace. Fantastic little pyramids, like the trees in a toy-box, peacocks, turkey-cocks, and other quaint devices emerged from yew or box-hedges that were like a solid wall for thickness, and in very old gardens we may see them still, though generally more or less straggling and decayed, for topiary is a lost art.

Besides these the sun-dial was a great feature of the Jacobean garden, standing generally on a stone pedestal in the midst of a grass-plat where it might court the sun the whole day long. It always had an inscription round either dial or base, usually in Latin. It is not always easy to date these, but the two following well-known ones were probably in existence at this time. HORAS NON NUMERO NISI SERENAS conveys a charming moral, and FUGIT LUX PERMANET UMBRA, if saddening on a dull day, might be otherwise read as it ran round the pedestal—LUX PERMANET UMBRA FUGIT. One very charming fancy of those days was to design a dial in flowers that opened in succession, some at dawn, some in the full sunshine of noon, some closing in the early afternoon, others at dusk, while a few, as the evening primrose, did not open till the dark.

Andrew Marvell has such in the ideal garden, the portrait of which he draws so lovingly—

How well the skilful gard'ner drew
 Of flowers and herbs this dial new !
 Where, from above, the milder sun
 Does through a fragrant zodiac run :
 And, as it works, th' industrious bee
 Computes its time as well as we.
 How could such sweet and wholesome hours
 Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers !

It would be impossible to conclude this sketch of the garden of other days more fitly than by one more quotation from Lord Bacon, upon its fragrance.

' And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the
 ' air, where it comes and goes, than in the hand, there-
 ' fore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know
 ' what be the plants and flowers that do best perfume
 ' the air. Roses, damask and red, are fast flowers of
 ' their smells ; so that you may walk by a whole row
 ' of them, and find nothing of their sweetness ; yea,
 ' though it be in a morning's dew. Bays likewise
 ' yield no smell as they grow, rosemary little, nor
 ' sweet marjoram ; that which above all others yields
 ' the sweetest smell in the air, is the violet, especially
 ' the white double violet, which comes twice a year,
 ' about the middle of April, and about Bartholomew-
 ' tide. Next to that is the musk-rose ; then the straw-
 ' berry leaves dying, with a most excellent cordial
 ' smell ; then the flower of the vines, it is a little dust
 ' like the dust of a bent, which grows upon the cluster
 ' in the first coming forth ; then sweetbriars, then wall-
 ' flowers, which are very delightful to be set under a
 ' parlour or lower chamber window ; then pinks and
 ' gilliflowers, especially the matted pink and clove-gilli-
 ' flower ; then the flowers of the lime-tree ; then the
 ' honeysuckles, so they be somewhat far off. Of bean-

‘flowers I speak not, because they are field flowers; but those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three, that is, burnet, wild thyme, and watermint; therefore you are to set whole alleys of them to have the pleasure when you walk or tread.’

From this formal garden it must have been delightful to proceed into the heath or wilderness, which is thus described:—‘For the heath, which was the third part of our plot, I wish it to be framed as much as may be to a natural wildness. Trees I would have none in it, but some thickets made only of sweetbriar and honeysuckle, and some wild vine amongst; and the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses; for these are sweet, and prosper in the shade; and these are to be in the heath here and there, not in any order. I like also little heaps, in the nature of mole-hills (such as are in wild heaths), to be set, some with wild thyme, some with pinks; some with germander, that gives a good flower to the eye; some with periwinkles, some with violets; some with strawberries, some with cowslips; some with daisies, some with red roses; some with liliun convallium, some with sweet-williams red; some with bear’s foot and the like low flowers, being withal sweet and sightly; part of which heaps to be with standards of little bushes pricked upon their tops, and part without: the standard to be roses, juniper, holly, berries (but here and there because of the smell of their blossom), red currants, gooseberries, rosemary, bays, sweetbriar, and such like; but these standards to be kept with cutting that they grow not out of course.’

Was the wilderness at ‘delicious Lees,’ where Mary, Countess of Warwick, erstwhile Mary Boyle, loved to retire to a green solitude to read good books or make her meditations, like this, or was it not something wilder? Her latest biographer, Miss Fell Smith,

describes it as a woodland slope or bit of coppice running down to the stream. Wild flowers it probably had in profusion—flags most likely, and kingcups and forget-me-nots in their season, but hardly this ordered wildness so carefully laid out. A wooden seat, or the remains of one, still exists, halfway up a tree which she had had made that she might enjoy an absolute seclusion, and here for hours together she read and thought and wrote, for she was one of those to whom green fields or the quiet of deep woods was better than church or oratory. Perhaps to her, as to Cardinal Newman, a garden was ‘a place of spiritual repose, stillness, peace, refreshment, and delight.’

With the garden this description of the home must end. Of the larger life outside, of amusements, friendships, social functions, and of the diverse religious opinions that so deeply affected the development of individual character and personal relations, a future volume must tell.

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